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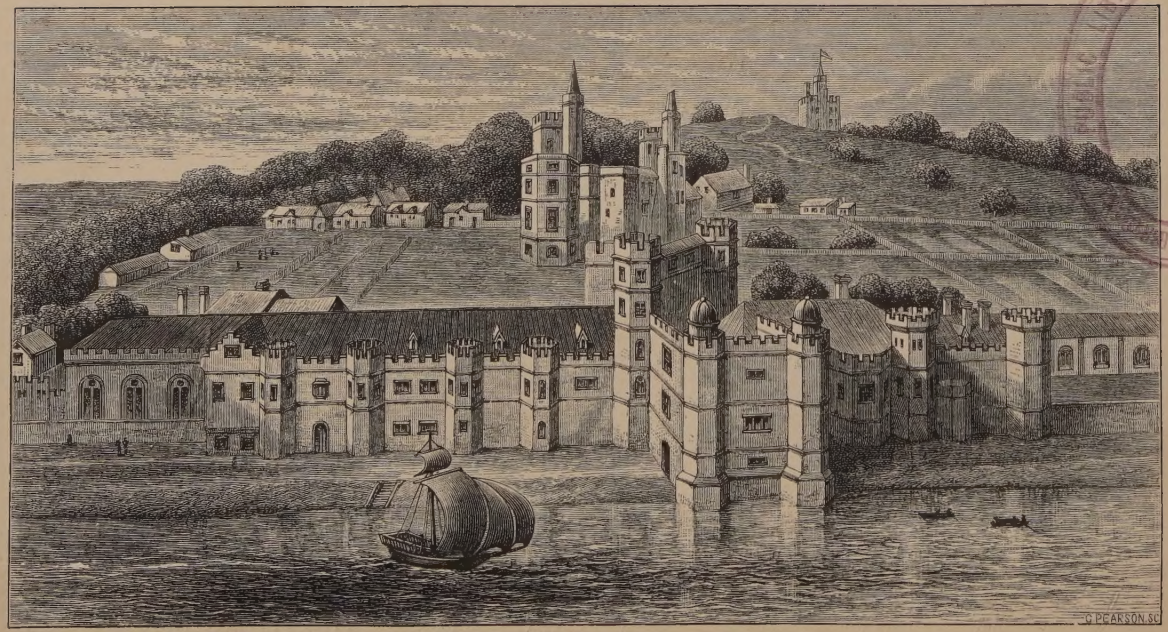
THE PALACE AND THE HOSPITAL

OR

CHRONICLES OF GREENWICH.

VOL. I.



GREENWICH PALACE IN 1558

THE

PALACE AND THE HOSPITAL;

OR,

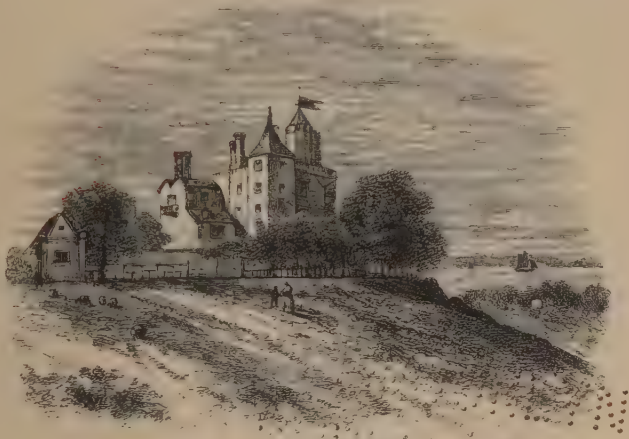
CHRONICLES OF GREENWICH.

BY

THE REV. A. G. L'ESTRANGE,

AUTHOR OF

'THE VILLAGE OF PALACES,' 'THE FRIENDSHIPS OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD,' ETC.



GREENWICH CASTLE, 1637.

IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I.

202515

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1886.

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PREFACE.

In issuing this work to the public, I desire to return my best thanks to Major-General de Havilland, R.A. My acknowledgments are also due to Vice-Admiral Luard, C.B., President of the Royal Naval College, Mr. G. T. Lambert, Director of Greenwich Hospital, and several other gentlemen who have given me information useful in itself, and more welcome for the courtesy with which it has been accorded.

The illustrations are from the following sources. In the first volume, the frontispiece is taken from a sketch by Wyngaerde in the Bodleian Library, dated 1558. (Behind the eastern wing of the palace the tilt-yard, with its permanent barriers, is shown, and at the western end a part of the Friary chapel appears.) The vignette of the Friary chapel is from a companion sketch by Wyngaerde of the south side

of the palace. The Castle is from a picture by Hollar, in the British Museum, dated 1631 or 1637. A drawing of the Crypt was taken for this work.

In the second volume, the original of the frontispiece is from a sketch by Jonas More in the British Museum, dated 1662. The Queen's House is from a picture in the Naval Museum at Greenwich, dated 1665. On the covers of the volumes is stamped the Naval Crown worn on the buttons of the pensioners by command of William III.

A. G. L'E.

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THE PALACE AND THE HOSPITAL.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY TRACES—ARRIVAL OF THE DANES—REPRISALS—SIEGE OF CANTERBURY—ALPHEGE ENCOURAGES THE CITIZENS—MASSACRE—MARTYRDOM OF ST. ALPHEGE—THE BODY REMOVED—MEMORIALS OF EARLY TIMES.

Our story opens with the tramp of legions and the glitter of spears and helmets. The Romans are come, bringing light and civilization to tribes grimy with ages of barbarism. Roads are made, and that by which they pass and re-pass between Rutupiæ and Londinium rises over a tract bare of trees, but bright with gorse and heather.[1] Gaining the height, the soldier, footsore and weary, hails with joy the red-roofed city, and the spreading plains and lagoons of Flavia Cæsariensis. As he looks down towards the future site of Greenwich, he does not see dome-

[1] Blackheath. The name may have been given from the custom of burning the gorse into fertilising ashes. But the derivation from *bleak* heath seems preferable.

capped towers and a palatial structure, but he may have caught a glimpse through the woods of the courts and low buildings of a Roman villa.[1] The sight is delightful to him but less pleasant to the long-haired, skin-clad native who paddles his canoe on the stream below.

There must have been something peculiarly attractive in this site, beside the river and beneath the hill, in the shade of the trees and verdure of the slopes, to have led to its being occupied and given a name at an early date, called by the Romans a vicus, or by their successors a *wic*—that is a place where the Saxons, before they settled down in the country, occasionally pitched their wandering camp.

Pass dawning centuries!

When the Green Village first appears on the page of history, it has again a military aspect. Its glassy reach, associated in our minds with all that is festive and picturesque, is crowded with ships of war. Ominous-looking 'steeds of the ocean'[2] they are, with high prows and sterns; their size and the swarms of men on board show they are come on no peaceful mission. The little fishing-station is thronged with fierce-looking foreigners, equipped with bows

[1] Roman pottery and coins have been found in the neighbourhood. Some urns were dug up in 1710. The Watling Street Roman road from Dover to London crossed the heath somewhat in the same line as that taken by the present road. Richborough was the Roman port. The site of Greenwich was in the province of Britannia Prima, but the other side of the river was Flavia Cæsariensis.

[2] The name by which the invaders were fond of calling them.

and arrows, javelins, swords, and battle-axes. They carry long shields, and some of the leaders, affecting a barbaric magnificence, have their helmets and armour inlaid with gold. The background of this warlike scene is formed by the soft green hill (Blackheath), whence the village derived its name, covered with the huts and tents of the encampment.

Englishmen had of old learned to regard with terror the black ships and raven flag. But there had been a long period of repose and of immunity from the 'heathens,' and only of late years had they recommenced their invasions. They now began again to appear off the coasts in summer, and, after sacking the seaboard towns, would seize horses and make raids inland, sometimes settling themselves permanently on the soil thus acquired.

The great misfortunes we are about to narrate may be traced primarily to the conduct of King Ethelred. Regal in stature, and of a fair and dreamy beauty, he proved to be a weak and vacillating prince. Although he made great preparations by sea and land, he was conspicuously unsuccessful, and forfeited all claim to commiseration by uniting cruelty to imbecility. Hearing a report that the Danes were conspiring against him, and that they insulted the wives and daughters of the English nobility, he determined to take a sudden and signal vengeance. He sent secret orders to his subjects throughout the country that they should rise on the feast of St. Brice and murder all the Danes. The mandate was too faithfully obeyed, and the Saxons showed that they had not forgotten the dark traditions of their race, sparing neither age

nor sex. We read that the terror-stricken crowds ran for refuge into the churches, whose sanctity they thought the Christians would respect; but their enemies pursued them with implacable fury, and shed their blood even upon the altars.

This deed was not only atrocious, but impolitic. King Sweyn no sooner heard what had happened than he aroused himself from his cups and goddesses, and made warlike preparations on a grand scale. In 1003 he sailed for the coasts of England with three thousand ships. Ethelred collected his forces, but failed from treachery and mismanagement, and finally purchased an ignominious peace by paying tribute—a fatal system he had commenced twelve years before. Concessions usually bring a recurrence of demands; in 1006 another great fleet arrived at Sandwich, and in 1007 the Danes exacted thirty-six thousand pounds—a large sum in those days.

Thus encouraged, a greater expedition arrived in the autumn of 1009 at the same place. Sandwich then stood upon the sea-coast, and seems to have been a favourite port of debarkation for the Danes, who were attracted, no doubt, by the quiet roadstead of the Downs.[1] The invaders then proceeded westward, and anchored their fleet in the Thames, probably off Greenwich. The rivers were in those days the principal highways, and the Danes had here a safe station for their ships, and an easy communica-

[1] It was considered the best port in England, now the sea has retired, and left it two miles inland. The Danes sometimes landed at Norwich.

tion with many places, while they could keep conveniently close to London, whose wealth they hoped in some way to appropriate. From this they proceeded to ravage the country far and near, and the next year destroyed the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, so that studies were not resumed in them for a hundred and twenty years.

Ethelred's most trusted adviser was Turketul, a Dane, a man said to be in league with the enemy, and now we find Edric, an Anglo-Saxon, joining the Danes in attacking Canterbury. Some nobles of that city had killed Edric's brother, who had insulted and injured them, and Edric, having been refused satisfaction by Ethelred, made overtures to the Danes. Two expeditions consequently set forth in 1011, that of Edric proceeding by land, while the Danes sailed from Greenwich and disembarked at Sandwich.

Great was the consternation at Canterbury when intelligence of these movements arrived. Some of the chief men prepared to leave, and endeavoured to persuade the archbishop to follow their example; but he, faithful to the call of duty, declined, and said he would stay with his flock and share their fate. The 'metropolitan city' then contained about eight thousand inhabitants, but they were not suitably provided either with arms or provisions.

The events of this dreadful siege singularly resembled on a small scale those that preceded the fall of Jerusalem. As soon as the enemy arrived, they drew a ditch and rampart round the city, so that no one could leave or enter it. Meanwhile the terrified citizens within assembled round the cathe-

dral, the centre of Christianity in England, and besought the Lord on bended knees for His sanctuary and His people. A crowd of monks within joined in the prayer, and all hoped to see some miraculous deliverance such as that which in ancient times overthrew the hosts of the haughty Assyrian.

The archbishop[1] did his best to encourage and console the suppliants, and gave such comfort as he could; but it consisted of little more than an eloquent description of the glories of martyrdom. He also adopted the more practical step of sending to Kyrkyll the leader of the Danes to ask for terms, and to deprecate his barbarous proceedings. But the negotiations failed, and the English under Edric became conspicuous for their activity in constructing shelters and towers, working battering-rams, and casting torches. Still the city held out, protected, no doubt, by the old Roman walls, and the besiegers became more infuriated.

At length, after three weeks' resistance, some of the wooden houses of which the town consisted were set on fire; the defence was neglected by the citizens running to save their families and homes, and in the confusion one Ælmar, an archdeacon, threw open the gates. (Of this traitor it is sufficient to say that he had been condemned to death for a crime, but from weak leniency, and through privilege of clergy, he had been saved by the archbishop.) The enemy now rushed into the streets with shouts and trumpetings which, we are told, seemed to shake the city to its founda-

[1] Alphege. The name is variously spelled, as are many others at this date. Sometimes it is Ælfeah, and in Latin Elphegus.

tions. This was to paralyse opposition, and to be the prelude to a horrible and indiscriminate massacre. Some were put to the sword, some burnt, some hanged, some suspended head downwards, and some precipitated from the walls. Noble matrons, from whom jewels, which they did not possess, were demanded, were dragged by the hair through the streets and flung into the flames; infants were torn from their mothers' breasts and caught upon spears, or crushed beneath wagon-wheels; and finally all the population, lay and clerical, was decimated, only one person being saved alive out of every ten. It would appear as if this process had been repeated, for only four monks and eighty of the laity survived.[1] The Danes seem to have surpassed themselves in cruelty on this occasion; they had long been infamous for their outrages, and we hear of nuns tearing and cutting their faces to make themselves loathsome to their captors, who accordingly burnt them.

Archbishop Alphege, when these horrors were at their height, made his way among the corpses to Kyrkyll, and prayed him to spare the people, and to inflict any punishment he thought fit upon him as their representative. But no entreaties could move him, and as the archbishop proceeded to denounce him, and speak of Divine retribution, he was seized by the throat, bound with chains, kicked and beaten. The Danes then turned to the cathedral, which, to afflict the archbishop, they set on fire, and the ecclesiastical historians of the time seem to have thought this the worst act they had committed.

[1] Osbern and Roger de Hoveden.

As the archbishop was being dragged and driven out of the northern gate of Canterbury, he halted for a moment to address some words of comfort to a few survivors who stood there shivering in their chains, and immediately he received such a blow from behind that his blood gushed over him. But he was not to be killed, as a ransom was expected. He was sent to the fleet, which seems to have sailed back to Greenwich. Here he was put on shore, and kept chained for seven months in a narrow, wet cell 'infested with frogs.' This was probably near the marshes where Deptford now stands.

He was guarded by twelve soldiers, which shows it was thought that an attempt might be made to rescue him either by his own people or by some of the Danes he had converted. There can be little doubt that such an attempt was made two nights before his death; for we are told that Satan appeared to him in the form of an angel of light, and having persuaded him, by quoting Scripture as usual, to follow him out into the country, led him over hedges and ditches, and finally, with characteristic devilry, plunged him into a quagmire, where he was caught by the Danes. He was trying to reach London, and fell into the marshes of West Greenwich. As Alphege was so well guarded and chained, it is plain that some powerful agency, though probably the reverse of diabolic, had been employed to facilitate his escape.

The Danes now began to fear that their prize might elude their grasp, and so, without delay, had him brought before their council. We are told that he rode to the 'Council of Vanity,' because his fet-

ters had injured his feet—which might account for his not being able to make his escape, but we may also suppose that he was ill in consequence of his nocturnal expedition. It was Saturday in Easter-week ;[1] the Danish councillors had been feasting—not unwilling to be Christians so far as keeping festivals was concerned—and we are told that they were partly intoxicated. As soon as they saw the archbishop, they shouted out, 'Gold, bishop, or to-day you will be a sight for the world!'[2] Alphege replied calmly and characteristically that they should not seek the gold of this world, but that which endures unto eternal life. Enraged at this unpromising answer, they leaped from their seats and overwhelmed him with stones, and with the heads and bones of the animals on which they had been feasting. Alphege fell to the ground praying for his murderers, and one of them finished the archbishop's sufferings by a blow on the head with an axe.

Some of the Christians, to whose minds the afflictions of Alphege had been constantly but unavailingly present, now obtained his body from the Danes, and had it 'gloriously entombed' at St. Paul's. If there is any truth in the account we have of the concourse of people at his funeral, it is surprising that some stronger effort was not made for his liberation. Alphege was fifty-eight years of age. He

[1] Some writers make it Easter-Eve.

[2] It is said that Alphege refused to tax his tenants to pay his ransom ; others say that sufficient time was not given him to collect the money.

had been born in 954 of noble parentage. After taking the monk's habit in a small Gloucestershire abbey, he removed, to acquire further 'perfection,' to the neighbourhood of Bath, where he built a little cell and lived as an anchorite. Bath, which had been much frequented for its warm, restorative springs even in Roman times, had greatly increased under the Saxons, and we read of coins being struck and magnificent pageants being exhibited there at this period. It can therefore be easily understood that many persons of rank might visit the hermit, listen to his teaching, make valuable offerings, and that by degrees a religious fraternity might be formed.

Thus Alphege founded his monastery. Its position near a wealthy city was not in every respect advantageous, and we find that it did not maintain a high character for spirituality. Some of its members became guilty of gluttony, drunkenness, nocturnal revellings, and such-like. The carnal tendencies of the monks was a constant source of grief to Alphege, who, on the death of one of the most scandalous of the brethren, pretended that he had at night seen his body scourged by demons with thongs and fiery serpents. Alphege was appointed by Dunstan to be Bishop of Winchester, and we are told that during his episcopate he prevented any of the people in his diocese from being poor—a miracle equal to any of those afterwards attributed to him. In 1006 he was translated to Canterbury when fifty-two years of age, and went the following year to Rome to receive the pall. We are told that so great were his mortifications that he would

remain in the frost all night in prayer, with bare feet and little clothing, and that he would stand all night up to his waist in a river, that he rose from dinner as empty as when he sat down, and that, so emaciated was his body, that when he stretched his hands on high in the mass, the flesh upon them seemed as transparent as air.

Much of our information concerning St. Alphege is on unusually good authority. Osbern, superior of the Benedictine convent at Canterbury, wrote a life of him in 1080, and says that he inserted nothing but what he had from eye-witnesses, or from those who had heard from them, and omits only out of kindness giving us the 'barbarous names' of his informants. The main facts related are therefore trustworthy, but we cannot say so much for the garniture. Pious invention speaks of the Divine punishment inflicted on the Danes, of Alphege being consoled in his prison by celestial music, by 'odours of eternal life,' by visits of angels, and finally, to crown all, the night before his martyrdom, by St. Dunstan himself, who appeared to him in full canonicals! After the archbishop's death, the Danes refused to give up his remains, and one of them wrathfully drove an ashen oar into the ground and said the Christians should not have his body until that dead wood bore leaves. But lo! in the morning it was green, and shot forth buds and blossoms![1]

Osbern does not name the place where Alphege was murdered, but gives an indication by saying

[1] William of Malmesbury says it was smeared with the archbishop's blood.

that it was near the fleet and not far from London. In the 'Golden Legend' (1507) we read: 'And they ledde hym with them thens unto the towne of Grenewytche besyde London;' and Lambarde, himself a magistrate of Greenwich, states in his 'Peregrination of Kent' (1570) that Greenwich was the place, so that we may conclude there was some local tradition or information in writings not now extant. It is highly improbable that there was really any doubt about the scene of an event so tragical and so important in ecclesiastical history.

The man who gave the archbishop the final stroke was one Thrum, whom he had baptised the day before. Let us try to agree in the view that this man was actuated by a certain savage mercy. He saw that Alphege was incurably wounded, and wished to terminate his sufferings. But there seems something so suspicious about the affair, that we feel inclined to consider Thrum to have been 'an ugly Christian.'

These considerations will mitigate our surprise at finding that, immediately after the murder of the archbishop, Sweyn became a Christian, for we shall connect his conversion with some interested motives, perhaps with a sum of forty-eight thousand pounds,[1] which the men of London had just paid him. An alliance was now formed between the contending parties, somewhat like that between the wolf and the lamb; and Ethelred went to stay with the Danish fleet, of forty-five ships, at Greenwich. Such a sojourn seems at first unaccountable, but next year

[1] Florence of Worcester.

large supplies of food were given to the Danes, and Ethelred followed his wife and children into exile in Normandy. His subjects were fairly worn-out with his failures, his imposts to appease the Danes and his cruelties. But on the death of Sweyn—who had virtually reigned—he was recalled to his kingdom, and inaugurated his return by laying waste Lincolnshire with fire and sword, because the inhabitants had, in their terror, obsequiously entertained the Danes. Canute, on hearing this, sent on shore, at Sandwich, some hostages of rank—whom his father, Sweyn, had received at London—a pitiable spectacle, deprived of their hands, ears, and noses. In 1014, the Danish fleet was still at Greenwich, and a large tribute of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds was given for its maintenance.

Ethelred now came to the end of his inglorious reign, and his son, Edmund 'Ironsides,' succeeded to the throne. We read that in this year, 1016, the Danish fleet came again to Greenwich, under Canute, in the Rogation days, and attacked London, but the young king kept up the battle against them with great spirit. The country, however, was growing weary of strife, and Henry of Huntingdon states that the nobles of both parties assembled together, and agreed that they would not suffer the blood of the people to be shed in conflicts for the supremacy, and that the best way of deciding the rival claims would be for the competitors to engage in a personal encounter. Both Edmund and Canute were brave warriors; and, preliminaries being arranged, they set to work in the old Homeric form, first hurling their javelins

and then drawing their swords, and rushing upon each other 'with horrible clang and glamour,' while their subjects stood round in a ring, and loudly applauded. Happily, the execution done was not equal to the uproar, for as soon as Edmund showed himself to be the best swordsman, Canute proposed terms, and a compromise was made by which each should reign over half the country. Thus matters were arranged, and the conflict instead of ending fatally concluded with fraternal embraces and kisses of peace.

In the same year, the son of the treacherous Edric murdered Edmund by stabbing him secretly, and the father betook himself to Canute in joyful haste to announce the deed. But Canute did not feel inclined to encourage regicides, and after interrogating Edric, somewhat as David questioned the Amalekite, replied, 'Then for this service I will raise thee higher than any of the nobles in England,' and ordered that his head should be placed on a long pole on the top of the highest tower in London.

The following year, Canute married Edmund's mother, Emma, daughter of the Duke of Normandy, and called for her great beauty, the 'Flower of Normandy.' She was a good churchwoman, and the mother of Edward the Confessor.

This queen was probably instrumental in having the body of St. Alphege translated to Canterbury. The account of this removal, in 1023, narrated by a contemporary, is interesting, as describing a kind of ovation such as has not now been witnessed for centuries, nor ever can be again.

We are told that, after sundry auspicious miracles, the remains were borne down to the river followed by the king and archbishop. There the royal Danish ship, with its golden dragon-heads, was brought up, full of armed men. The king receives the sacred body of the martyr in his arms, and, depositing it, takes the helm. The ship moves off, and nobles row the oars, while the archbishop in his robes offers prayers. The banks of the river are lined with troops, to prevent the citizens rising to detain the wonder-working remains.

When they disembark on the Kentish coast, they are met by a vast crowd of horse and foot, young and old, men and women, with harps playing, and other music. And as they approach Canterbury, the monks and priests, clad in their sacerdotal vestments, come out to meet them in long procession, some bearing torches, some 'Gospels,' some jewelled crosses, while others ring bells or sing sweet hymns and Gregorian chants. When nearing Canterbury, the whole town issues forth to welcome them, with dancing and singing. On the third day, came 'Emma the Lady,' and all the nobility that were with her, and offered costly gifts at the shrine. William of Malmesbury tells us, with monkish pride, that up to his time (one hundred years afterwards), the blood of the martyr was still fresh and his form unaltered.[1]

The church of St. Alphege at Greenwich is said to stand on the spot where the martyrdom occurred.

[1] When Thomas à Becket was being murdered, he called St. Alphege to his rescue as one of the saints to whom the cathedral was dedicated.

No doubt the place was reverenced and impressed upon the hearts of the pious for many succeeding generations. Probably there was a cross erected here; there was in Henry VIII.'s time an old one on Blackheath near Shooter's Hill, which was perhaps to direct pilgrims to Greenwich.[1] But we cannot state with certainty that any church was here erected in honour of the saint before the time of the Tudors. There is no mention of any in the Domesday-book; but if the Saxons had raised one, it might have fallen down, as their structures were generally of wood. At a later date we find a church to St. Alfridis here; we cannot tell what connection she had with Greenwich. She is also called Ethel-dritha, and flourished, or we should say languished, in the early part of the ninth century. Her lover was murdered by her parents. She was a daughter of Offa, King of the Mercians, and she fled to the marshes of Lincolnshire, where she lived in a cell for forty years. Perhaps this church was built by Elstrudis, who lived about this time, and was niece to Alfred the Great.

In the south-west part of Greenwich Park are some small tumuli; twelve similar were destroyed in making the reservoir. In 1734 many of these were opened, and not only bones but knives and spear-heads were found, and supposed to be of Danish origin. 'Maze Hill' is said to be from the Danish word Maes. About half-a-mile south-west from the above-mentioned tumuli, on the top of Lewisham Hill,

[1] There were holy crosses in the Chapel of the Virgin Mary here in 1300.

and near the Russian guns, the fosse remains of an old camp, probably dating from the battles between the Danes and Saxons. In February, 1774, some workmen, digging in a gentleman's garden on the slope of the hill at Greenwich to make a well, turned up a stone box with a lid containing several Danish coins. The date assigned to them, 326, was probably erroneous.

CHAPTER II.

PROPRIETORS OF GREENWICH—PRODUCTIONS OF THE PLACE—EDWARD I—BADDLESMERE AND DE BOHUN—THE RAVENSBOURNE—ECCLESIASTICAL PROPERTY.

BEFORE proceeding further, we will devote a short chapter to the proprietary history of Greenwich, for the benefit of those readers who can appreciate the dry wine of antiquarian learning. Elstrudis gave the Manor of Greenwich 'to the Church of St. Peter at Ghent for the safety of her soul, and of her lord, Earl Baldwin of Flanders, and her sons Annulfus and Adelulphus.' This grant was confirmed by Edgar and the Confessor, the first and second Henrys, John, and Edward II.[1] In reply to an inquiry in the reign of the last-named monarch, the Abbot of Ghent stated that the Manors of Lewisham and Greenwich had belonged to the convent so long that 'there is no remembrance to the contrary.'[2] But, when we

[1] The Confessor's grant specifies Levesham, Grenwic, Wulsvic, Mottingham, and Cumbe.

[2] Inquis' post mortem, 12 Ed. II., 'for chanting and offering up prayers and masses.' The abbot had a right here time out of mind (as shown in the reign of Edward I.) 'to free warren, gallows, and amerciaments.'

turn to the Domesday-book, we find a record very much to the contrary, for there 'Grenviz' belongs to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and forms with Lee, Cerleton, (Charlton), Witenemeres,[1] and Alteham (Eltham), part of the large possessions of the half-brother of the Conqueror. It is impossible to reconcile these statements satisfactorily. We may conjecture that 'the Manors of Lewisham and Greenwich,' possessed by the abbey, meant little more than Lewisham,[2] and that the crown always held land in Greenwich, or that the abbey granted away these lands in some unusual manner, perhaps to please the good Confessor, and still reserved some shadow of manorial ownership. We prefer the former view.

Besides the places above-mentioned in the hundred of Greenwich, there is one other entered in the Domesday-book as in the possession of Haimo. It is called Hulviz (Woolwich), a wretched tract occupied only by eleven cottagers, paying altogether forty-one pence annually.[3] This was held in the Confessor's time by William the Falconer, 'to be hawked,' which carries us back to the period when the heron waved its wings in the vicinity of London. We are also reminded of the quaint figures on the Bayeux tapestry where Harold has a hawk on his fist; and, as he held one of the manors of Greenwich, we may sup-

[1] Could this have been Deptford? Mere would signify marsh.

[2] There is at least one remarkable instance in which one was substituted for the other.

[3] Hulviz is mentioned in the early grants to Ghent. Haimo was viscount and sheriff, and may have held for some one else.

pose that he often diverted himself in this convenient locality.[1]

Greenwich proper[2] (as distinguished from the hundred of Greenwich) contained at the time of the Domesday survey about four hundred acres, one third of which was domain land, while the rest was held by twenty-four villeins. There were some beech and oak trees sufficient to sustain ten hogs, and there were four mills, probably water-mills, either worked by the Ravensbourne, which flowed between East and West Greenwich, or by the tide, like that mill we read of at Dover, which was constantly broken by ships. Though the village of Greenwich was now a poor little place of a few fishermen's huts, the bend of the river was thought such a convenient place for unloading the small craft of those days that we find the port dues amounting to an appreciable sum. The Abbot of Ghent may have encouraged or employed Dutch traders to bring merchandise to London by this route.

Upon the disgrace of Odo, Greenwich reverted to the crown. That there was a royal residence here in Edward I.'s time has been assumed by some upon the slender proof that Edward I. and the Prince of Wales made offerings at each of the holy crosses in the Chapel of the Virgin Mary at Greenwich in 1300—an act of piety to which they may have been

[1] Hawking was a favourite sport until guns were introduced in the seventeenth century. When Edward III. invaded France, he was accompanied by thirty mounted falconers.

[2] It was in two small manors in the reign of the Confessor, held respectively by Harold and Brixi. William consolidated them.

led by the sanctity of the spot where St. Alphege was murdered. They may have been hunting or hawking in the neighbourhood, or visiting William de Vesci or his mother—a kinswoman of the queen, who lived now at Eltham Palace.

The crown seems to have granted away its lands here, or at least part of them. In John's reign, Geoffrey de Say held the Manor of Greenwich. He lost his possessions owing to his taking up arms against the king, but had them restored,[1] and his great-grandson was made a baron by Edward II.; but in the next generation the title became extinct. Some of the property belonging to him, and to others, in Greenwich passed into the hands of Giles de Baddlesmere,[2] descended from an old family settled at a place of that name in Kent. His father, Bartholomew de Baddlesmere, received large grants from Edward II., and had property in many counties. This ingrate, whom the king had delighted to honour, unfurled, to the astonishment of all, the standard of revolt in Canterbury.

The barons were quarrelling with the king about the Spencers, and when Isabella was going on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, and sent some of her servants to Leeds Castle, of which Baddlesmere was governor, to request that lodgings might be provided for her, the keeper of the castle refused to admit them, high words were succeeded by blows, and one of the queen's party was killed. On her

[1] Some had been forced to join the rebellion, and soon returned to their allegiance.

[2] Inquis' Post Mortem, 12, Ed. III.

complaining of this conduct, Baddlesmere returned an insolent reply, with which she was so much incensed that she persuaded the king to raise an army to punish him. The baron, with his Kentish followers, joined the Earl of Lancaster, and made for Scotland, but was intercepted and taken prisoner. And so he returned to his neighbours, bereft of all his fine feathers, and came to an unpleasant and unsightly end at Canterbury, where he was hanged, drawn, and quartered. Giles, his son, was taken into favour by the king, whom he accompanied into Scotland. He succeeded to his father's property and honours, but on his death the title fell into abeyance.

If we wish to inquire about Greenwich in the reign of Edward III., we should call up William de Bohun, in his coat of mail. His warlike family was descended from Humphrey de Bohun, a kinsman and companion-in-arms of the Conqueror. The father of William was allied with the rebels above mentioned, and killed in the battle in which Baddlesmere was taken prisoner. William was created Lord of Northampton by Edward III. in 1337, and was afterwards a constant companion of the Black Prince in his foreign wars. He commanded a division at Creçy, and took a prominent part in the subsequent battles in France and Scotland. Sometimes he was employed as an ambassador or commissioner, and finally was decorated with the Order of the Garter. His son inherited not only the earldom of Northampton but the other honours of the Bohun family, that is, he was Lord High Constable and Earl of Hereford and Essex. Having no son, but two

daughters, his title went to his sons-in-law, one of whom was the Duke of Gloucester, sixth son of Edward III., and the other, Henry, son of John of Gaunt, and afterwards Henry IV. Of these marriages we shall speak again.

De Bohun had a house in West Greenwich (Deptford, Greenwich being called East Greenwich), and other property in the neighbourhood.

We have indications of many possessions existing in Greenwich at this early date, but the conveyances are not generally to be found. Roger de Maryns had one hundred and forty acres in Greenwich, Lee, and Lewisham, and Adam de Bury, alderman of London, gave (45, Ed. III.) to Thomas of Southwark three 'shopas' and twenty cottages in Burcher Lane, London, for twenty-three shillings and fivepence, and one messuage of thirty-eight acres (arable?), one acre of pasture, and seventy-eight of marsh land in East Greenwich.[1] There was much swampy land in West Greenwich (Deptford) at this time. The ground was of course lower than it is at present, and the Ravensbourne overflowed at its junction with the Thames. We find orders in the reign of Edward II. to look to the brook between Woolwich and Greenwich, and in that of Henry IV. to repair the walls and dykes between London and Greenwich.[2]

We have already seen, in the time of Edward I., a

[1] In Henry VI.'s reign one Johannes Sentory, a Spaniard, had a house and land in East Greenwich.

[2] (7, Henry IV.) 'De Walliis et fossatis, inter pontem civitatis Lond' et vill' de Grenewich.' The Ravensbourne runs for twenty miles, dividing the counties. It is a trout stream.

chapel of peculiar sanctity, dedicated to the Virgin here, and containing holy crosses; and we find among the early 'Inquisitions'[1] an account of a lay guild formed here in the last year of Edward III.'s reign. In this certain persons named, 'Say on their oaths that John Atte Nashe, senior, of Grenewich, and others there of the Fraternity of the Sacred Cross of the Church of St. Alfridis, of Est Grenewich, acquired for themselves and their successors of the said fraternity, for ever, that they should find one chaplain to celebrate mass for the souls of John Boyn (lame), Stephen Sharlot, and others. For which John Boyn and others gave to John Atte Nashe and others, and their successors in the above-named fraternity, for ever, one messuage and four acres in Est Grenewich, of the annual value of thirteen shillings and fourpence.'[2]

Here we observe again a dedication to 'The Sacred Cross.' It does not appear whether or not the above

[1] Inquisitiones post mortem, Ed. III., 51.

[2] The document here printed is from the MSS. in the Record Office. Not being easily deciphered, it has, I imagine, been the cause of several erroneous statements made by early topographers. For instance, Weever writes, in 1631, 'Here in this town was a monastery of Friars minorites, and Aliens, founded by Edward III. and the foresaid John Norbury.' Weever and John Rosse say that the observant friars obtained here, towards the latter end of the reign of Edward *the Fourth*, a chantry and chapel of the Holy Cross. Thomas Philipot writes, in 1659 (Villare Cantianum 162), that Edward III. founded here, in 1376, in the fifty-first year of his reign, the house of Friars Aliens or Dominican friars! Dominican friars were called majores, and Franciscan minores. Harpsfield informs us that Edward III. established Friars minorites

mentioned foundation was confirmed by royal grant, but Weever, writing in 1631, says there still existed in the town a Chapel of the Holy Cross, founded for a chantry.

We find that before this date there were some lands in Greenwich devoted to religious and charitable purposes. In the thirty-third year of Edward I., the Hospital of Southwark had lands in Charlton and Greenwich, and in the thirteen year of Edward III., the master of the Chapel of Corpus Christi, near St. Lawrence's, in Candlewick Street, London, had lands in Lewisham and West Greenwich.

here in the fifty-fifth year of his reign—although he only reigned fifty-one years! It seems to me that all these statements have been caused by a misunderstanding of the above document. Regnier says there were Cluniacs here.

CHAPTER III.

RICHARD II.—STATE OF THE COUNTRY—WAT TYLER—SOCIALISM PREACHED—SCHEME TO SEIZE THE KING—OUTRAGES IN LONDON—DEATH OF TYLER—REVIEW ON BLACKHEATH.

GREENWICH, in 1276, was placed in the hundred named after Blackheath; and that elevated tract became from its character and vicinity to London the most celebrated camping-ground in England for great meetings and demonstrations. When next we find it occupied, the assemblage is almost as wild as that of the Danish invaders.

A great change has, meanwhile, come over England. A second wave of Southern civilisation has reached it, and our shires are studded with castles and cathedrals almost as magnificent as the structures of the ancient Romans. But, though the Saxon thane yielded to the Norman baron, the position of the lower classes was scarcely altered. They were, in fact, slaves, and, although the agricultural part of them had certain rights connected with their holdings, they were obliged to toil for their lord, to prepare his land, to sow, reap, and carry his crops, and make themselves generally useful. In modern

days, forced labour, except for minors, is regarded as an unjust burden, and no doubt these villeins would have preferred to work for themselves, or to do no work at all.[1] The discontent then prevalent deserves the consideration of those who wish to return to the old system of land tenure.

Such was the state of things when Richard II. came to the throne. We can picture him a girlish-looking boy of eleven summers, with fair hair and bright blue eyes. So beautiful a child was scarcely fit for that stormy era. His father, the Black Prince, had left him a heritage of English fame and Gallic detestation, and scarcely was he seated on the throne when the French ravaged the Isle of Wight, took Winchelsea, and burnt Appledore, Rye, Hastings, Portsmouth, and even Gravesend. The Scots crossed the border on marauding expeditions, and a large auxiliary force had to be sent to aid the King of Portugal and to close the Straits of Gibraltar.

Military undertakings are necessarily expensive, and to provide for them the Parliament, in 1381, imposed a tax of a groat upon every man and woman in the kingdom over sixteen years of age. This was a most unpopular measure, and seems to have been largely evaded; for the sum collected fell far short of the calculations, and some enterprising, and perhaps avaricious, men offered a considerable sum for the right of collecting the remainder.

The acceptance of this proposal led to the troubles which followed, though it is not clear what individual

[1] It is said that this servitude was more severe in Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedfordshire than in other counties.

acts first produced an open rupture. The new collectors, or farmers, who were to profit by what could be obtained, are said to have resorted to very improper means, and became as odious as the 'publicans' were to the ancient Jews. Inquiries as to the ages of girls, which should have been made with delicacy, were carried on in an offensive manner, with a view to intimidation, and it is said that at Dartford, Wat Tyler—a *tiler* of houses—knocked down and killed with his lathing-staff a tax-gatherer who had grossly insulted his daughter.[1] Some say that the disturbances first broke out in two towns in Essex, and that the instigators sent round to all the villages, calling upon the peasants to come to them, with the best weapons they could procure, on pain of having their houses burned and their heads struck off.[2]

A considerable amount of mischief was done in Kent by one John Ball, a priest, who, being prohibited by the archbishop, went about the roads and fields preaching to the peasantry. Though occasionally imprisoned, he was allowed to carry on this work for many years, and Froissart thought that, had he been permanently incarcerated, the disturbances would not have arisen. But at the time of the actual outbreak he seems to have been in the archbishop's prison at Maidstone. A verse in a monkish poem written about this time places the commencement of the insurrection in Kent :—

'In Kent this karl began,
Mox infestando potentes,
In rowte the rybawdus ran,
Sua pompis arma ferentes.'

[1] Holinshed. [2] Walsingham.

The leaders, with the exception of two priests, ostentatiously put forward their low origin and manual occupations, calling themselves Wat *Tiler*, Jack *Straw*, John *Miller*, Jack *Shepherd*, and Bob *Carter*, and they disseminated seditious and enigmatical appeals of the following kind :—

'Jacke Miller asketh helpe to turne his mill a-right.
He hath ground small, small ;
The king's sonne of Heaven shall pay for all.
Looke, thy mill goe right with foure sailes,
And the post stand in steadfastness with right and might,
With skill and will. Let might helpe right, and
Skill before will, and right before might ; then
Goeth our mill a-right ; and if might go before
Right, and will before skill, then is our mill misdight.'

The mob of peasants thus collected entered Canterbury in force, where the common people made them a feast, and they celebrated their arrival by damaging the cathedral and robbing the archbishop's rooms. Accompanied by fresh recruits, they advanced to Rochester, and commenced the practice they afterwards continued of breaking down all the mansions along their route, and beheading their inmates.

They showed especial hatred to courtiers and lawyers, and everywhere destroyed all legal documents, as giving rights to property. Everyone they met on the road was obliged to swear to be faithful to the King and Commons. They thought thus to disarm a certain amount of hostility, and that, after they had rooted out the aristocracy, they would, at their leisure, dispose of the sovereign. The leaders intended to become petty autocrats in

different parts of the country. Tyler was to be king of Kent, and we are told that he went so far as to put his hand to his mouth, and say that after four days all the laws of England should issue therefrom.

The rising seems to have first begun on the two sides of the Thames, but to have spread rapidly,[1] and a vast number of people (estimated at from sixty to one hundred thousand) assembled on Blackheath,[2] where they grandly set up two banners of St. George and sixty pennons. A motley and ragged rabble they were, without shoes to their feet, and armed in most cases only with sticks. A few had rusty swords or axes, and some had 'bows so old, that the smoke had made them redder than old ivory; some had but one arrow, and that content with one feather.' Scarcely one man in a thousand was tolerably armed, many had walked long distances, even more than a hundred miles, and came from Sussex, Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk.

Through this mob the queen-mother—the widow of the Black Prince—had to make her way, for she happened to be returning from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. They rushed upon her chariot, and behaved so rudely, that she feared greatly that they would do some villainy to herself or her damsels, but nothing serious occurred; and when she reached London she found her son, the king, in the Tower.

[1] 'The commons in the counties of Sussex, Hertford, Cambridge, Suffolk, Norfolk, and other shires bustled up and ran together on heaps.'—Holinshed.

[2] Froissart says, 'On a mountain called in the country Blancque Hede.'

John Ball preached on Blackheath a sermon to this unpromising congregation, which seems to have produced more practical results than most discourses. He chose for his text:—

> 'When Adam delved, and Eve span,
> Where was then the gentleman?'

And proceeded with comments to the following purpose:—

'Good people, ye must know that from the beginning all men were made alike, and that servitude has been brought in by unjust oppression; for, if it had pleased God to have made bondsmen, He would have appointed them so at first. How can the lords show that they are better than we? We have to labour for what they spend; they are clothed with velvet and camlet lined with fur,[1] while we have miserable rags; they have wines, spices, and good bread, while we have rye and refuse, and drink water; they dwell in beautiful houses, while we have to labour in the rain and wind. We are called villeins, and, if we do not obey them at once, we are beaten. Good people, nothing will go well in England until all goods be common, and there be no villeins or gentlemen. Let us go to the king—he is young—and let us complain to him, and, if we go in a body, all that are in servitude will follow us, and we shall have some remedy by fair means or foul. And let us be good husbandmen, and cut away the noisome weeds. Let no lawyers

[1] Froissart says, *vairs et gris*. *Vair* was a choice grey fur which kings used to give to courtiers. It has been suggested that Cinderella's slipper was of *vair* not *verre*.

or judges, bishops or parsons remain alive, nor anyone hurtful to the commons.'[1]

The people signified their approval of these doctrines by loud cheers, and by crying out that he ought to be, and should soon be, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Having seized Sir John Newton, governor of Rochester Castle, they insisted that he should go with them and be their captain; and he accompanied them, much against his will. They presently sent him to the king, to invite him to come to them and hear their demands. Richard had come from Windsor, and taken refuge in the Tower, accompanied by the great officers of state, and supported by six hundred soldiers and as many archers. Several writers comment upon the pusillanimity of these men, but it was known that there was a mob in London, some thirty thousand strong, who sympathised with the rebels, and the commons seemed, from their noise and threats, to be most determined and dangerous. Walsingham, however, observes that the lords appeared 'to be asleep.'

Sir John Newton was received by the king, who agreed to go to meet the people on Blackheath. On the next morning, Tuesday, June 12th, the eve of Corpus Christi, Richard, having heard mass in the Tower, rowed down the river, with four barges, intending to land at Greenwich, but as soon as the mob saw the royal standard, with the lions and fleurs-de-lys, they ran down from the hill, in their delight yelling and screaming 'like the devils in hell.' By this demonstration they, fortunately, de-

[1] Froissart, Stow.

feated their object, for the king's counsellors, especially the Archbishop and Prior of St. John's, strongly recommended the king not to land, and he accordingly only rowed up, and held a parley with some of them. Lord Salisbury, replying to those who persisted that he should land, said,

'Gentlemen, you are not properly attired nor in fitting condition for the king to come among you.'

The king returned to the Tower at three o'clock, and the people vowed vengeance against Simon de Sudbury, archbishop and chancellor, and Sir Robert Hales, Treasurer and Prior of St. Johns', as those dignitaries advised the king not to trust himself among the people. In truth, there was a design to murder the escort, and seize the king's person, as the rebels thought he might be useful to them. Enraged at being thus foiled, and suffering in many cases from hunger, the mob now advanced upon London, destroying on their way all the monasteries and 'hotels,'[1] together with the Marshalsea Prison, where they set free the prisoners. They also burned Lambeth Palace.

The Lord Mayor ordered the gates of the City to be closed, and London Bridge to be drawn up, but the mob outside, calling themselves 'the king's men and noble commons of England,' threatening fire and massacre if opposed, and the lower classes inside crying out, 'Why are not these honest men admitted?' the gates were thrown open. A flood of people now poured into the streets, and most of them rushed to the provision shops. The shopkeepers were glad

[1] Froissart calls them hostels—large houses.

to appease them by providing food, and those who had wine offered it; but the leaders, who seem to have been a little doubtful about the success of their movement, and feared a reaction, gave orders that nothing should be taken by force without payment.

Wat Tyler and his colleagues now marched through London with twenty-thousand men, and proceeded to the palace of the Savoy on the Thames. This magnificent residence belonged to John of Gaunt, the king's uncle, to whom they were especially hostile. It had been built at a cost of fifty thousand marks, by Henry, Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt's father-in-law. We learn incidentally such details as that it had a tower called the Symeon Tower, and that the gate of the principal entrance was of massive wood painted with ochre. Behind, it had an ornamental and productive garden, with 'alleys' leading to a water-gate. There was also a dungeon, a gloomy addition then thought necessary for every great house. To this mansion 'there was not any other in the realme comparable in beautie and statelinesse of building, with all manners of princelie furniture.'[1]

After killing the porters, they set the house on fire. The gold and silver cups and ornaments they broke into small pieces, and threw into the Thames; the rings and jewels they pounded in mortars; cloth of gold and whole woven silks they tore and trampled under foot, and, having found a valuable jack, or jacket, they placed it on a lance, and made it a mark

[1] Holinshed.

for arrows.[1] Feather beds they threw into the fire, and, among other things, a coverlet, worked with arms, and worth one thousand marks, as they were forbidden to keep anything. One man, it is said, tried to conceal in his breast a piece of silver plate, but, being detected, was thrown into the fire, together with his spoil.

Thirty-two men went down into the wine-cellar, where they remained singing and joking and drinking malvoisie till they were quite tipsy, and became incarcerated by the falling stones and beams. Their shouting was heard for seven days, until they died.[2] The palace was burnt to the ground. (This attack on the Savoy refutes the assertions of Walsingham, monk of St. Albans, and others who attribute this insurrection to Wycliff's followers. John of Gaunt favoured the Reformers, and, in 1376, the people threatened to burn the Savoy, because he had offended the Bishop of London.)

Several other great houses were destroyed, and we read that even old men climbed up into them like rats or demons. Many persons were murdered in the streets, especially lawyers and Lombards. All the latter were thought worthy of death because some of them were rich merchants, and, when any of the rabble met a man of a foreign type, they called upon him to say bread and cheese, and, if he pro-

[1] We are told that five carts could scarcely carry the gold and silver plate, and that no other Christian prince had such a wardrobe.

[2] The date of these lawless acts might be approximately fixed from the fact that they blew up the hall by throwing into the fire three barrels of gunpowder which they mistook for gold.

nounced the words at all like 'brot and cawse,' they cut off his head. Thirteen Lombards took refuge in Augustine Friars, but were dragged forth and beheaded in the street. Schoolmasters also were attacked, and their schools shut up. In the evening, after imbibing much wine, to which they were unaccustomed, the 'noble Commons' were for the most part drunk, and slept like pigs, but some were sufficiently sober to go about, and kill such of their companions as they disliked. People made away with any against whom they had a grudge, and apprentices murdered their masters.

Wat Tyler seems to have been a low fellow, not only in his origin and designs, but also in his insolence and private resentment. He had been a 'varlet' in France to one Richard Lyon, a rich citizen of London; his master had once beaten him, probably not without good cause, and accordingly, as soon as he entered London, he made his way to Lyon's House, knocked him on the head, and had his dead body carried in front of him about the streets on a pike.[1]

After destroying the 'noble hospital of St. John,' the people separated into three companies. One proceeded to Highbury and levelled to the ground the house of Sir Robert Hales, the Prior of St. John's, which he had 'delicately constructed and made a second Paradise.' Another party took up their quarters at Mile-End, while a third established themselves at St. Katharine's and Tower Hill. They burnt the

[1] Lyon had been accused of appropriating the money of the king and nobles, but this can scarcely have influenced Wat Tyler.

lawyers' establishment at the Temple, and broke into Westminster Abbey, where they destroyed the ancient books and records, and dragged out and beheaded John Inworth, Marshal of the Marshalsea Prison, whom they found vainly embracing a pillar in St. Edward's shrine for protection.

The people in front of the Tower kept howling the greater part of the night. It is said that the noise they made was scarcely human; no words were distinguishable—it was like the screaming of wild animals or demons. Inside the Tower, where were the king's mother, the widow of the Black Prince, and many other ladies, the king called together his council, and determined to go forth in the morning and parley with the people. It was thought necessary to take this step, because the soldiers did 'quaile in stomache,' and also because all provisions were intercepted.

Accordingly, next day the king let it be known that he would speak with the people at Mile-End, and listen to their demands. The young monarch sallied forth accompanied by an escort of noblemen, who felt grave misgivings, and in some cases gradually slunk away. They had scarcely issued forth, when, before the portcullis could be dropped, the mob, headed by Wat Tyler, rushed into the Tower, destroying everything before them. They insulted the officers on guard, pulled their beards and said they would be friends with them. Some of them forced their way noisily into the bed-room of the king's mother, used rough language, threatened to kiss her, and smashed her bedstead. She was so

terrified that her attendants carried her out in a fainting state, and she remained almost unconscious for the remainder of the day. But the person they most sought for was the Archbishop of Canterbury. This dignitary they at last found in the chapel, where, after celebrating mass, he was still at prayer. They rushed in, crying out, 'Where is the traitor and despoiler of the Commons?'

'Ye are well come, my sons,' replied the archbishop. 'I am the archbishop whom ye seek—neither traitor nor despoiler.'

'They dragged him forth from the chapel,' writes Walsingham, 'without any reverence for the holy place, or for the crucifix on the end of his staff, or for the body of our Lord, which he held before him.' A deafening clamour was raised when he was seen in his robes, coming out on Tower Hill. The archbishop looked round, and, seeing them ready to fall on him with drawn swords,

'What are you about, my dearest sons?' he asked. 'What is my crime, that you wish to kill me? Beware, lest the judgment of the Just Judge fall upon you.'

They vociferated that they cared nothing for the Pope, and bade him prepare for death. After many good words ('for he was an eloquent man and wise'), he prayed that they might be forgiven, and submitted his neck. The first blow only inflicted a heavy wound, upon which he put up his hand, saying,

'It is the Lord!'

He received eight strokes before he died, and lay

for two days unburied.[1] They beheaded, at the same time, Sir R. Hales, the treasurer, John Legg, a farmer of taxes, and a friar, because he was physician or confessor to John of Gaunt. The archbishop's head, with his cap nailed to it, was set on London Bridge.[2]

The king, meanwhile, went to Mile-End to hear the demands of the people. These were principally that a general amnesty should be given, that there should be no more servitude, and that no land should pay more than fourpence an acre rent. The king granted whatever they asked, and ordered them to receive banners and letters as guarantees, issuing at the same time proclamations that all should be pardoned who returned home at once. The Essex men availed themselves of this offer, but others, especially the Kentish men, still remained. The king met these latter at Smithfield, and proposed the same terms; but Wat Tyler, a crafty fellow, said he was not satisfied, and that it must be inserted in the king's letters that fishing and hunting in all the waters and forests should be free to all, and that leave should be given to put all lawyers to death. He would not, however, state any terms with which he would be content, because he wished to procrastinate until the evening, when they intended to burn and pillage London.

[1] Walsingham relates many beneficent miracles which he worked after his death, among them that a woman who invoked his aid during her confinement produced triplets. This archbishop had established a college in Sudbury, and rebuilt the walls of Canterbury, which, as we have seen, had been destroyed by the Danes.

[2] Polychronicon.

The king in great distress sent a knight to him, Sir J. Newton, to beg that he would formulate his requirements; to which the tiler replied that he would take his time about it. He, however, soon rode up to the king with a frowning countenance, keeping his cap on his head, and complained that Sir John had come to him on horseback instead of on foot.

The forbearance of the king's party was by this time nearly exhausted, and Sir John told him that he had as good a right to be on a horse as he had. The rebel drew his dagger, the knight did the same, and an encounter was imminent, when the king, seeing the multitude ready to support their champion, ordered Sir John to dismount and surrender his dagger to him. But Wat continued to threaten Sir John, and even the king, whom he almost touched as he flourished his weapon in a dangerous manner. Walworth, the Lord Mayor, 'a man of incomparable boldness,' now asked leave to arrest him, which the king granting, he carried out summarily by striking him a heavy blow on the head with his sabre. The man fell from his horse, and, receiving several thrusts from the escort, 'lay on his back on the ground, beating with his hands to and fro awhile, until at last he gave up his unhappy ghost.'

This event changed the whole aspect of affairs. The timid knights, being thus committed, began to prepare for conflict, while the mob saw that the amusement of cutting off heads could no longer be enjoyed with impunity. It is said that the common people drew their bows and prepared to shoot, but

that the king rode among them alone, calling out, 'What is this, my men! Lament not the death of a traitor. I will be your leader; follow me into the fields, and you shall have what you desire.'

It is true that the popular leaders had not formally condemned the king, and his words may therefore have had some weight; but it is evident that the fear of punishment had more influence, for the king demanded and received back his letters and banners. Meanwhile Walworth went into the City and called upon all loyal citizens to arm and assemble for the protection of the king. A thousand men were thus collected, led by 'knights in bright armour,' and, as soon as the multitude caught sight of them, they ignominiously took to flight, some hiding themselves in ditches and among the standing corn, while others fell on their knees begging for mercy. The knights were anxious to teach them a lesson by cutting off a couple of hundred heads, but the king humanely forbade such bloodshed.

Walworth was knighted on the field, notwithstanding his protestations that he was a mere merchant, and unworthy of such honour. John Ball and Jack Straw were found hidden in a ruined house, hoping to steal away, but betrayed by their own men.[1]

Blackheath soon afterwards saw another and a grander sight, for the king summoned an army entirely of cavalry to assemble there for the suppression of the insurgents. England had never before seen such a military spectacle, and the young king rode to Blackheath every day to review the troops, taking

[1] Jack Straw is said to have been a priest in disguise.

great pride in them, and riding up and down the lines on a great dextarium,[1] with the royal standard borne before him. Detachments then proceeded through all the country, first through Kent, stopping at each town and demanding under pains and penalties that the guilty should be delivered up. The agitators were accordingly pointed out and hanged, the rest were pardoned, and the king's letters and banners were given back.

Some persons have praised the fortitude exhibited by the young prince in dealing with the rioters, and have expressed surprise that his after-life did not fulfil the promise of his youth. But the peasantry proclaimed themselves to be 'the king's men,' and he was no doubt acting under advice. Much could not be expected from a boy of fifteen, and what he did showed more kindness and weakness than courage and principle. Only for an accidental occurrence and the boldness of Walworth, he would probably have met his untimely end in his boyhood instead of his manhood.[2] The smallest exhibition of force would have quelled the insurrection, and would have saved both lives and property.

This was called the 'hurling time,' and, owing to the success achieved in London, disturbances spread over a great part of the country. A good example of what might have been done was shown by Spenser, Bishop of Norwich, who donned a coat of

[1] A large armoured war-horse.

[2] A strange mystery has always hung over the fate of this unfortunate king. It seems probable that he starved himself or was starved to death.

mail, and, accompanied by eight lancers and a few bowmen, seized and beheaded some of the principal conspirators in Norfolk, and, collecting a larger company, drove the peasantry out of a well-fortified encampment.

We should feel more deeply the unhappy fate of Richard had not the latter years of his reign been stained with murder. Elder relatives often continue to patronize and correct the young who have grown up to man's estate, and Richard's uncles were unusually ambitious and despotic. The Duke of Gloucester made himself obnoxious to the king in several ways, and took him to task about the foreign policy of the country. But Richard's conduct towards him was weak and treacherous. Starting one summer's afternoon from his place in Essex, Havering Bower, he came at about five with a few attendants to the duke's castle of Pleshey. He was received with honour, and supper was prepared. But while they made ready the king said that he was pressed for time, as he had to be at an important council next day, and that he wished the duke to accompany him. His uncle assented, and they rode together through Epping Forest, chatting familiarly, till they came late at night near Stratford. Then the king spurred on in front, and a number of men concealed in ambush rushed out and seized on the duke.[1] He was forthwith carried on board a ship in the Thames and sent to Calais, where he was smothered between feather beds.

[1] This is Froissart's account—others say the king called at Pleshey early in the morning.

It is said that when he heard the king had given orders that he should be put to death, he meekly replied that 'if it were his sovereign's pleasure, he willingly submitted.' He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and his property was confiscated to the crown. His son was imprisoned, and on his liberation died of the plague at Chester.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PALÆOLOGI—HISTORY OF MANUEL—HE VISITS THE WEST—HIS RECEPTION IN FRANCE—MEETING WITH HENRY IV.—DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGLISH BY CHALCOCONDYLES.

THE next event which Greenwich brings before our view is connected with widely different associations. Our eyes are attracted to Eastern lands, we are filled with the romantic enthusiasm of the Crusades, and as we continue to gaze, the glories of the Second Empire fade away under a crimson sky. Strange it sounds to hear that Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault, has mounted the throne of the Cæsars, and holds sway in the Roma Nova of Constantine! But his dignity need not be envied, the successor of murdered emperors is soon to meet a violent death, and his brother, who follows him, drinks the poisoned bowl. The husband of their sister, Peter de Courtenay,[1] son of Louis le Gros, is now raised to the purple, but before he can reach his capital is seized in the mountains, and dies in

[1] Reginald de Courtenay married his daughter to the seventh son of Louis le Gros, whose son was this Peter de Courtenay. Reginald was the ancestor of the Earls of Devon.

captivity. His second son, Robert, succeeds, whose brother Baldwin becomes the last Latin emperor.

This Baldwin was in such financial difficulties, that he sold the Crown of Thorns to St. Louis, King of France, who paid ten thousand marks of silver for it, and bore it himself through Paris barefoot, in his shirt. The emperor soon afterwards parted with a portion of the true (?) cross, the body linen of Christ, the lance, sponge, and chain of the Passion, the rod of Moses, and part of the skull of John the Baptist!

The Greeks had all this time been naturally anxious to recover Constantinople from the crusader emperors, and at length the feat was accomplished by one whose name, Michael Palæologus, left no doubt of his nationality. This man was guardian of the young Emperor of Nicæa, and one of his generals captured Constantinople by surprise, and even against his intention—a success mainly owing to the Greek and Genoese citizens. The long purple sceptre of the empire was now committed to Palæologus, who was proclaimed emperor in conjunction with his young ward. Thus ended the Latin occupation of Constantinople, which had at least the beneficial effect of introducing the Greek classics into Western Europe.

Palæologus came of a noble and illustrious family, and had through his mother some claim to the imperial dignity. He followed the profession of arms, but was not appointed guardian by the father of the young emperor, who had indeed offered a great insult to the Palæologi. On the refusal of one of the matrons of that house to bestow her lovely daughter on a low plebeian, the emperor had her

put into a sack with several cats, pricked with pins to make them ferocious. Michael was gracious and magnificent, and proved an able ruler. In his earlier life he showed his tact by cleverly avoiding the ordeal by fire. He was suspected of aspiring to the empire, and the Archbishop of Philadelphia proposed that he should accept the judgment of God as to his innocence by bearing a red-hot ball three times from the altar to the sanctuary. Palæologus replied that he was a soldier and a sinner, and could not venture upon the test, but that nevertheless he would accept the fiery ball if presented to him by the archbishop, whose holy hands it would not injure.

The mind of Palæologus was not, however, free from all infirmities, and he could not resist the temptations of his position. Arsenius, the patriarch of Constantinople, was averse from crowning him; but, pressure being used, he consented, stipulating at the same time that the young emperor should still have the prëeminence. But, when he found that this condition was not being fulfilled, he retired, and another patriarch was appointed by Michael. Arsenius was, however, soon recalled; but on hearing that Michael had blinded the young emperor—in a merciful way, it was then thought, by the reflection from a red-hot basin—he excommunicated him, and, as he brought forth no fruits of repentance, proceeded to excommunicate him absolutely in a synod of bishops. For this act of justice he was driven into exile in 1266, in which, after suffering considerable privations, he died.

The imperial power thus iniquitously obtained was not destined to be enjoyable. The history of the Palæologi is one of conflict, suffering, and gradual decay. An elaborate court was maintained, and sounding titles, but the substance was wanting, gilding was gradually substituted for gold, and coloured glass for jewels, and by the time that Michael's son John came to the throne the power of the Turks had advanced to such an extent that he and his sons were obliged to follow and support the Sultan in military movements. Such were his difficulties that he thought it necessary to become a Roman Catholic—a great humiliation in those days, when religious animosities ran high between the Greek and Latin Churches. Driven to despair by the insults and encroachments of the Turks, he appealed to the pope, and executed with purple ink and golden bull an abject document, promising, in consideration of assistance, to bring all his clergy and people into the fold of Rome.

Manuel,[1] John's second son, a young man of twenty, was offered as a hostage for the fulfilment of these impossible conditions. But he was not destined to spend his youth in attending the ceremonials of St. Peter's, and he found a more congenial occupation in the governorship of Thessalonica, to which he was appointed. In this capacity Manuel showed himself somewhat too enterprising. He conspired with the chief Greeks against the Turkish garrison that held the city; and Amurath, hearing of their designs, sent a large army with directions to destroy Thessalonica and bring the prince to him as a prisoner. Manuel,

[1] An abbreviation for Emmanuel.

seeing that he could not contend against this force or obtain help, determined to go to Brousa and throw himself upon Amurath's mercy. The Sultan received him most graciously, entertained him with banquets, and ordered him to be supplied out of the royal palace. When he was leaving he told him that he loved him as his son, and warned him not to take in hand any rebellion against him in future, for that there should be no conflict between them, but amity—

'You are a wise young man, and rule everything well and suitably; govern then your own possessions in peace, and seek not those of others.'

This advice must have sounded strange from Amurath, but he sent Manuel away laden with presents. It is possible that he had still some veneration for the successor of the Cæsars, or that he was pleased with Manuel's manner and appearance; but, although the Sultan sometimes acted magnanimously, it is probable that he was mostly actuated by political considerations.

The next episode brings Manuel's character before us in a most pleasing light. His father, when going on his begging expedition to the court of France, borrowed a large sum from some of the rich money-lenders at Venice, and when he was passing through that town on his return they arrested him for debt. He had left his eldest son Andronicus as regent during his absence, and now wrote to him to send him money from the ecclesiastical and royal treasuries. But the son was in no haste to resign his authority and facilitate his father's return, whose conduct in

partially depriving him and his son of sight with boiling vinegar he probably resented.[1] But when Manuel heard of his father's distress he collected all the gold and silver he possibly could, and sailed with nine triremes to his assistance. When he saw him he fell down before him and kissed his hands and feet, gave the usurers their money, and took him back to Constantinople. He deserved all the more credit for this, as it must have been difficult to feel affection or even respect for such a man as John Palæologus.

Manuel henceforth came to be in great favour with his father, who associated him with himself in the empire. Andronicus thereupon betook himself to the Turks, and, on his promising a large tribute, the grasping Bajazet gave him assistance. They seized John and Manuel and hung them up in a narrow wooden cage in the Tower of Anema. Bajazet's advice was to kill them, but the Palæologi had always some respect for their relatives, though rivals, and Andronicus refused to comply. After John and Manuel had been imprisoned for upwards of three years, they persuaded the officer in charge to let them have a knife, and with this they cut through some of the bars of the cage and made their escape. They immediately betook themselves to Bajazet, and Manuel, promising a larger tribute (thirty thousand gold crowns), and to accompany the Turkish army on expeditions, Bajazet sent to know whether the citizens of Constantinople would prefer to have Manuel to reign

[1] Andronicus conspired against him, and Amurath insisted on this punishment being inflicted.

over them, and, on their replying in the affirmative, John and Manuel returned, and the latter received the diadem. Manuel afterwards served in the Turkish army, and showed great valour at the siege of Philadelphia, where he was among the first to scale the walls.

John Palæologus was an unusually foolish old man with regard to women, yielding to the fascinations of 'harp-girls' and such-like, and utterly forgetful of the duties and dignity of empire. Towards the end of his life, his son Manuel married a princess of Trebisonde—a remarkably handsome widow. The father no sooner saw her than he thought he would like her himself, and actually took her away from his son and married her, although he was so decrepit from the gout that he was nearly bent double. Manuel was soon afterwards in danger of losing his eyes as well as his wife, for he was in Bajazet's camp both soldier and hostage, and, when his father began to fortify Constantinople, Bajazet sent to say that if he did not desist his son would return to him blind. John stopped the works, and shortly afterwards died from dissipation and despair.

Manuel was at this time serving with six hundred noble Greeks in the Ottoman army, and, on hearing of his father's death, escaped to Constantinople, much to the disappointment of Bajazet, who intended to have murdered him. Bajazet coveted the possession of Constantinople, and soon surrounded the city, the investment continuing altogether for nearly ten years. All ingress and egress were prohibited, all supplies of corn, wine, and other commodities stopped

as far as possible, and wood became so scarce that they had to burn houses for fuel. In this extremity Manuel sent to implore assistance from the pope, the King of France, and the King of Hungary. A great expedition was accordingly prepared under Sigismund, King of Hungary. But they were overthrown with great slaughter by Bajazet, and Sigismund escaped with difficulty, making his way down the Danube to Constantinople in a vessel he accidentally found. Thence, after a sad interview with Manuel, he embarked for his own country.

The Sultan now boasted that he would overrun Germany and Italy, and feed his horse with oats on the altar of St. Peter's. After returning to the investment of Constantinople, he sent a haughty summons to Manuel in these terms: 'By the Divine clemency our invincible scimitar has reduced to our obedience almost all Asia, with many large countries in Europe except the city of Constantinople, for without the walls thou hast nothing left. Resign that city, stipulate thy reward, or tremble for thyself and thy unhappy people.'[1] He also hoped to aim at conquering the Greeks by setting one part of the royal family against the other, and therefore espoused the cause of John, the son of Andronicus. Manuel applied to France for assistance, and Marshal Le Maingre Boucicaut, a man of valour and experience, was sent to his aid with one thousand two hundred

[1] From the work of Kantemir, Hospodar of Moldavia. It does not now exist in the original, and the passage above given is from Gibbon, and differs in a few words from the translation by Tindal.

soldiers, including cross-bowmen. He brought six ships, and, supported by some sent by the Venetians and Genoese and by the troops of Manuel, made successful raids upon the Turkish coast. But, money and supplies falling short, he recommended the emperor to make terms with John, and to go to seek help in person from the Western powers. John was accordingly appointed regent, Manuel exhorting him to keep up the battle against the common enemy. Bajazet, who had demanded the empire for John, now called upon John to give the city up to him, or he would kill every man in it; but John refused, and said they would put their trust in God.

Manuel now started for the west, where he was received with the highest honour. Great sympathy was felt for him, as he was fighting the battle of the Christians against the Turks, and as he held out hopes of bringing the Greek Church under the rule of the Roman. Moreover, he had the reputation of being a wise and able prince, and we are told that he was so well-formed and dignified that anyone would have said he ought to be a king, and that Bajazet and other Turks paid him the compliment of saying that he looked like the Great Mahomet.

The Greek emperor was received worthily in Padua, Pavia and other places, and with especial splendour in France. Charles VI. ordered that he should be welcomed at the frontier by the *élite* of the noblesse and great officers of the crown. The queen attended his arrival, and considered his coming as a suppliant to be a glory to the French nation. Two thousand citizens in rich attire and well-mounted met him at

the bridge of Charenton. The chancellor at the head of the parliament complimented him in the name of the king, three cardinals paid their respects to him, and the Dukes of Berri and Burgundy presented themselves soon afterwards with a large company of nobles. As the emperor entered the faubourg St. Antoine, he met the king, who was accompanied by the highest officers, and also by a crowd of courtesans desirous, we are told, of impressing the Greek emperor with a due sense of the gallantries and magnificence of the French court. Charles VI., though his reign was so disastrous, and he was subject to fits of frenzy, had in his palace a 'Court of Love,' with mock officials and functionaries, some of them, strange to say, being canons and learned divines.

On seeing the king, Manuel dismounted and advanced on foot; they embraced, and professed perpetual amity. Manuel was invested with a robe of royal white silk and mounted on a milk-white steed, and then rode beside the king into the city. All the princes of the blood followed, and they proceeded to the cathedral of Notre Dame, where they were received with gorgeous ceremonials. After dining with the king, 'when the tables were removed,' the emperor was conducted to the lodgings prepared for him in the Louvre.[1] Charles ordered hunts, fêtes, and great spectacular entertainments on this occasion, and not only defrayed Manuel's expenses, but gave him presents 'as to a demi-god.'[2] The emperor was present at the marriage of the son

[1] Memoires du M. Jean le Maingre dit Boucicaut.

[2] Ducas.

of the Duke of Bourbon to the widow of Philippe d'Artois.

But the king's illness and the distracted state of the country prevented the French from giving anything but promises. Calais was now in the hands of the English, and the victories of Edward III. and the Black Prince had brought this country more prominently into notice. Manuel, therefore, determined to try his fortunes here, and, having crossed over to Dover, was handsomely entertained at Canterbury by the prior and monks of St. Augustine. Proceeding onwards towards London, he was met on Blackheath by Henry IV. and all the English court with great state 'as a hero.' He was conducted to London, where a grand display was made, and where the king lodged and entertained him right royally and gave him presents worthy of his high position.

(There exists in the British Museum[1] a receipt dated in London on February 3rd, 1400, in which Emmanuel Palæologus acknowledges three thousand marks given him by Henry IV., on account of the immense labours and expenses he has had in the 'defence of the Romans against the enemies of the Christian faith.' The document is in Latin, beautifully engrossed on vellum, but the stamp of the seal has been obliterated by time.)

Henry, however, was nearly as uncomfortable on his throne as Palæologus, for he had only lately defeated Richard, and had many enemies to conciliate or suppress. Perhaps he was not sorry to have the opportunity of amusing the London citizens with a

[1] Cotton MSS. Nero.

little pageantry, but, as to substantial assistance, he could only promise a crusade which he never carried out. Manuel returned to Paris, where he stayed two years, and then went to Modon to await the fall of Constantinople.

But events were in progress which gave an entirely new complexion to Eastern affairs. The Lightning Bajazet and the Iron Timur met in a tremendous battle on the field of Angora, in July, 1402, and notwithstanding the bravery of his Janissaries, Bajazet was totally defeated, and fled.

Intelligence of this unexpected change in the fortunes of war was brought to Manuel, at Modon, and Boucicaut[1] undertook to conduct him safely to Constantinople. Soliman, the son of Bajazet, made peace with him, and his brother Mahomet even made him guardian of his children—a proof of great confidence in one of a different religion.

After his return to the throne, Manuel lived in comparative quietude for twenty-three years. Towards the end of his life he retired in favour of his son, and devoted his closing years to studying and writing upon theology. Two days before his death, he took the habit of a religious order and the name of Mathew the Monk. He died of paralysis, and they buried him 'in the holy and beautiful Basilica of the Almighty, amid such grief and so

[1] An officer much trusted by the King of France. He fought under Sigismund against Bajazet, and after the battle was led out naked to be killed, and was only spared upon one of the French nobles promising a large ransom for him. He was afterwards taken prisoner at Agincourt.

great a concourse of people as had never been known for anyone before.'[1]

With him, we may say, the Lower Empire expired; for the cross was now trembling upon the city of the crescent.[2] The imperial power had passed through various hands, and little remained beyond mere dramatic exhibition, while the citizens, who still gloried in the name of 'Romans,' were but a motley assemblage of French and other Latins, Greeks, Turks, and Genoese. Manuel's son Constantine, 'the last of the Cæsars,' was killed when the Turks were storming the breach of Constantinople at the taking of that city in 1453.

We have seen the Greek emperors travelling into Western Europe, and at this time there was considerable communication between the East and West. It may be interesting to read the opinions held at this time among the learned at Constantinople about France and England, and we find them given by Chalcocondyles, an Athenian, who wrote down to the year 1463. His account may be thus translated from the Greek:

'The Celts (French) live on more refined fare than the Italians, and have furniture as good as theirs. Their language is not the same as the Italians nor so different that you would say it was another tongue. They have been accustomed to think themselves the first of all the western nations, but now know a little better since the Angles, a nation living in Britain, have subdued them, taken

[1] Phrantses.

[2] The crescent was the ancient emblem of the city.

away their supremacy and besieged their metropolis, Parision. The cause of the quarrel they say to be this. There is a city called Kaleda (Calais) on the sea coast of Celtica (France) by the ocean, not a very grand place, but in a strong position. It is most convenient for sailing from Galatia (Gaul) to Britain, and is a good port for those coming from thence into Celtica. The British king took this place by strategy, through an agreement with the citizens to betray it. He now rules it, and when the king of Galatia asked him to give it back, he said he had no intention of doing so, and sent a garrison into it from the island. The king (of France) besieged it for a long time, but not being successful, led away his army and returned home.'

After recounting the successes of the English, and saying that the Celts make a point of dying where they stand in battle, and not running away,—showing the antiquity of the maxim attributed to the French Imperial guard,—he gives a notice of Joan of Arc, and proceeds to describe England:—

'The Britannic Isles are three, over against Flanders, lying a long way out into the ocean. One is situated where the tide rolls in,[1] the others are where the water returns from the tide. It would be more correct to say there was one island, since it is one, and is governed by itself, and is regulated by one ruler. A great and brave people inhabit it, and there

[1] Chalcocondyles gives a long account of the tides, at which people accustomed to the Mediterranean were naturally much astonished.

are large and wealthy cities in it, and many villages, and they have a king, and their metropolis is Londron, where is the palace of the king. And under the king there are in this island not a few rulers, holding the same position to their sovereign as is held among the Celts. For neither can he summarily take away their authority, nor are they expected to obey him beyond what is customary.

'There have been many misfortunes in the history of this island, the rulers contending with the king and with one another. This island bears no wine,[1] and scarcely any fruit, but wheat, barley, and honey, and the wool is finer than that of other countries, so that they weave themselves a great abundance of garments. They have a language altogether peculiar, and in sound not like that of any of their neighbours, Celtic or German. Their furniture is the same as that of the Celts, and so are their customs and fare. Their habits with regard to their wives and children are very free and easy throughout the whole island, and everywhere their wives are common to their friends.[2] Londron is in power beyond all the other

[1] And yet we read of many vineyards in England. But British wines have never been much esteemed on the Continent.

[2] This scandalous statement may have been derived from the old observation of Cæsar that among the ancient Britons some of the women had nine husbands. But the narrative of Chalcocondyles bears several marks of a French origin. It is possible, however, that some old English customs may have led to this strange misstatement about the women of the country. Erasmus, writing wittily to Faustus Andrelinus, says—'If you are wise, you will fly hither. There are here nymphs with divine faces, courteous and favourable, whom you will speedily prefer to your Muses.

cities in that island, not inferior in wealth and other advantages to any of the cities of the West, and in manliness and warlike valour superior to its neighbours and to many others towards the setting sun. The people use Italian shields and Greek swords and bows so long that they can shoot with one end touching the ground.'

The visit of Palæologus seems to have made an impression upon Henry. He had in early youth asserted the cause of Christianity with his sword in Lithuania, and towards the close of his days he made preparations for propagating it in the same manner in more Eastern lands. But his pious projects were cut short by death, and he found that the only Jerusalem he was destined to see was the chamber to which that name had been given at Westminster.

Henry IV. owned the Manor of Greenwich, and evidently had a royal residence there. His will is subscribed: 'I zeue at my Manour of Grenewich the 22nd day of the month of Januery, the yeare of or Lord, 1408.' No doubt the king was here on that part of Greenwich which belonged to the crown, but we have seen that William de Bohun had property

There is, moreover, a custom here never to be sufficiently commended. On your arrival from any place you are received with kisses, on your departure you are dismissed with kisses. When you return, you have more salutes both coming and going, and also whenever you meet anywhere. And, if you had once tasted how delicately soft and fragrant they are, you would desire to remain in England for your whole life.' Defoe, speaking of servants affecting the dress of their mistresses, says that one day, calling at a friend's house, and being asked to salute the ladies, he kissed the chamber-wench by mistake.

in Greenwich, and that one of his daughters, co-heiresses, married the Duke of Gloucester, whose lands were eventually confiscated to the crown by Richard, and that the other married in 1386 the future Henry IV. It is therefore not improbable that the king was attracted to Greenwich by this association.

The neighbouring palace of Eltham was the predecessor of Greenwich.[1] There our earlier kings had a country residence, kept royal state, and often held high festival. Edward III. held a parliament at Eltham, the III. IV. V. and VI. Henrys kept Christmas there, and their example was followed by Edward IV., who on one of these grand occasions fed two thousand persons daily. This was a kind of suburban palace, and only when the lights of Eltham began to fade did the rising glories of Greenwich dawn upon the land.

[1] Eltham is about three miles from Greenwich. The banqueting-hall, with its magnificent oaken roof, still remains.

CHAPTER V.

AZINCOURT—SIGISMUND—RECEPTION BY HENRY V.—THE DUKE OF EXETER AT GREENWICH.

THE most memorable event in the reign of Henry V. was the battle of Azincourt. The victory was as great as it was unexpected, and Henry at first thought of following up his success, but finally determined to return home to give his troops rest. He embarked at Calais towards the end of November, and encountered such a heavy gale that two of his ships were driven out of their course, but no serious disaster occurred. We are told that the French prisoners whom he was bringing over thought that they suffered as much on the voyage as they had in the battle, and wondered how it came to pass that King Henry was so strong as not to suffer from 'encumbrance and disease of his stomach.'[1]

One November morning, as the Mayor of London was riding to Westminster to perform his duties, he was met by a pursuivant with letters from the king announcing the victory, and Beaufort, Bishop of

[1] Stow.

Winchester, and Chancellor, received at the same time a similar notification. A Te Deum was chanted in St. Paul's with great solemnity, and afterwards the bishop stood on the steps of the cathedral and read the glad tidings to the assembled multitude.

On the 23rd day of November,[1] the king and his victorious troops were met on Blackheath by the mayor and aldermen,—who were bravely attired in 'orient grained scarlet,' with rich collars and great chains, and rode caparisoned horses,—and by four hundred commoners clad in 'beautiful murrie,'[2] all well-mounted. Nearer London the clergy met him with 'rich crosses, sumptuous copes, and massie censers.' The gates and houses were hung with Arras tapestry representing the noble acts of the kings of England, and the fountains ran abundantly with rich sweet wines. At various points, such as London Bridge and the Cross in Chepe, pageants were exhibited 'to the king's great comfort,'[3] but the nature of them is not recorded. In some places towers were erected and richly-adorned stages, upon which sat small children attired as angels, singing praises to God. No songs of victory were allowed to be composed or sung, for the king would have no mention made of his valour or success, nor would he suffer his helmet to be carried before him, whereon the crown of gold had been broken by the blows of his assailants.

The following spring another grand state reception

[1] Some place it a few days later.

[2] Holinshed. Murrey, a kind of maroon colour.

[3] Fabian.

took place on Blackheath. Sigismund, after his defeat by Bajazet already mentioned, met with a second misfortune, for on his return to his kingdom of Hungary he found a rival seated on his throne. He was actually imprisoned by him; but, through the exertions of his elder brother, was at length set at liberty and reinstated. In 1411 he was elected Emperor of Germany, in preference to his elder brother, and he seems to have been as much admired for his handsome person as he was celebrated for his witty sayings.

In November 1413, seeing the distracted state of the Church, in which three popes were contending for the supremacy, while several reformers were attracting followers, he proposed the calling of a General Council. It was arranged that Constance should be the place of meeting, and John XXIII. issued invitations to ecclesiastics, and Sigismund to temporal princes, among the rest to Henry V. of England. The attendance showed what great interest was then taken in religious matters. Some of the leading potentates brought splendid retinues. John of Nassau, the primate of Germany, entered the city in complete armour, attended by three hundred and fifty-two men and seven hundred horses. Henry V., who, as we have seen, was essentially a religious man, sent a goodly company, among whom were the Earl of Warwick and the Bishops of Bath and Hereford—in all eight hundred men and horses. This exhibition and the fame of the victory at Azincourt, won while the council was sitting, led to this country rising greatly in estimation, so that the council agreed

that it should henceforth be called the English nation, and be considered one of the five principal nations.

The sittings of this council, which lasted nearly four years, drew an attendance of eighteen thousand ecclesiastics, and altogether of more than fifty thousand persons, bringing, as most of them rode, thirty thousand horses, and accompanied by a great crowd of players, musicians, and loose women. The townspeople rejoiced, and, raising their prices, reaped a rich harvest.

The early results of the conference were that Gregory XII. resigned, that John, who had taken to flight under the disguise of a groom, was deposed, and that Huss was condemned and burnt. This reformer held views similar to those of Wyclif, but admitted transubstantiation.

Sigismund has been greatly censured for his breach of faith towards Huss, as he had given him a letter of safe conduct to the conference; perhaps he was not uninfluenced by finding, on a more intimate acquaintance with the teachings of the reformer, that they included some inconvenient doctrines about the deposition of sinful kings.[1] While these matters were in progress, tidings were brought to Sigismund that the Turks had invaded his territories, but he replied that even that should not move him from the council. When, however, the principal matters were disposed of, he journeyed westward, with the same object Palæologus had—to solicit assistance against the common enemy—and with a similar want of success.

[1] The Hussites were so incensed at Sigismund's conduct that they rebelled and expelled him from Bohemia.

He had also hopes of restoring peace between France and England.

The Emperor of Germany then proudly styled himself King of the Romans, and it seems that Sigismund interpreted his title somewhat too widely to please other nations. During his visit to France he gave grave offence by taking the king's seat in the parliament, and conferring the honour of knighthood, and owing to this, when he crossed over to England—accompanied by some English lords who had been sent for him to Calais—he was met at Dover by the Duke of Gloucester and some other magnates, who, as his boat approached shore, walked into the water with drawn swords, saying they wished to know whether he came as a friend or to claim rights as an emperor, for in the latter case they had orders to prevent his landing. The reply was of course satisfactory, and on the 7th of May Henry V. and all his nobility received him in state on Blackheath, and brought him with great magnificence to Westminster.

Sigismund laboured to bring about peace with France; but Henry, who heard at this time of an attack upon his troops, would not listen to his pleadings. A similar cause led to the failure of his second attempt to 'broach the vessel of concord and amitie.' The emperor finally made a treaty offensive, defensive, and commercial with England, and departed, after staying in this country more than seven weeks. Henry accompanied him back to Calais, and they presented each other with costly gifts; but, such were Sigismund's pecuniary embarrassments, that he pawned at Bruges the presents he had received. He

now again attended the council of Constance, where Cardinal Beaufort rendered valuable assistance. An Italian nobleman was elected pope, who took the name of Martin V., and the council ended in a grand procession, in which the pope rode under a canopy supported by four counts, the Emperor Sigismund and the Elector of Brandenburg holding his bridle, and followed by a cavalcade of forty thousand horsemen.

Greenwich—that is, Lewisham and some neighbouring lands of 'Grenewich'—continued up to the reign of Henry V. in the possession of the Abbey of Ghent, and church property had increased so much in England as to excite the alarm and cupidity of the nobles. These were the days of the Lollards, when superstition was rife among the lower classes, while among the upper there was not a little of the Sadducaic leaven. Henry V. has been called a king of priests, and he certainly supported the Roman Catholic party in their attacks upon the Lollards, some of whom he allowed to be burnt. It therefore greatly astonished the clergy when they heard that he was listening to proposals for confiscating the Church property. A council was held, and, to escape greater spoliation, the bishops agreed to the surrender of all priories held by foreigners. These were accordingly made over to the king by act of parliament (1414), and, in the course of the changes which ensued, the lands in Greenwich belonging to the Abbey of St. Peter of Ghent were given to the celebrated Carthusian priors of Jesus of Bethlehem at Shene.

Money having been obtained by this and other expedients, Henry commenced his French campaigns.

We may suppose that he was much pressed by the expenses of his military operations, when we find him pledging the crown jewels.

John of Gaunt upon his wife's death married his children's governess, by whom he had already a tolerably large family. They were legitimised, and one of them was afterwards Cardinal Beaufort. The youngest son, Thomas Beaufort, had honours showered upon him. In the fifth year of his half-brother, Henry IV., he was made Admiral of England, and in the eleventh year Captain of Calais and Lord Chancellor. He was afterwards decorated with the Garter, and made Earl of Dorset. He commanded the rear at Azincourt, and Henry V. granted him the Manor of Greenwich for life, created him Duke of Exeter, and on his death-bed made him guardian of Henry VI. But he survived little more than four years. We may suppose that the manor-house in which Henry IV. lived, and his brother afterwards, was a place of some importance.[1]

The Duke died at Greenwich in 1427, but the very man himself in form and feature, with his brown hair mingled with grey, was seen upon earth only a century ago. He directed by his will that he should be buried beside his duchess in the abbey church of Bury St. Edmunds. In 1772, when some labourers were at work among the ruins of this old church, they discovered a leaden coffin. It contained a body so excellently embalmed and surrounded with pickle, that it remained firm to the touch, and looked as perfect

[1] There was an old Manor House where Morden College now stands.

as in life, even to the nails on the hands and feet. After it had been examined, the workmen, to purloin the lead, threw it away among some rubbish. But it was sought out and decently reinterred, when it was recognised to be that of the Duke of Exeter.

CHAPTER VI.

ACCESSION OF HENRY VI.—HUMPHREY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER—HIS LEARNING AND ABILITY—MARRIES JACQUELINE—HER MISFORTUNES—MARRIES ELEANOR—RECEIVES THE KING AND QUEEN—HIS DEATH—THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

TIMES are sadly changed since the kings of England were also kings of France. But, after the victories of Henry V., his son was crowned first in London and then in Paris. He was but eight years old, a beautiful and intelligent child, and was no doubt highly pleased with his magnificent reception at the gate of St. Denis, with the deputations in crimson satin and the 'nine worthies'[1] in their quaint costumes. As he entered he was still more delighted on being presented with three hearts, one containing two doves, another some little birds, and the third violets and other flowers. An azure canopy embroidered with fleurs-de-luce was carried over him, and various devices were exhibited in the streets—the most approved by some being a mermaid swimming in hypocras, while the most remarkable was a plan-

[1] Joshua, Gideon, Samson, David, Judas Maccabæus, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne and Godfrey de Bouillon.

tation of trees in which was hunted such a loyal stag that it finally knelt down at the feet of the king's charger.

The fortnight of Henry's sojourn passed gaily over, but did not terminate without some disputes between the French and English. Cardinal Beaufort, the king's uncle, insisted on performing the coronation, a prerogative claimed by the Bishop of Paris, and, when the king had offered wine out of a great silver gilt flagon, some of his officers seized the costly vessel, but the canons of Notre Dame also claiming it as a perquisite, it was finally granted to them.

Henry re-entered London on the 21st day of February, which in 1431 fell on a Thursday.

Lydgate says it was fine towards the end of 'wyndy February.' There was not a cloud in the sky when the king was welcomed home in state on Blackheath by—

> 'The noble maier clad in red velvet,
> The Shireves, the Aldermen ful notable
> In furryd clokes, the colour of scarlet.'

They were well mounted, and followed by the citizens.

> 'Fyrst Jeneveyes, thoughe they were straungeris,
> Florentynes, and Venycyeus.
> And Esterlinges, glad in her maneres,
> Conveyed withe sergeauntes and other officeres,
> Estatly horsed, aftyr the maier riding,
> Passid the subbarbis to mete withe the kyng.
>
> 'To the Blakhethe whan the did atteyne,
> The meyer, of prudens in especialle,

Made hem hove in rengis twayne,
A strete betwene eche party lyke a walle,
Alle clad in white, and the most principalle,
Afforne in reed, withe thaire mayre ryding,
Tylle tyme that he saughe [the Kyng] Komying.
'Than withe his sporys he toke his horsse anone,
That to behold it whas a noble sighte,
How lyke a man he to the Kyng is gone,
Righte well cheryd of hert, glad, and lighte;
Obeyeng to him, as him owght of righte:
And aftyr that he knonnyngly abbarayed,
And to the Kyng evyn thus he sayd:

"Sovercign lord and noble Kyng, ze be welcome oute of zoure reame of Fraunce, into this blissed reme of Englond, and in especialle unto your most notable Citee of London, otherwyse callyd youre chambyr. We thankyng God of the good and gracios arenyng of yowre croune of Fraunce, beseching his mercyfull grace to send yow prosperite and many zeris, to the comfort of alle youre lovyng peple."'—(Harl. MSS., 565.)

Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, whom we have lately seen in the water with his drawn sword, was an English Mecænas. Magnificent in his tastes and surroundings, he was a generous patron of learned men. Writers dedicated their works to him, and, if we may believe them, he was not only interested, but proficient, in every branch of science. Books were his great delight, and he excelled in knowledge and eloquence. Titus Livius says that he was attracted to England by the fame of this duke, who 'excelled all other princes both in divinity and science.' He also came because he was impecunious and heard that the duke was liberal to authors, and he bears testimony that he received from him an allowance sufficient for his maintenance.

Humphrey was educated at Balliol College, and there is extant an elaborate work in Latin, written by the duke, on astrology—a subject then much studied.[1] We have also two letters written by him, in the same language, to Candidus Decembris. This gentleman translated five books of Plato's 'Republic,' and in the second letter to his 'most sweet Candidus,' the duke exhorts him to persevere in translating, as thus he will greatly please him, and adds that he will endeavour Candidus shall be glad that he has sought his friendship. This letter is dated from 'Our Manor,' no doubt Greenwich. Candidus inserted these letters in a manuscript book of his translations from the 'Republic,' and presented the volume to this 'most illustrious and literary prince,' and at the end of it we can see at this present day, in the clerkly handwriting of the duke, '*Cest liuvre est de moy Homfrey, duc de gloucestre.*'[2] He frequently wrote in his books, '*Moun bien mondain.*' When we remember that, in addition to being a learned man, he was the son, brother, and uncle of kings, we shall appreciate the high position he occupied.

An instance may be given to show his insight and reflection. The age in which he lived was dark, illumined only by Romish miracles and fires for burning witches and heretics. When Protector of the Realm, he was accompanied by King Henry VI., then a boy, on one of his visits to the famous Abbey of St. Albans. The people of the neighbourhood

[1] Arundel MSS. It is beautifully illuminated.

[2] Harl. MSS. His handwriting can also be seen in the Bodleian.

were not unaware of the intended honour, and for a week before the arrival a beggar and his wife perambulated the streets, obtaining alms by representing that he had been blind from his birth. When the man had thus made himself sufficiently conspicuous, he announced that he had been directed in a dream to present himself in the abbey (which he did as soon as he heard of the king's arrival), and said he had instantaneously recovered his sight. The monks were delighted. They rang the joy-bells and chanted a Te Deum; in fact, it is not improbable that they suggested the whole proceeding. Humphrey, whose ways were not liked by good Catholics, demanded to see the man in whose behalf the saint had so wonderfully interposed. On the beggar appearing, he asked him whether it was true that he had never seen before in his life. The man answered in the affirmative.

'I believe you,' replied the duke, 'for methinketh you cannot see very well now.'

The man, thus put off his guard, said he could.

'What colour is my gown?' asked the duke.

The man answered correctly.

'And what colour is his, and his?' indicating those of several bystanders.

The replies were most accurate. The duke then ordered him to be put in the stocks as a rogue and impostor; 'for,' said he, 'had you just recovered your sight, you could not have told the nice distinction between colours, and assigned their names so readily.'

But, notwithstanding his abilities and position, the duke was ambitious, and fell. All his enterprises

were conspicuous failures. A marriage had taken place between the Duke of Brabant and Jacqueline, widow of the Dauphin and heiress of Hainault, through the instrumentality of her intriguing mother. It was even more unhappy than mercenary alliances usually prove. The duke was a sickly boy—only fifteen, it is said, at the time—and of such weak mind that he fell completely under the power of some low-born parasites. Jacqueline, on the contrary, was in the prime of life—a splendid woman in face and form, and as accomplished as any of her age. Her high spirit could not brook the humiliation to which she was thus exposed, and, after warm remonstrances, she came over to England to lay her grievances before the victorious Henry V.

The young monarch received her with honour, listened with sympathy to her story, and promised her assistance. Probably he was not uninfluenced by his brother Humphrey, who was so affected by the duchess's account of her wrongs and of her large estates that he proposed himself as a substitute for her unsatisfactory husband, as soon as a divorce could be obtained. These were the days of the Church militant; three popes had lately been reigning contemporaneously, and by one of those lately deposed, Benedict XIII., Jacqueline had her marriage with her cousin annulled. She now became the wife of the Duke of Gloucester, and soon afterwards in 1424 they appeared at Calais with a considerable army to enforce her claims to her possessions in Hainault.

This movement was most offensive not only to the Duke of Brabant, but also to the Duke of Burgundy,

who had some designs upon the province himself, and certainly no wish that the English should obtain a footing there. He accordingly proposed an arrangement between the belligerents, which the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester refused to entertain, because it was against their interests, and they were confident in their own power.

The English army accordingly marched into the disputed territory, and most of the towns declared for them; but the Duke of Burgundy sent at the same time orders to collect troops. The Duke of Gloucester, upon hearing of this, wrote a letter of expostulation to the Duke of Burgundy, who replied by sending him a challenge to meet him in single combat.[1] This was accepted, and the meeting fixed to take place on St. George's Day. A truce was accordingly arranged, and the Duke of Gloucester determined to return to England 'to prepare for the combat.' His mother-in-law and some of the nobles pressed him to leave Jacqueline behind, and he consented, after taking an oath of the nobles and citizens of Mons that they would protect her.

The duke and duchess now parted, as we read, with 'lamentations and tears.' He comforted himself, however, with one of the ladies waiting on the

[1] The Duke of Burgundy considered that the Duke of Gloucester imputed falsehood to him, and he said that he thought it would be better that they, being young men, should fight the matter out personally than that many poor people should lose their lives in the war. He adds, 'I have confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ and His glorious Virgin Mother that before the end of the combat I shall defend my good cause with such vigour that you will not soon advance such novelties again.'

duchess, and took her with him to England. This Eleanor Cobham was another source of misfortune to the duke; for, although the daughter of the Lord of Stirborough, she was not his equal in rank, and her antecedents were somewhat uncertain.

Preparations were now made on both sides for the forthcoming hostile meeting: the Duke of Bedford was appointed umpire, and we read that the Duke of Burgundy ordered splendid armour and housings for his horses to be made, mostly forged within his own castle, while he himself went into training, and 'practised abstinence to improve his wind.' But the people of Paris were not destined to witness such a brilliant and sensational spectacle, for two representatives were appointed to discuss the whole affair, and, as they were both bishops, we need not be surprised that the conclusion was peaceable.

As soon as the Duke of Gloucester had departed, the citizens of Mons proved false to Jacqueline. A very touching letter, which, however, was intercepted, was written to him by her at this time. It commences:

'Mon tres redoubté seigneur et père, tant humblement comme je puis et sçay en le monde me recommende à vostre benigne grace. Et vous plaise sçavoir mon tres redoubté seigneur et père que j'escrits maintenant à vostre glorieuse domination, come la plus dolente femme, la plus perdue, la plus faulsement trahie qui vive.'

She proceeds to narrate the circumstances, and says that she suffers all from her 'love for him and his noble person.'

But her entreaties were vain, and the Duke of Burgundy took her to Ghent, where he located her in his palace and treated her 'according to her station,' but nevertheless as a prisoner. At length she contrived one night, while her guards were at supper, to make her escape with her maid. They rode on horseback, disguised in boy's clothes, and fled to Holland, where she levied war against the Duke of Burgundy; but, having no archers and inferior troops, was eventually obliged to succumb, to make him her heir, and to promise not to marry without his consent.

Meanwhile the English public, who had not altogether approved the duke's doubtful marriage with Jacqueline, became scandalized at his open association with the fair Eleanor, and a number of London ladies presented a petition to him, praying that he would rescue his wife, unjustly imprisoned by the Duke of Burgundy, and give up living with Eleanor Cobham, 'doing injury to the kingdom and the marriage rite.' The duke actually sent a small force to support his wife, but they were defeated, and when, after long delay, Martin V., who had succeeded the pontifical trio, decided that Jacqueline lawfully belonged to the Duke of Brabant, he lost no time in marrying his new favourite.

Let us close our eyes for a few moments and dream of Greenwich as it then stood. The palace gradually rises before us, a building of new red brick, and moderate in size. The river shimmers in front, and upon it by the water stairs lie gilded barges well-manned with rowers. Let us enter by the arched

portal, and walk through the rooms. What, no carpets, no panelling? But how beautiful are those hangings and the scenes portrayed in tapestry on the walls!

Servants innumerable are flitting to and fro. In the chief hall we see an assembly of ladies in rich attire, with long trains and double-horned head-dresses. Who is that lovely girl, the centre and cynosure of all? None other than the duchess, the gay Eleanor, who has supplanted her mistress We may be sure that she keeps a watchful eye on such of her maidens as are good-looking. What a glowing scene of sunshine and colour appears through the back windows, somewhat interrupted by the mullions. There we see the park passing through the charming stage when nature is intermingled with art. The foreground is an emerald sward; behind is a hill of gold and purple gorse and heather. Here and there young trees are planted, while the whole is girdled in with a tangle of wild brushwood.

Eleanor was a weak and tender point in which Humphrey could be struck, but his enemies could not have found it easy to bring serious accusations against her, as they finally determined to charge her with attempting to destroy the king and raise her husband to the throne by means of witchcraft. The spells they attributed to her did not bespeak any great originality. She had, forsooth, constructed a figure of wax to represent Henry VI., and gradually melted it down with a view of thus wasting and destroying the king's person. Her accomplices in this horrible crime, who indeed came the worst out of the affair,

were an old wench of Eye, one Roger Bolingbroke, and, strange to say, a canon of St. Stephen's, Westminster. It was asserted that, through the 'sorceries, medicines, and drinks' of the witch, Eleanor had induced the duke to fall in love with her, and the woman was duly burnt. The canon died in prison, as it was said, the night before the day for his execution, and Roger, who seems to have been selected because he was an astronomer, was provided with all his 'instruments of negromancy,' namely, 'a chayre payn'ted wherein he was wont to sit, upon the foure corners of which chayre stood foure swords, and upon every sword an image of copper hanging, with many other instruments,' and made to stand on a high scaffold in Paul's Churchyard before the Cross, holding a sword in his right hand and a sceptre in his left, and to abjure all articles belonging to 'negromancy.'

But, notwithstanding this edifying performance and his protestations of innocence, he was afterwards drawn to Tyburn, hanged and quartered—a warning to all 'astronomers.' The chief offender was at the same time condemned to a sort of poetical penance. She had to perambulate the principal streets of London for three days, 'hoodless save a kerchief,' and carrying a lighted wax taper, two pounds in weight. The mayor and sheriffs accompanied the procession, and no doubt many of the good dames were better pleased than Duke Humphrey to see the humiliation of naughty Eleanor. She was afterwards imprisoned for life.[1] A contemporary wrote a lamentation for her of which the following is a specimen:

[1] First at Chester, then at Kenilworth.

'Thorow London in many a strete
Of them that were most pryncypalle
I went bare fote on my fette
That sumtyme was wonte to ride rialle,
Fader of hevyn and lorde of alle
As thou wilt, so must yt be,
The syne of pryde wille have a falle,
Alle women may be ware of me.

'Ffarewelle, London, and have good day,
At the I take my leve this tyde;
Ffarewelle, Grenwych, for ever and aye,
Ffarewelle, fayer places on Temmys side;
Ffarewelle alle welth and the world so wide,
I am asigned where I shall be,
Under men's keepyng I must abide,
All women may be ware of me.'

In another verse her former state is described:

'Ffarewelle damask and clothes of gold,
Ffarewelle velvet and clothes in grayn,
Ffarewelle robes in many a folde,
Ffarewelle, I se you never agayn.'

There is extant a remarkable order for the safe conveyance of Eleanor to her country prison, which seems to credit her with considerable craftiness. The fair captive was not to be allowed to stop on the road upon any pretext, or on account of any illness from which she might pretend that she was suffering.

Such was one of the results of the conflict which had been long waged between Duke Humphrey and his uncle Cardinal Beaufort—that haughty prelate whose similitude we now see sleeping so peacefully in gorgeous robes at Winchester.

Humphrey wished the young king to marry the

daughter of the powerful Earl of Armagnac, but Beaufort succeeded in allying him to the daughter of René, who had the empty title of King of Sicily.

Although Humphrey had opposed the alliance, he acquiesced when it was inevitable, and received the new queen loyally. He went forth from Greenwich with no less than five hundred attendants to meet Henry and Margaret as they approached London after their marriage. We can see him and his gallant cavaliers on horses in velvet foot-cloths winding up the ravine of the park, followed by a long line of retainers in royal blue and white. Well-besprinkled are they with lions and fleur-de-lys, and their flower-decked hats show that they—

> '. . . . . delight
> To wear the daisy for Queen Margarite.'

The very turf beneath their feet seems to blossom forth in joyous welcome, and the time of year when blithe May meets glowing June is well in unison with the occasion.

On Blackheath the duke halts and draws up his men in goodly ranks, and soon the trumpets are heard, and the young king and his child-bride arrive. Salutations are interchanged, and the procession, forming again, returns in grander state through the gates of the park, down the glade to the palace portals. Duke Humphrey, we may be sure, held a right royal festival that day at Greenwich; there was no sign on the board of any of the short commons with which his name is associated, nor of any such sham silver as Margaret had been accustomed to see at home. Little did he guess, with all his skill in

divination, what ruin lay in the radiant eyes of that daughter of the south.

While the wine flows in the cups, a great array of citizens is assembling on Blackheath. The Mayor of London, the aldermen and sheriffs, gorgeous in scarlet robes, and the 'craftes' in blue gowns and red hoods, are all come mounted on horseback and sticking on bravely. And, as soon as the Greenwich hospitalities are over, the king returns with the queen to the heath, and is conducted with great pomp to London, where 'shows and histories' are prepared for her, and she is loudly cheered by the populace, who regard her, such is man's ignorance, as the Dove of Peace.

There was perhaps something hollow about this entertainment. Margaret must have known that Humphrey had desired another consort for the king, and that his wife was in prison through the action of Beaufort. The cardinal also objected to Humphrey as somewhat heretical, for he had espoused the cause of a bishop who denied transubstantiation. At length the rivals exhibited articles of complaint against each other—the cardinal charging the duke among other matters with putting persons to death in a manner not sanctioned by law, and the duke accusing the cardinal of appropriating the royal jewels. At one time open hostilities seemed to be on the eve of commencing—the cardinal's archers were assembled at London Bridge—and peace was only maintained through the exertions of the Prince of Portugal. The cardinal had a weak point in his devotion to the queen, who, though handsome and

clever, and the daughter of a nominal king, brought with her no fortune, but many losses. An English province in France having been given up for her, and other territory yielded to the enemy, her adherents became most unpopular. 'The sweet taste of this pleasant marriage brought after a sour sauce.'

The duke, on the other hand, was strongly opposed to the French, and, when the Duke of Burgundy was besieging Calais, sent him a defiance, bidding him wait till the wind blew for France, and, in consequence of his approach, the siege was abandoned.[1]

But Margaret of Anjou had as much daring as her contemporary the Maid of Orleans, and took counsel with the cardinal to destroy her adversary. Parliament was summoned to meet at Bury St. Edmunds instead of at London, that the duke might be away from his friends. He was brought to St. Saviour's Hospital, an inconsiderable building of flint and mortar, whose ivy-crested porch, with a small Early English arch, can still be seen near the Northgate railway station at Bury, about half-a-mile from the grand abbey where Henry and the parliament were entertained. Rumours were spread that he had entered into a conspiracy to murder the king, seize the crown, and release his wife from Kenilworth Castle. But an open impeachment was not attempted.

On the second day of the session the duke was thrown into prison, and on the morrow, alas! he was found dead in his bed. He had died of paralysis or

[1] The French sank ships full of stones to block the entrance to Calais harbour, but the English, men and women, worked and broke them up, though under a shower of missiles.

an imposthume! But people were not wanting who maintained openly that he had been murdered, and were divided in opinion as to whether he had been strangled, smothered between feather beds, or had met the horrible fate of Edward II. Shakespeare adopts the view given in 'Polydore Vergil' that he was strangled by order of the Duke of Suffolk.[1]

'But see his face is black and full of blood,
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghostly like a strangled man,
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling,
His hands abroad displayed as one that grasped
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets, the hair you see is sticking,
His well-proportioned beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.'

So ended the chequered career of 'good Duke Humphrey.'[2] He was buried at St. Albans, a town he had loved and often visited, and where in his happier years he had held high festival with his successively unfortunate wives. Many people in London felt great regret for him, and, being persuaded that he was buried in St. Paul's, were wont to strew

[1] Cardinal Beaufort died six weeks afterwards. Shakespeare represents him as suffering the pangs of remorse.

K. HENRY.—Lord Cardinal, if thou thinkest on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope—
He dies and makes no sign. O God forgive him!

We are reminded of him not only by his tomb in Winchester Abbey, but also by the neighbouring picturesque hospital of St. Cross at Winchester, which he re-founded.

[2] Several of his servants were tried to save appearances, and five of them were drawn to Tyburn, hanged, taken down alive, stripped naked, marked with a knife to be quartered, and—let go.

flowers and fragrant herbs on a tomb which was really that of Sir John Beauchamp. Hence came the adagial saying about 'going to dine with Duke Humphrey.' It was not until Queen Anne's reign that the place of his sepulture at St. Albans was discovered.

The duke's brother Clarence, being known by the jewelled helmet he wore, was killed at the battle of Beaugé by Sir John Swinton, a Scotsman. One of Sir John's descendants now lives at Greenwich, and his grandfather presented the spear with which the deed was done to Sir Walter Scott, who hung it up at Abbotsford.

Stone and mortar often preserve memories better than paper and ink. Few know of the existence of Humphrey's learned work on astrology, none read it; but his name is still remembered in connection with two of the principal buildings in our land. The visitor who looks at the front of the Bodleian Library at Oxford will observe that one part of it is in a different style from the other, and, if he inquires, he will hear that the richer portion was built to match the beautiful old Divinity School which lies behind. Duke Humphrey contributed so largely towards the erection of this school that he was called its founder, and his shield is still to be seen on the magnificent ceiling. The ground on which it stands was obtained from Balliol College.

The first university library at Oxford consisted of a few books kept in chests in a room in St. Mary's Church, and the first donor was Roger de Insula, Dean of York, who gave some copies of the Bible early in the thirteenth century. Bishop Cobham

founded a larger library, which was called after him, and completed in 1409, and to this Humphrey made such magnificent additions in 1439 that in November of that year the university authorities besought the House of Commons 'to consider the gloriose gifts of the graciose prince for the common profyte and worship of the Reme to thank hym hertyly, and also prey Godde to thanke hym in tyme comynge wher goode dedys be rewarded.' Between the years 1438 and 1446 he contributed six hundred MSS., and it must be remembered that books were scarce and of great value at that time.

In 1444 the university contemplated building a large room for a library over the Divinity School, and wrote to the duke inviting assistance, and offering him the title of founder. The duke seems to have assented, but died soon afterwards intestate, and the university obtained with difficulty the hundred pounds (then a large sum) he intended to give. The building, as at present seen, was not finished until 1480.[1] It was a square or rather an oblong block, the length being greater than the depth, and both the ceiling and windows were rich with stone tracery in the perpendicular style. The parapet was embattled and adorned with ornamental pinnacles.

Only three books remain belonging to this handsome library. It consisted of manuscripts on vellum, and their being generally illuminated was an unfortunate circumstance, for the commissioners sent down by

[1] Cardinal Beaufort and others contributed. This room is now fitted with rows of stalls and desks for readers in the Bodleian.

Edward VI. suspected they were the works of popish monks, and ordered them to be destroyed.

One of those remaining is a large folio of Valerius Maximus, the table of contents of which is surrounded with beautiful designs in blue, red, green, and gold, containing among them the shield of Duke Humphrey, with its lions and fleurs-de-lys. A former possessor had set such store by this volume that he inscribed on the fly-leaf a malediction against any purloiner—'If any man carries this off, or abstracts the title, may he feel the halter of Judas, or be impaled.'[1]

The other architectural work associated with Humphrey is Greenwich Hospital, inasmuch as it partly stands on the site of the old palace, and may be regarded as its successor or continuation. The original building seems from one engraving to have had long, narrow windows, of two or three lights, with trefoil heads somewhat similar to those in the Bodleian. But no part of the walls of this date are now existing.

(A likeness of the duke remains at the commencement of the old catalogue of the Bodleian Library. It was copied from a window which existed in the old church of St. Alphege at Greenwich. Some have supposed that the duke erected this himself, but it must be remembered that he was not a good churchman. Death also came to him suddenly in the prime of his life, so that it is not probable that he had thought of a memorial window, which this

[1] Quem si quis rapiat raptim titulumve retractet Vel Judæ laqueum vel furcas sensiat. *Amen.* The library fell into neglect until restored in 1597 by Sir Thomas Bodley.

seems to have been, the figure being in a kneeling posture, with the hands together in prayer. It would seem not improbable that Henry VII. erected both the window and the church. He was fond of architecture and stained glass, and would be glad to commemorate a popular Lancastrian.)[1]

Some of the land in Greenwich had always remained royal property, and in 1433 Humphrey was granted permission to enclose two hundred acres here, only forty of which had belonged to Shene Priory. Four years later another similar grant was made in confirmation of that proceeding. Henry VI. in these gave leave to his uncle to build with stone and mortar his manor-house at Greenwich, and to make a tower[2] and park. The duke accordingly built or rebuilt the house, and called it Placentia, making it in every sense a waterside 'palace of pleasaunce.' He also built the castle on the height where the observatory now stands, which was generally

[1] In the year 1552 we find there was a large assortment of vestments belonging to the parish church at Greenwich, embroidered with flowers, angels, and Venice gold. Also costly plate candlesticks and armour for the image of St. George. It has been said that there was a pointed arch in the church-tower—the windows in it, as far as we can judge from Hollar's sketch, were Tudor.

[2] 'Petra et calce includere et firmare et muros illos kernellare batellare et turrellare.' The grant is to enclose two hundred acres of pasture, wood, heath, and gorse (pasture, bosci, bruere, jampnorum.) There is another grant four years later—fifteen Henry VI. made with the assent of Parliament, and naming the land included belonging to Shene as forty acres instead of seventeen. This seems to be merely a correction and confirmation of the first grant. See Patent Rolls, Henry VI.

identified with Mirefleur or Miraflores, to which, in the romance, the love-sick Oriana, the daughter of the English king, retired when ambassadors were 'pressing upon her the emperor's suit in opposition to that of Amadis.[1] But, if this were the place meant, some building must have existed here before the time of Humphrey, the story of Armadis de Gaul having been written in the fourteenth century. The statement in the grant that the duke was to construct the tower anew (de novo) is in favour of there having been some previous edifice here.

[1] Oriana, when she heard the emperor was coming to seek for her hand, withdrew from Court to Mirefleur. The Queen Sardamira, who had come from the emperor, pitched her tents near a little river three miles from Mirefleur.

CHAPTER VII.

JACK CADE—DEFEATS STAFFORD—ENTERS LONDON—GREAT CONFLICT —SCENE ON BLACKHEATH.

THE sword which Margaret had drawn was not destined to depart from her house. The boldness and popularity of the Duke of Gloucester had kept back a real claimant of the crown, and the hand of the Duke of York now began to move, though at first in a disguised manner. He was at present in Ireland, a country always fertile in disturbances, and an Irishman forthwith appeared in Kent, exciting the minds of the people, who were mostly Yorkists. The ground was ready for the propagation of rebellion, the loss of Normandy, the French sympathies of the queen, the murder of the Duke of Gloucester, were all prolific sources of disaffection. A similar attempt had actually been made a short time previously by a man with the ominous name of Bluebeard, but it had been suppressed in time. Now a stronger movement was in progress, and Jack Cade gave out that he was John Mortimer, as though he were the son of Sir John Mortimer,[1] who was brother of the Roger

[1] He had been executed, being suspected of treason.

Mortimer,[1] Earl of Marche, killed by rebels in Ireland, through whom the Duke of York, by seniority, claimed the throne.

Shakespeare represents Cade as having distinguished himself in battle in Ireland under the Duke of York, and as resembling Sir John Mortimer in appearance. He calls him a clothier, and makes him thus address his fellow-workmen :—

We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed father.

DICK.—Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.[2]

CADE.—My father was a Mortimer.

DICK (*aside*).—He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

CADE.—My mother a Plantagenet.

DICK.—I knew her well, she was a midwife.

CADE.—My wife descended of the Lacies.

DICK.—She was indeed a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

CADE.—Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK.—Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable ; and there was he born under a hedge ; for his father had never a house but the cage.[3]

CADE.—Valiant I am !

SMITH.—'A must needs ; for beggary is valiant.

CADE.—I am able to endure much.

DICK.—No question of that ; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

CADE.—Be brave, then ; for your captain is brave and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny, the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small-beer.[4]

[1] This Roger was grandson of the Duke of Clarence.

[2] A cade or cask. [3] *i.e.*—a prison.

[4] Shakespeare has further on introduced incidents taken from the insurrection in Richard II.'s time. That movement, headed by several *tilers*, was more democratic than this, and was partly directed against the enclosure of land.

In short, to his claims of royal descent he added the dishonest inducements of a demagogue, and promised the poor so many advantages that he was generally known as 'Captain Mendall.' He was soon able to collect a sufficient number of 'talle personages' to encamp on Blackheath, where they secured themselves with ditches and palisades. Lambarde remarks that the people rejoiced on Blackheath at the king's marriage, wearing 'red hoods, badges, and blew gownes, but afterwards in detestation bore in the same place harness, bowes, bills, and other weapons.' As the gathering increased, he became more bold, while the insurgents 'pilled' the country in the neighbourhood. The king sent to know the cause of this demonstration, and received a reply that they were assembled to redress and reform wrongs done in the realm, and to correct the faults of the king's counsellors. They avowed loyalty to the king and queen, and the complaints they set forth were so studiously moderate, considering the class from whom they came, that it was evident they were shaped by some higher persons. A copy of the demands was sent to Parliament, entitled, 'The complaint of the commons of Kent and causes of the assembly on the Blackheath.'

They set forth that it was rumoured that Kent was to be made a wild forest on account of the death of the Duke of Suffolk, for which they were not guilty; that the princes of the blood royal had been put aside, and men of low origin made chiefs in the privy council, whence it came that wrongs could not be heard without bribery; that people indicted for

treason had their lands disposed of before they were convicted; that the king's lands in France had been given up; that the people had not free election of the knights of the shires, and that the office of collectors of taxes was sold. They also prayed that the murderers of the Duke of Gloucester should be punished, and that the Duke of York should be taken into the royal counsels.

There was nothing in these demands that would much affect the condition of the poorer classes, and it was evident that Cade was acting under the influence of the Duke of York. The king's council condemned the bills of complaint, and called upon the king to suppress the rebels. Henry then went from Westminster to Greenwich, and sent thence some noblemen in command of forces against them; but the expedition failed, from the influences already indicated, the lords pretending that they were unwilling to attack the people 'who sought to amend the common weal.'

This evidence of mutiny in the camp led the king to leave Greenwich and return to London, where he collected an army of fifteen thousand men, and marched against the rebels. But Cade withdrew his men by night into some woods near Sevenoaks, and Sir Humphrey Stafford, who was sent to follow them, was defeated and slain.[1] The king and queen leaving home, the rebellion increased, and, doubting their own men, they fled for safety to Kenilworth Castle, where Margaret may have been unpleasantly reminded of her misdoings by the presence of Duke Humphrey's widow.

[1] Shakespeare places this and other scenes on Blackheath.

Cade now became more prominent and more independent, and exhibited a strange mixture of political cunning and vulgar dishonesty. Openly he professed great respect for the king and queen, and published edicts against plunder. In this prudential course, and also in objecting to taxes, he was probably following the precedent set by Wat Tyler, the incidents in whose insurrection many old people could still remember. But he also possessed some of the vanity and romance for which his countrymen are distinguished. After the success above recorded, and the death of the officer sent against him, Jack arrayed himself in Sir Humphrey's 'brigandine[1] set full of guilt nailes,' and thus bravely transformed, returned to Blackheath, where he again 'pight his field.' There the Duke of Buckingham came to him, and had long converse with him, hoping to bring him to terms, but reported that he found him 'sober in talk, wise in reasoning, arrogant in hart, and stiff in opinion.'

During his stay at Blackheath,[2] which extended throughout the month of June, he sent orders of the following kind into London :—

'*The commandment by the Captaine of Kent sent unto —— draper.*

'For your instruction first ye shall charge all Lumbards and strangers being Marchants, Jenewes, Venetians, Florentines, and others this day to draw

[1] A coat of armour called after the 'brigands,' light-armed regular troops much given to plunder.

[2] A cave was until late years shown at Blackheath called Jack Cade's cave, from a doubtful story that he stayed in it. It will be noticed in the next volume.

them together, and to ordaine for us the Captaine 12 harnises, 12 battaileares, 12 glaves, six horses with saddle and bridle completely harnessed, 1000 marks of ready money, and if this our demand be not observed and done we shall have the heads of as many as we can get of them.'

This requisition was accompanied by the following order for safe conduct :—

'The safeguard and signe manuele of the Captaine of Kent sent to —— by the Captaine of the great assembly in Kent.'

Sir John Fastolf sent at this time one of his servants, John Payn, to Blackheath to inquire the rebels' demands. Cade ordered him to be arrested; all the people thereupon cried out that he was a traitor, and he was sent through the camp with the Duke of Exeter's herald in coat of arms, and proclaimed to be a spy. Then he was led to Cade's tent, and a block and axe were brought to decapitate him; but fortunately he had some friends, who threatened reprisals, and obtained his release.

On the first of July Cade entered Southwark, and lodged at the 'Hart,' while the Essex mob took up their station on the convenient 'plaine of Miles End.' Next day a common council was held at the Guildhall, and some expressed an opinion that Cade should be received into the City; others opposed it, especially one Robert Horne, a rich alderman and stockfishmonger, who spoke strongly against him. At five o'clock on the same day the 'Captaine' was admitted by London Bridge, and, on entering, personally cut

in two with his sword each of the ropes by which the bridge was drawn up. Forthwith he grandly made his way to London Stone, in what is now Cannon Street, and, smiting it with his sword in melodramatic fashion, exclaimed, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city!' He had perhaps heard the old fabulous story that this stone was once an altar of Diana, on which the British kings laid their hands when taking the oaths of succession. It was in reality a central milestone set up in the time of Agricola, and came to be used afterwards for posting public notices, and for some civic ceremonies.[1]

After giving orders loftily to the Lord Mayor, Cade retired to Southwark for the night, and returned to London in the morning. Then Lord Saye, Treasurer of England, whom the king, to please the rebels, had imprisoned in the Tower, was brought forth and tried at the Guildhall. But the slowness of the trial not suiting Cade's impetuosity, he saved the judges further trouble by seizing the unfortunate nobleman and hurrying him to the standard in Cheape. There he cut off his head and 'pight it on a pole,' while his naked body was drawn at a horse-tail on the pavement from the Cheape to Southwark, and then hanged and quartered.

One Crowner, a sheriff of Kent, was also decapitated, and the two heads on poles were borne before Cade through the city, and sometimes made to kiss each other, 'to the great detestation of all beholders.'

[1] Wren, who examined the place, thought there had been a building round the stone. It was moved to the other side of the street, where its remains stand now against the south wall of St. Swithin's Church.

The same day he robbed a large draper's shop, and showed that he was not inaccessible to money, for the wife of Robert Horne saved her husband's life by paying him five hundred marks. Next day a rich City man invited him to dinner in hopes of propitiating him; but the result proved how utterly futile were any attempts in that direction; for, after doing full justice to the delicacies set before him, he concluded the entertainment by plundering the house.

These acts, however, though not displeasing to the mob, alarmed the upper and middle classes, and the Lord Mayor sent for military assistance to Lord Scales, who held the Tower.

The following day Cade amused the insurgents by beheading a man in Southwark, and they did not think of entering London until late in the day. When they came to attempt it, they found the 'stoups' before the bridge occupied by soldiers under Matthew Goche—an experienced and valiant officer. A terrible conflict ensued, and continued to rage all night with varying success. The rebels threw open the prisons and set fire to the houses; many of the inhabitants were burnt or suffocated, others were cut to pieces, and women and children were driven into the river.

At one time the rebels gained a footing on the bridge, and many of its defenders were slain, among them brave Matthew Goche; but the bridge was still held. By nine in the morning, from sheer weariness, both sides desisted, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Winchester seized the opportunity to go

down and offer a free pardon, under the king's seal, to such of the peasants as would forthwith return home.

As the contest had not ended in the success of the rebels, a great many accepted the proffered terms, and the 'Captaine,' seeing his forces vanishing, put a quantity of pillage he had collected into a barge and sent it to Rochester. He intended to have placed it in the Castle of Queenborough. A proclamation was now issued, setting forth that by continued sedition he had forfeited his pardon, and offering a thousand marks for his body alive or dead. A gentleman of the name of Iden or Eden took him in his garden in Sussex, where, according to Shakespeare, Cade had gone in search of food. The captor was made keeper of Rochester Castle.

The king now assembled a great army, marched into Kent, and had many of the ringleaders executed. When he was returning a strange and piteous spectacle was seen on Blackheath. A large number of insurgents presented themselves in no clothing except their shirts—it was summer—and begged for pardon on their knees. The king graciously granted it, and 'rode royally' into London, where on the bridge the heads of nine Kentish rebels were set up in honour of his arrival.

We have now reached the time when the territory in France acquired by Henry V., at the cost of so much blood and treasure, was beginning to return to its former rulers. This change could not but be distasteful to the people of England, and Henry was obliged to commit Edward Beaufort, Duke of Somer-

set, to the Tower for making concessions to the enemy. The common people, partly from anger and partly from a desire of spoil, took the opportunity of sacking his house in Blackfriars on this occasion.

The Yorkists were prominent among these rioters, and in the following year (1451) the Duke of York called upon the king to punish the Duke of Somerset, who had been liberated. Not succeeding in this, he retired into Wales and raised a large army, pretending that he only wished to oblige the king to dismiss evil counsellors. But finding that Henry was advancing against him with a large army, he managed to pass by with his troops, and pushed on for London, pursued by the king. Being refused admittance into the City, he encamped on Burntheath,[1] where he posted himself, very strongly defended by trenches and artillery.

The king then brought his army to Blackheath, and there 'pight his tents,' sending at the same time the Bishops of Winchester and Ely to the duke to ask him what was the cause of this insurrection, and to say that he was ready to make any reasonable concessions. The duke replied that he meant nothing against the king, but wished to remove his evil counsellors, and that, if he would dismiss the Duke of Somerset, he would disband his army. The king accordingly sent the Duke of Somerset to the Tower, and the Duke of York came to submit himself. But, as he was accusing the Duke of Somerset

[1] Near Blackheath perhaps, so-called from the custom of burning the heather to enrich the land with charcoal. The duke encamped one mile from Dartford—Henry four miles nearer London.

in the king's tent, that nobleman, who had been released and was concealed behind the arras, stepped forward and retorted that the Duke of York was aiming at the throne.

The Duke of York was now sent before the king as a prisoner to London, and the Duke of Somerset strongly advised that he should be put to death, and his children attainted. But rumours spread that the Earl of March (afterwards Edward IV.) was marching upon London, and so, after the oath of allegiance had been taken by the Duke of York, he was allowed to go to his country place.

The queen and the Duke of Somerset now governed the kingdom. But the Duke of York gradually acquired power, and, on Henry becoming incapacitated, was appointed Protector in February 1453. His first step was to throw the Duke of Somerset, who was arrested in the queen's chamber, into the Tower, where he remained until Henry resumed the reins of government. Then in February 1455 he was bailed by the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Wiltshire, and two knights.

A month later his securities were discharged, and on this occasion Greenwich first appears prominently in the history of England. As this act was cancelling the order of the council, and ignoring the impeachment brought against the duke in the House of Commons, a great display of notables was made at Greenwich. There were present the king, the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Bath, Norwich, Chester, Lincoln, Ely, and Bangor, the Duke of York, the Duke of Buckingham, the

Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Salisbury, Lords Roos, Scales, Sudeley, Beauchamp, Fitzwarren, and others. Edmund, Duke of Somerset, stated his case before this brilliant assemblage, and said that he had been imprisoned in the Tower without just cause; he had lately been bailed, and he desired that his securities might be discharged. The king replied that he knew the duke to be his true and faithful liegeman and cousin, and that he had done him 'right true good and pleasant service,' and he therefore declared the duke, in the presence of all the lords assembled, to be his true and faithful liegeman.[1] No one said anything to the contrary, and the king there and then discharged those who had bailed him. The duke's enlargement thus obtained was of little service to him, for he was killed in the same year by the Duke of York at the battle of St. Alban's.[2]

[1] Patent Rolls. 33 Henry VI.

[2] His son the second duke left a natural son, Sir Charles Somerset, from whom the Dukes of Beaufort are descended.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDWARD IV.—NEVILL AT BLACKHEATH—GAY CHARACTER OF THE KING—PREPARATIONS FOR THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY—DEATH OF A PRINCESS AT GREENWICH—THE OBSERVANT FRIARS.

EDWARD IV., gay and voluptuous, married a pretty widow who, coming to him with a petition, made herself particularly interesting. By this sacrifice to Venus he gave mortal offence to his friend the Earl of Warwick, who was negotiating for him a grand alliance with the sister-in-law of Louis XI. The earl in disgust joined Queen Margaret, and soon drove Edward out of the country, and reinstated Henry VI. on the throne.

The palace at Greenwich was enlarged and beautified by Edward, and in the fifth year of his reign he settled it for life, with its tower and parks, upon his queen,[1] and here they often resided with their large family. Here the villanous Richard, more de-

[1] It is a curious coincidence that Elizabeth Woodville, to whom the palace was granted, was a daughter of Duke Humphrey's sister-in-law, the Duchess of Bedford. The duchess married Sir Richard Woodville, who was thought 'the handsomest man in England.'

formed in mind than in body, might have been seen playing with the little princes he afterwards murdered; and here Elizabeth, the eldest daughter and future queen, grew sweeter and lovelier day by day, and advanced along the paths of peace and piety.

An enlivening and, as it seems to us, strange domestic event occurred in the family in 1477. Richard Duke of York was married! He was only five years old at the time, but the Duke of Norfolk had died, leaving his daughter, the richest heiress in England, and delay was thought dangerous. An old MS. is extant giving a curious account of the tournament held at Westminster on this occasion.[1] The uncle Richard led the bride from St. Stephen's chapel, and we are told that after the ceremony he scattered gold and silver among the crowd from golden basins, and the manner in which this is noticed might suggest that he had even then some ambitious designs. He could make himself agreeable in other ways, and actually made love to his own niece Elizabeth, and, stranger still, there were people who thought she was not averse from his suit!

In 1471, before Edward's power was confirmed, and while he was making preparations to withstand Queen Margaret, one Thomas Nevill (a natural son of Lord Falconbridge), who had been Vice-Admiral of the Channel, had become a pirate, and plundered many Portuguese and other merchant ships, took advantage of the unsettled times, passed over from

[1] Several historians follow Hasted in placing this tournament at Greenwich, but reference to the original MS. shows it was in London.

Calais, and, having collected a large number of sailors and adventurers in Kent, advanced upon London by land and water with a force amounting to about fourteen thousand men. He appeared before the city on the 12th of May.

The battle of Tewkesbury had just been fought, and Henry was in the Tower. Falconbridge accordingly gave out that he came to deliver him, but his real purpose was to pillage London. He assaulted the walls and set fire to the gates, but, after great fighting, was driven back. Rallying a portion of his troops, he encamped on Blackheath, where he remained for three days, May 16th, 17th, 18th. When, however, they heard that Edward was approaching, they retreated to Sandwich. Edward followed after him, but hearing that he was fortified, and had ships, thought it better in existing circumstances to come to terms. He actually knighted the pirate, and restored him to his place as Admiral of the Fleet. But Edward's adversaries were not long-lived, and an excuse was soon found for beheading Falconbridge.

Edward IV. was remarkably handsome, and a great favourite with the ladies. A story is told that on one occasion when he was seeking for advances of money from the wealthier citizens, a rich widow was brought to him from whom it was hoped that he might obtain ten pounds. But when she saw him she said that he was such a good-looking young man that she should give him twenty. The king was highly pleased, thanked her warmly, and gave her a kiss, with which she was so transported that she

said she would now give him forty pounds, and there and then paid the money down.

The fame of Edward's gallantries had reached the ear of Louis XI. In 1475 Edward invaded France with a large army, expecting to be joined by the Duke of Burgundy, who however failed him. Accordingly he made peace with Louis, and afterwards the two kings met near Amiens. The French king, by way of hospitality, invited Edward to Paris, saying that he would entertain him royally there, and introduce him to some sprightly dames, adding slyly that he would appoint the Cardinal de Bourbon (a gay priest) to be his confessor. Greatly to his consternation, Edward seemed inclined to accept this liberal offer, and Louis found it necessary to bribe the English courtiers to take him away, for there was nothing he so little desired as that he should fancy to stay in France.

Louis agreed to pay Edward fifty thousand crowns yearly, and the peace now made was called the Peace of the Holy Ghost, because on the day of the kings' meeting a white dove perched on the top of Edward's tent. 'Whether she sat there to dry her, or came thither as a token from God, I refer to your judgment,' writes Holinshed.

When Edward had received his money he departed to England, and was received with royal honours upon Blackheath by the Mayor of London, the magistrates, and five hundred commoners apparelled in 'murrey,' on the 28th of September.

During his exile in France, Edward had received assistance from Charles, the bold Duke of Burgundy,

who was married to his sister. It was through him that he secretly obtained means for returning to England. Accordingly, in 1480, when Edward was firmly seated on the throne and the duke had been killed in battle, the duchess, the king's sister Margaret, came to pay him a visit, and great preparations were made for receiving her. The king's barge was newly decorated, and the crew of twenty-four oarsmen were given new suits of blue and murrey (the York livery), adorned with small white roses. Some others were adorned with 'grete rooses,' and a hundred servants were given jackets of blue and murrey to attend on her. She was also presented with a pillion of cloth of gold fringed with Venice gold.

The duchess stayed during her six weeks' sojourn mostly at Coldharbour[1]—a royal palace in Thames Street, the principal street in London. But she also passed some time at Greenwich, where rooms were fitted up for her. Among the articles provided we find pictured tapestries, especially pieces containing the story of Paris and Helen, and travasses (screens for dividing rooms) of green sarcenet, each taking twenty-four yards.

The bed furniture was especially magnificent; there were counterpoints (counterpanes—a pane being a square) of wool worked with 'ymagery,' curtains of striped red and blue, and two bedsteads (perhaps for Coldharbour and Greenwich respectively), one with a sperver (tester) and valance of

[1] So-called from the original settlement here, which seems to have been Roman—*Col-arbhar*, the station on a hill.

green, red, and white ray (striped) velvet, and the other with a sperver of blue and white ray velvet, trimmed with white satin. They used feather-beds, and the size of some must have been considerable, as we read of a counterpane containing thirty yards.

At Greenwich the Duchess saw the members of the royal family. Clarence had been removed two years before by a death little sweetened by malvoisie wine. But the princes (Edward V. and the Duke of York) and the princesses were there, and she then acquired that information about their manners and appearance which enabled Perkin Warbeck to colourably represent himself as the younger prince. She detested the Lancastrian line, and in Henry VII.'s reign greatly encouraged Perkin, giving him a guard of thirty men in blue and murrey, and styling him 'The White Rose of York.'

Two years after the visit of the Duchess a dark shadow fell upon Greenwich—the King's fifth daughter, a little girl of ten, died in the Tower, sometimes called Greenwich Castle.[1] She was probably placed in this well-situated building, commanding fine views and affording fresh currents of air, in hopes of invigorating her feeble constitution. Betrothed to the King of Denmark, she was looking forward with childish enthusiam to a brilliant life, when the flower was smitten in the bud. On the Thursday before Whit-Sunday, 1482, she breathed her last, and on Monday in Whitsun week, her little corpse was brought to the church of Greenwich, and her dirge sung by the Bishop of Norwich and other ecclesias-

[1] Built by Humphrey; where the Observatory now stands.

ties in the presence of an assemblage of lords and ladies. The same afternoon she was conveyed in a mourning chariot, drawn by horses housed in black, and adorned with her arms, and proceeded by slow stages to Windsor, where she was met by the parishioners in procession at the foot of Eton Bridge.

We may conclude from the description above given that even at this time considerable magnificence and state were kept up in Greenwich Palace. The costly tapestry and adornments of which we read were, of course, mostly of foreign production. Silk with imagery from Arras, and crimson velvet from Montpelier in Gascony are especially mentioned. Among furs, we read of ermine and sable, and of fox skins from Ireland, with powderings (sprinklings) of 'bogy' legs. There was cloth of gold, black and white, blue cloth of silver broched upon satin ground, and white damask with flowers of divers colours. 'Quysshon' cloths were of silk, and 'costerings' (pieces of tapestry for benches, beds, and tables) were of wool paled red and blue, with 'rooses, suns and crownes' (royal emblems) in every pane,[1] and window curtains had imagery, some being of green verdours with trees.[2] Books were precious at this time, being all in manuscript; but, as we find some at Eltham, we may suppose they were not unknown

[1] A white rose in the centre of a sun was a favourite badge of Edward IV., and originated in the report that there was an appearance of three suns on the day of the battle at Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire, where Edward, then Earl of Marche, overcame the Earl of Pembroke, in 1461.

[2] There were also in some of the chief rooms pieces of tapestry for carpets.

at Greenwich. The bindings were sumptuous—crimson figured velvet, with silk laces and tassels and silver clasps. They were stamped with roses and the royal arms. The chief books were the Bible, 'The Holy Trinity,' 'Froissart,' 'La Forteresse de Foy,' 'Josephus,' and 'Titus Livius.'

With regard to the service, the liveries were, as we have said, blue and murrey, and the Queen's badge worn by her servants was silver 'water flowers.' The horses had 'hoby harness' of green velvet, with agelets (tags) of silver.

Edward IV. greatly encouraged the Observant Franciscan Friars, who first came over to England in his reign. St. Francis had set an example not easily to be forgotten. He not only consorted with outcasts, but with those afflicted with most loathesome and infectious diseases, and horrified even his most ardent disciples by eating out of the same bowl with lepers. But after his death, in 1226, luxury and learning gradually found their way into the order, and some Franciscans rose to hold high positions in Church and State. Many of the weaker brethren were scandalized at these 'Conventuals,' as they were termed, and an opposition was presently organized against them by the Observants who wished to keep strictly the severe rules of the saintly founder. These men accordingly not only took vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, but observed them, lived on coarse meal and fruit, went bare-headed and bare-footed, and wore no clothes but a cord and gown, and a pair of drawers. They were never to ride, and often left the prints

of their bleeding feet on the stony roads. Rigid discipline this! and little suited to our cold and wet winters. Moreover, their convents were to consist of small buildings of mud and wood; and we hear of their having pulled down a stone dormitory, which the townsmen of Shrewsbury had liberally erected for their accommodation. They were to have no pictures, ornaments, nor books—their business was to preach, not to read. Their familiarity with the poor made their addresses practical, but no doubt in some cases the saying that their humble dwellings were their best sermons was true in every sense.

We might suppose that Edward established a 'family' of these friars close to his palace at Greenwich by way of contrast, but more probably he wished to show his sympathy with the poor. We read that his action in this matter was in every respect voluntary, and that he applied for and obtained the Pope's bull for the foundation. The piece of ground given, adjacent to the 'Royal Palace,' seems to have been twelve yards wide and sixty-three long,[1] and to have had some old houses standing upon it. The Bishops of Rochester and Norwich were appointed to see the transfer properly carried out; and the first stone was laid with 'special solemnities.' We can see the friars digging their regulation ditch round the possession, and setting up their wooden fence instead of a wall, as an emblem of their poverty. The grant states that the land had been bought by Edward, 'with his own money.'

[1] The vague term 'virgate' is used, but no doubt yards are meant. Charter Rolls, 1 Henry VII., 24.

Probably the tenement had been granted to some courtier. The brethren were to build a church, cloister, refectory, dormitory, and other necessary houses, and to lay out a cemetery and garden. From which we may conclude that the King designed to have something here superior to the usual cabins of the Observants; but these intentions were not carried out at the time, for they began to build, with the assistance of the faithful and 'trusting to future augmentation,' some 'poor little houses,' (pauperculas domunculas), 'to the glory of God, the Blessed Virgin, St. Francis, and all saints, wherein by their own labour, cost, and sweat they should pray for ever for the health and prosperity of the whole Kingdom of England.'

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY VII.—THE QUEEN'S CORONATION—DIVERSIONS AT CHRISTMAS—THE QUEEN'S ROOM—FLANNOCK'S REBELLION—CATHERINE AND ARTHUR—ST. GEORGE'S DAY—PHILIP THE 'HANDSOME'—HASTILUDIA—PROPOSED ROYAL MARRIAGE—MERRIE ENGLAND.

THE red rose, though crushed for a season, revived in the grandson of the handsome Owen Tudor. But no event could more rejoice the heart of England than the cessation of those sanguinary wars by which the name of the loveliest of flowers had been long desecrated. Henry married Elizabeth five months after the battle of Bosworth, but through jealousy of the House of York her coronation was postponed for nearly two years.

Meanwhile a prince was born (1486), named Arthur, after the celebrated British king, from whom Henry claimed to be descended, and, six weeks afterwards, the feast of All Hallows (November 1) was kept with great state at Greenwich. Many nobles were present, among them the Marquis of Dorset, Earl of Lincoln, Earl of Oxford, Earl of Derby, Viscount Lisle, Lord Maltravers, and Lord Strange. The king did not attend in robes of state, but in a

furred gown of cloth of gold. Also the king was here at Christmas, and kept his non-state without inviting the nobility; but he gave presents to the officers-at-arms, as other kings had given before.

It has been said that he not only delayed the queen's coronation at this time, but treated her with coldness, and his conduct raised him enemies in two quarters. The Duchess of Burgundy, of whom we have spoken, was always ready to oppose a Lancastrian. Lord Bacon observes, with some injustice to her sex, that 'she had the spirit of a man and the malice of a woman;' and Henry's partisans called her Juno, because she was as bitter against him as that goddess was against Œnæas. In Ireland also one Lambert Simnel, a baker's son, pretended to be the son, and then the nephew, of Edward IV. As in the case of many other claimants, his appearance and manners were found wonderfully in keeping with his high aspirations, and he was proclaimed king in Ireland, under the title of Edward VI.[1] The duchess seems to have forwarded him much useful information, and military assistance in the shape of two thousand German soldiers. But these men proved in a certain sense a source of weakness, for, being unwilling to remain in such a hungry country, they caused the war to be carried over to England, where the new king was overthrown, with the Earl of Lincoln and his other followers. Henry acted on this occasion with clemency, perhaps with humour, for, having deprived 'Edward

[1] The son of the Duke of Clarence, who was in prison, and was eventually put to death by Henry.

VI.' of his crown and sovereignty, he appointed him to a more suitable office, that of turnspit in his kitchen.

The king now returned to London as a conqueror, and received an ovation. The 'crafts' were ranged along the sides of the streets, and Henry and his lords rode proudly through. The 'Quere of Powles' received him in their habits and copes, and on his entering the cathedral he was censed with the great censor of Pauls by an angel coming out of the roof. The queen and the king's mother witnessed the scene privately in a house outside Bishopgate, and, when the procession had passed, went thence 'to Grenewich palace to ther bedds.' The king stayed at the bishop's palace in London, and next day (Sunday) 'went in procession in Powles and harde the Sarmonds ther.'

On the Friday following the queen, royally apparrelled, accompanied by the 'kyng's moder,' set forth from Greenwich to the coronation. The mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and many out of every craft, attended her in barges, adorned with banners and streamers of silk. The bachelors' barge outshone the rest, and contained a great red dragon (the emblem of the House of Tudor), which spouted flames of fire at the Thames; there were also many other 'gentilmanly pajants.' The queen was accompanied from Greenwich with the music of trumpets, clarions, and other minstrelsy, and at the Tower wharf the king welcomed her.

On Saturday the citizens of London, especially those of the Yorkist party, were early astir. It was the queen's coronation day, and there was to be a

brilliant spectacle, such as is never witnessed in these degenerate times. There was enough joyous work to do; the houses were to be hung with tapestry, and those in the 'Cheep' were to display velvet, silk, and even cloth of gold. The good wives had to trick out their prettiest children for choirs of angels and virgins, to sing sweet anthems as her grace passed.

At two o'clock, after dinner, all was ready, and the procession appeared. The great officers of state and knights with their banners rode before, and after the queen came duchesses and grand ladies in 'chairs,'[1] and baronesses on palfreys. But the centre of attraction was Elizabeth, a young and lovely girl of twenty-one, clothed in a kirtle of white cloth of gold of damask, surmounted by a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, and fastened on her breast with 'a great lace curiously wrought of gold and silk.' Her fair yellow hair, crowned with a circlet of gold and precious stones, flowed plain down her back, 'with a calle of pipes over it.' The litter and cushions and the canopy borne over her were all of cloth of gold. From Westminster Hall to the church the procession walked on ray cloth, and it was characteristic of the rudeness of the times that the crowd pressed forward to take possession of the cloth after she had passed, and a conflict arose which led to several persons being killed and the procession being broken. The queen's crown, sceptre, and rod were borne to the high altar, and there were cushions and carpets laid before it, and the queen prostrated her-

[1] Litters on wheels.

self. Afterwards she arose and knelt, and the archbishop opened her breast and anointed her twice. He then blessed her ring, and cast holy water on it, and placed the crown on her head. Many ceremonies followed, and a great banquet was given at eight. The next day the queen kept her estate in the Parliament chamber, and after the banquet the queen and the ladies danced, and the following morning she returned to Greenwich.[1]

Here the king kept Christmas this year, and went to the Mass of the Virgin in a rich gown of purple velvet, furred with sables. On Christmas Day he sat at dinner in the great chamber next the 'l' (left?) gallery, and the queen and her mother dined in the queen's chamber.[2] This distinction is to be marked, inasmuch as it has been said that the late queen (Elizatbeth Woodville) was kept in prison by Henry in a nunnery at Bermondsey. He seems to have deprived her of Greenwich and her other property, but we find her here dining with the queen, though not in public.

[1] In Henry VII.'s time they had good fare at the king's table. At the coronation banquet at Whitehall we find braune, venison pasty, pheasant, swan, capons, lampreys, pike in Latymer sauce, carp, kid, perch, rabbits, moten royal richly-garnished, custard baked, tart poleyn, fruit, and 'sutelties.' Second course: Hypocras, pekok, partridge, sturgeon, plovers, teal, quayles, larks, quince, fruit castles of jelly in temple-wise made, a soteltie. Most of these were cooked in some particular style mentioned, or with some especial sauce.

[2] We also are glad to find that the Queen's mother was with the Queen during her confinement (apparently when Arthur was born).

On New-Year's Day there was a noisy ceremony here. The king was cried in his style accustomed—that is, all possible titles that he could be given were called out, and at the end the significant word 'Largess!' was shouted. Not only the king, but all the nobility above barons, except ecclesiastics, were similarly honoured and mulcted. At night, on this day, there was, we read, 'goodly disguising;' there had been 'divers plays' at Christmas. On Twelfth Night, the king and queen sat down according to custom at a grand banquet. The Earl of Ormond (Lord Rochford) was Queen's Chamberlain. After the second course, the minstrels played, and the officers of arms descended, and the Garter King thanked the king for his largess; they then cried 'Largess' again. The king sat under a canopy, wearing a jewelled golden crown, and the queen under another, a little lower on the left; the Archbishop of Canterbury sat on the king's right hand at the high table. The table, which was on the right side of the hall, was for gentlemen; the Duke of Bedford began it, and the French ambassador sat next him. The table on the left was for ladies, and was begun by the queen's sister, Lady Cecil. In those days, men of rank thought it a high honour to perform menial duties on great occasions; and on this one, the Earl of Oxford waited on the king, while the Earl of Ormond knelt to the queen. Sir David Owen was carver, and Sir Charles cup-bearer, Sir William Vampage was sewer, that is, he wore a towel, and put on and took off the dishes; and Sir John Furtzen waited at the cupboard (side-board)

in a gown of crimson velvet, with a collar round his neck. At a table in the middle of the hall sat the dean and those of the king's chapel who, after the first course, sang a 'choral.'

We find the queen at Greenwich in December, 1489; but a great event took place there on the 28th of June, 1491—the birth of Henry VIII. The old Countess of Richmond,[1] Henry VII.'s mother lived at court, and seems to have exercised to the full the privileges of a mother-in-law in the regulation of domestic affairs. The elaborate preparations she required for the birth of a royal child give us some show of the luxury then to be found in Greenwich Palace, and the pomp and circumstance which surrounded Henry in his early years. The floor of the queen's room was to be carpeted, and the walls and ceiling to be covered with rich cloth of arras, with window curtains of the same.[2] The tester of the bed was to be of crimson satin, embroidered with crowns of gold and the king's and queen's arms, and fringed with silk. There were to be four cushions of crimson damask cloth of gold, and the counterpane was to be scarlet, furred with ermine, and embroidered with crimson velvet or cloth of gold. The queen's robe in bed was to be 'a round mantle of crimson velvet, furred throughout with ermine.' The christening was also to be a grand ceremony. Two

[1] A remarkable woman, who founded Christ College, and endowed St. John's, Cambridge.

[2] On these occasions, tapestry with imagery was strictly prohibited. In this and the following reign the bed-posts were magnificent; made of oak, elaborately carved, and a foot in diameter.

hundred men bearing torches were to precede the child to the church, which was to be hung throughout with rich arras or cloth of gold, the chancel being well carpeted. Near the font a screen was to be erected, so as to form a room, furnished with carpets and cushions, and it was to be provided with a pan of charcoal, in which sweet perfumes were to be burned, and with basins and assay. The font of silver must be brought from Canterbury, and it would seem that the infant was to be well dipped in it, for the bottom of it is to be covered with soft linen. It is to be placed on a height, draped with cloth of gold, and covered with a canopy. A little taper is to be provided, for the child to carry in his hand up to the high altar, and the serjeant of the king's pantry is to be ready with a towel and salt-cellar. Basons and ewers, for washing, are also to be provided for the bishops and 'gossips;' and when the ceremony is over, the child is to be brought back into the retiring-room, where spices and wine are to be served and presents made. The infant, thus honoured, is to be enveloped in a mantle of cloth of gold, furred with ermine.[1]

But with all this magnificence, Henry VII. was not without troubles in his reign, and in 1497 he had three sources of anxiety. James of Scotland crossed the border; Perkin Warbeck claimed the crown; and an insurrection arose in Cornwall. The last named movement was due to the collection of taxes,

[1] Henry was baptised in the Observants' Church, at Greenwich, by Fox, Bishop of Exeter. Henry VII.'s third son was also born at Greenwich, in 1498, but lived only five years.

to raise a large subsidy granted to the king for opposing the Scotch invasion. Cornwall was far from the scene of danger, and being a storm-swept county did not abound with the fruits of the earth. The only wealth it possessed was exhumed laboriously by miners, strong and sturdy descendants of the ancient Britons. Ambitious agitators have never been wanted to fan popular discontent, and on this occasion Flannock, a lawyer, and Joseph, a farrier of Bodmin,[1] harangued and excited the people. They represented that the king was immensely rich; that the war with Scotland was over; that the tax was illegal; and that the northern nobility were bound by their tenures to defend the kingdom against the Scots. The Cornishmen should march in force to London, and could not be blamed for petitioning for the dismissal of Cardinal Morton and Sir Reginald Bray. The rebellion thus skilfully promoted commended itself to many, but it is probable that little action would have been taken had it not been whispered that men of rank were in the background.

The rabble increased in volume as it passed through Devon and Somerset. At Taunton they killed a commissioner who was sedulous in collecting taxes; and at Wells Lord Audley openly joined them, and was proclaimed general of the expedition. All excesses were now prohibited, and they marched to Salisbury and Winchester. Owing to the favourable reports brought by Flannock of the sympathies of the men

[1] A mound was for a long time shown on the heath south of Greenwich park where the smith's tent was pitched, commonly called the 'forge.'

of Kent, the insurgents compelled their leader to deviate into that county, but when they entered it they were woefully disappointed. The Kentish lords had so bestirred themselves that not a man joined the rebels, and many of the Cornish men began to desert and return home in the night. But those who remained were undismayed, and boasted that they would take London. The leaders now found that they must depend on their own resources, and, conducting the mob to Blackheath,[1] pitched their camp 'on the wide plain on the top of the hill.' They numbered about six thousand.

Meanwhile, the people in London were in no slight alarm lest this starving mob should suddenly rush into the town and plunder the city of its wealth. Men were summoned to arms, and watchers placed along the walls. Many people were surprised that the insurgents were allowed to advance so far without any attempt being made to stop them, but they were not committing outrages, and it was thought that they would lose rather than gain by the lapse of time. The Earl of Essex and other nobles soon arrived with orders to defend the city. Henry now divided his army into three detachments—one, commanded by the Earl of Oxford, was stationed behind the hill to cut off retreat; another, led by Lord Daubeney, was to attack in front; and the third, commanded by the king, was drawn up in St. George's Fields. A report was circulated that the attack would be made on Monday, and the rebels were thus taken by surprise on Saturday. Daubeney despised

[1] Blakethfelde. Polydore.

them so much, that at the first onset he rushed into the midst of them, was overpowered and taken prisoner. The Cornish men showed a considerable amount of native courage, but were ill-armed, and had no cavalry. At Dartford Strand they manfully defended the bridge with cloth-yard arrows. Before long they were utterly routed, two or three thousand were killed, and the rest surrounded. The prisoners were given to the soldiers, to get what they could for them, but they were so poor that they could scarcely obtain more than two or three shillings each for their ransom.

Among the victorious combatants in this battle at Blackheath was the father of the celebrated Latimer. He was a yeoman, and bound to find the king a harness, with a man (himself), and a horse. His son mentioned in one of his sermons that he recollected those stirring times, and that he helped to buckle on his father's armour before he started for the fray.[1] We find in the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VII. that two men, one of them a servant of Lord Dacres, claimed to have captured Lord Audley on this occasion, and both received rewards.[2] The three leaders were executed. Lord Audley was drawn from Newgate to Tower Hill in a paper coat, painted with his own arms reversed and torn, and was there beheaded. Joseph and Flannock were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. The former seemed rather proud of his exploits, and said that he should make a figure

[1] It was said by Philipot, in 1659, that the mounds in Greenwich park were raised over those killed at this time.

[2] There is also an item 'cote armours for Lord Audeley.'

in history. Henry much wished that the pieces of Flannock's and Joseph's bodies should be hung up in various places about Cornwall, 'in the old fashion,' but as the county was not perfectly quiet this old custom was honoured in the breach.

Perkin Warbeck while incarcerated in the Tower made plans with his fellow-prisoner, the Earl of Warwick (Edward IV.'s nephew) to effect their escape. They were discovered, and executed. This year Catherine of Arragon was married to Prince Arthur. Looking back upon her misfortunes in after years, she said that she recognized the hand of God, for that her first marriage was made in blood, meaning that her father, Fernando, had insisted on the death of this heir of the house of York. Her first experiences of Greenwich were not pleasant. She was taken ill soon after her arrival in England with ague and a stomach attack, and went to Greenwich, where she became worse. On her departure she recovered.

Catherine was but five months the wife of Arthur, who died when only fifteen at Ludlow Castle, on April 2nd, a day on which the queen, little dreaming of such a calamity, was moving from Richmond to Greenwich. His chamberlain, Sir Richard Pole, sent immediate intelligence to the king's council at Greenwich. It was theirs to consider how the sad tidings could be broken in the easiest manner to the king. They sent for the king's 'ghostly father,' an Observant Friar, who undertook the task. Early in the morning he knocked at the door of the king's chamber, and when the king knew it was his confessor,

he ordered him to be admitted. Then, after salutation, the father said, in a gentle voice,

'Si bona de manu Dei suscipimus, mala autem quare non sustineamus.'[1]

By his manner and quotation, the king's mind was somewhat prepared, and he then learned that his dearest son was departed to God. But when the first shock was over, and the sense of his loss, the ruin of his hopes came home to him, he was unable to bear up, and commanded the queen to be called. Then they mingled their sorrows, and the queen, seeing his sufferings, overcame her own, and bade him submit to what God had appointed for the best. Had he not still a prince and two princesses, and should he not now show that moderation which he had always commended? And so he seemed better after her soft rebuke, and she left him for her own chamber—where she sank to the ground overwhelmed. The attendants now summoned the king, who in turn came to her and raised her up, and with loving and holy words bade her be resigned, and thankful for what had been given and left to them. How many chambers of gilded palaces have witnessed like scenes of human wretchedness!

The 'Good Queen Elizabeth' died a year later, 1503, after giving birth to a princess. She was an amiable woman, employed chiefly in domestic and religious duties and in liberal hospitality. Her only fault was that she was too bountiful.

Henry VII. was a good son of the Church, and

[1] Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?' Job ii, 10.

though he loved riches so much, he was not above washing the feet of the poor.[1] Moreover, his work in fretted stone and stained glass still remains for the admiration of posterity. He planted Observant friars in several places, and confirmed in his first year the grant of Edward IV. to Greenwich, specifying that the foundation was to be for a warden and at the least twelve brethren. It is said that he entirely rebuilt the convent,[2] and he left five hundred marks to keep it in repair. This must have been a sore trial for the stricter members, but we must suppose that, in deference to royal commands, they gave up with a sigh their 'poor little dwellings,' and submitted to occupy more comfortable abodes. But the establishment was still small, as we see it in Wyngaerde's picture. A present made by Henry's queen, Elizabeth, of fifty-two barrels of beer, apparently an annual gift, suggests that they had a little mitigated their severity. Let us hope that it was 'Christian beer, though small.'

It is supposed that the friars had another chapel in the west part of the palace, where the Countess of Richmond, Elizabeth of York, and Catherine of Arragon went to hear midnight mass. The chapel in the friary was used for state ceremonies. It was of good size, and the king seems to have had some authority in its management.

St. George's Day was in early times highly honoured in England, and even in Dublin. At Norwich there was then a grand procession, in which went a

[1] An old custom observed by our Saxon kings.

[2] On ground now covered by the governor's house.

wickerwork dragon covered with gilt and painted canvas—a curiosity still preserved. An arm of the saint was much reverenced there by the faithful, and another at Canterbury.

There is something, therefore, characteristic of the period in the remarkable ceremonies which followed St. George's Day at Greenwich in 1504. We find in one of the Ashmolean MSS that after high feasting with many nobles, and the distribution of the inevitable largesse on the day of our patron saint, on the Wednesday following (March 27), the right leg of St. George was sent up to the king from the cardinal legate of Rouen by achaplain of his, an Augustine abbot. This 'orator' of the legate landed opposite the Observant friars' house at Greenwich, and put on his surplice and cope, holding in his hand St. George's leg, which was 'garnished' in silver like a knight's leg armed, and had a gilt spur. Immediately there went out to meet the relic the king's chaplains in copes, with crosses, and on every side of the chapel were yeomen of the guard in coats of 'beaten goldsmith's work,' carrying burning torches. Then came the Bishop of Chester in full pontificals, and knights of the order, and a great number of high functionaries and noblemen.

When the bishop approached near enough, he censed the relic, and then the legate's orator bearing the said St. George's leg went between the bishop and the dean till they reached the king's chapel, where the leg was set on the high altar, and the choir sang, 'O George,' &c. Then the knights dismantled, and all the nobles went into the king's

chamber to attend upon his grace, who immediately went to mass, and at offering-time his highness kissed the leg and offered to it. So the said relic remained in the king's chapel, and after mass the king returned to his great chamber, where he dined with God's blessing and St. George's. And the legate's orator was greatly feasted in a private chamber in the new tower[1] of Greenwich, and at the proper time largely rewarded.

A remarkable event occurred towards the end of Henry's reign. Philip 'the Handsome,' Archduke of Austria and sovereign of the Netherlands, was driven into Weymouth by a violent gale when proceeding with his wife to take possession of her kingdom of Castile. Being very sick, they determined to land, and intelligence was sent to Windsor of the arrival of these important visitors.[2] Henry was delighted; he received them with open arms, and, much to their annoyance, organized a series of entertainments for

[1] Probably the Castle which Henry had finished.

[2] They were entertained by Sir Thomas Trenchard at Wolveton, near Weymouth; but as he did not understand a word they said, he sent for his neighbour and kinsman, young John Russell, who was a linguist, and who made himself so agreeable that the royal guests took him with them to Windsor. He became the founder of the great Bedford family, and we have from him an interesting description of Henry VII.'s appearance at the time. The king was, he says, 'a slender but comely personage, with a reverend countenance, a little like a Churchman, which, as it was not winning or pleasing, so neither was it strange or dark; the face of a well-disposed person, but one which would have been to the disadvantage of a painter, for it had the best expression when he spoke.'

them, placing them under a hospitable constraint which they could not resent. He actually detained them three months in England, during which time he obtained from him various concessions, among them his consent to a marriage between Henry and his sister Margaret of Savoy.

Henry, notwithstanding his age and gout, proposed to espouse this lady of twenty-seven summers. It does not clearly appear whether he was impelled by love or money. In the August of this year, 1506, Henry wrote from Greenwich to her father, the Emperor Maximilian, on the subject. Maximilian was most anxious that his daughter should marry the rich old king, but replied that the French had bribed her servants to oppose the marriage. Next year he paid her a paternal visit, which could not have been of an agreeable nature; for he says that he urged the marriage on her every day for four or five days, setting forth that Henry was most worthy and prudent—in short, an embodiment of all the virtues. Political interests were also urged, for Henry, if refused, might ally himself to some one opposed to her family. But the fair lady was inexorable; she said that she was fully alive to the honour done her, and added with politeness that if she thought of marrying again she would prefer Henry to anyone else, but that she had determined, having already married three husbands by command of her father, been divorced from the first, and lost the other two young, that she would not try a fourth. Moreover, she observed, descending to lower considerations, that Henry seemed to demand too large

a sum of money with her.[1] The Emperor was dismayed at being thus resisted. He summoned his whole council of greybeards to overcome this recalcitrant girl, but they were worsted in the conflict, and had to abandon their enterprise.

There were gay doings at Greenwich in 1508. In June, there was a 'hastiludia' or spear assault, at which the young prince Henry (afterwards Henry VIII.) exhibited remarkable feats of arms, surrounded by 'illustrious heroes.' The running at the ring was especially worth seeing. In the following month, the royal household were again in their best array, to receive the Emperor Maximilian, who was escorted by 'the magnificent company of the Bishop of Worcester,' and by Brandon,[2] the king's shield-bearer, who had this year been given a gold belt on account of his fidelity and his skill in single combat. Towards autumn, that terrible scourge, the sweating sickness, appeared in Eltham and Greenwich. All the principal servants of the king suffered. This disease, which we shall notice again, was confined to England. It first appeared in 1486, and afflicted this country at intervals during seventy years.

In December, 1508, not quite a year after Philip's detention, we find Flemish ambassadors in England treating, among other matters, about this marriage. The embassage consisted of six persons, and they were received with ceremony. At Canterbury, all the

[1] Her brother Philip was to give 300,000 crowns of French gold, and 3,850 crowns annually.

[2] The father of the Duke of Suffolk, of whom we shall speak hereafter.

chief officers met them in front of the cathedral, and in the evening presented them, according to custom, with wine, wax, and spices. On reaching London, they were welcomed by a company of the king's household on horseback. The Archbishop and Earl of Oxford then arranged that they should go to Greenwich on the day after St. Nicholas, and the former sent his barge for them, with lords and others in attendance. They found in the chamber of audience the king, the Prince of Wales (Henry VIII.), the ambassador of the King of Arragon, twelve or thirteen bishops, and most of the leading men in the kingdom.

'To describe the honour of the reception he gave us would be too long. After the reading of our letters of credence by the Archbishop of Canterbury, he said, with the greatest affection, that we were very welcome. Afterwards, on account of the crowd, he took us into his chamber.'

But death cut short all Henry's dreams, both of riches and matrimony.

Greenwich must have been a merry place in Henry's reign, for his court was full of jollities. The park was bright with bonfires on Midsummer's Eve, and boisterous with games at Maytide. At Easter, the streets were lively with hocking,[1] and morris-dancers were never out of season. The king contributed to these pleasant sports, but he also patronized some that we should think less commendable; such as bull-baiting, and throwing sticks at

[1] Throwing ropes across the thoroughfares, and demanding toll by pulling people aside.

'cokkes' at Shrovetide. Moreover, his piety did not prevent his playing cards, chess, and backgammon for money, even on Sundays; and he gave such large rewards to dancing girls, that we can only surmise that they were either very scarce, or remarkably agile. One entry records: 'To the young damoysell that daunceth, £30;' another, 'To a litelle mayden that daunceth, £12;' while in the next line an unfortunate 'Walshman that maketh rymes' only receives 6s. 8d.; the same amount awarded 'to a felow for eting of coles.'

Tumblers were much in favour, and those clever men called 'fools.'[1] We read of 'Patch' and 'Dick,' and 'Dego, the Spanysh fole.' Strange to say, the king's humour did not even spare his own ancestors, for he had 'the folysshe Duc of Lancastre.'

The royal palaces were now adorned with pictures, and lively with 'popyngais;' while poets struggled for rhymes, and sages for knowledge amid a din of musical instruments.[2] Henry lived in an atmosphere of harmony, or discord, and we read of flutes, records, bagpipes, trumpets, tabors, sackbuts, harps, shalmes, organs, cleyvecords, lutes, and horns. No

[1] We find among the Privy Purse expenses payments 'To one that tumbled before the king;' 'To one that joculed before the king;' 'To the wyffs of Grenewiche upon Hockmonday;' 'To the maydens of Lambeth for a May.' There is also, 'To Quintyn, for claspes and garnishing of the king's boke, £10.' 'To Antony Verard, for two bokes, called the "Garden of Helth," £6.'

[2] Bernard Andreas, the blind poet, was the king's laureate. Among the king's expenses, we find a reward given to Cabot the Venetian for discovering Newfoundland. He often paid the expenses of scholars at Oxford.

doubt to understand some of their music required high education. But, altogether, we may conclude that 'dull care' was pretty well put out of court.

There is an interesting relic at Greenwich of the date of Henry VII., the royal arms carved in stone, which must have stood over the principal gateway of the palace. This ornament is now in the old north wall of the vicarage.[1] It is uncertain what official had this house, which was originally small. Some suppose that, from its vicinity to the tilt-yard, it was occupied by the Master of the Horse; others, of more epicurean tastes, think that such a pleasant residence must have belonged to the cook. Near the coat-of-arms there is a carved wreath, which was found in one of the cellars of the vicarage. It is supposed to have been a badge of Elizabeth's time.

Henry VII. did not live continuously at Greenwich, or at any palace. Owing to our kings' constant locomotion, it is difficult sometimes to determine at what residence an event occurred.

[1] But hidden from view until the present vicar, the Rev. Brooke Lambert, had the wall in front of it cut away.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE OF HENRY VIII. AND CATHERINE—JOUSTS AT GREENWICH—PAGEANTS—COLET—BRANDON—QUEEN MARGARET AT GREENWICH.

HENRY VIII. was born and bred at Greenwich, and its fine air was thought to have aided the development of his stalwart frame. The scene of his birth was destined to be also that of many important episodes in his life. He loved the place, where, within easy water distance of London, he could hawk and hunt; and where, from the windows and leaden roof of the palace, he could watch the large vessels of London bringing in silk and gold, and spices, or carrying out wool and metal. There he could visit his ships of war anchored close to the palace. Greenwich was the marine residence of the English kings, or, at least, the nearest approximation they had to such a luxury. At high tide, the place was redolent of the fresh scent of the sea, the water was salt, and, though there were no seaweeds, plenty of little shrimps came up, bearing a briny message from Great Neptune.

A finer specimen of a spoilt child of fortune than Henry could scarcely be found. When a boy of

seventeen, he inherited the throne of England, and the fair palaces and full coffers of his wealthy father.[1] He was even provided with a wife without the trouble of wooing. When ten years old, he was affianced to Catherine, because she had two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, and the third of the revenues of Wales, Cornwall, and Chester. Such a golden pile might have deterred a romantic lover, and, moreover, learned divines questioned the legality of his marrying his brother's widow. But Catherine was living with him in the palace at Greenwich, and, if we mistake not his character, doubts and opposition tended rather to kindle than extinguish his ardour. At any rate, we find, one June morning, the king and fair Catherine standing before the altar in the private[2] chapel at Greenwich, to be made man and wife. The performance of the ceremony was kept a profound secret until six days afterwards, when the bearer of the Privy Purse was told to place two marriage offerings on the altar. Four days more elapsed before the secret was generally known.[3]

On the day appointed, a grand cavalcade issued forth from the portals of Greenwich Palace, to proceed over London Bridge to the Coronation.[4] Though

[1] It is said he left £1,800,000.

[2] 'In the King's Chamber.' There may have been a small chapel or oratory there, but probably the Chapel Royal is meant. This was at the east of the palace. See the frontispiece.

[3] So stated in 'Two Queens,' but most writers place the marriage on the 7th, and Coronation on the 9th.

[4] The Duke of Buckingham is said to have been conspicuous on this occasion for carrying 'a gun of Goldsmith's work,' very costly —probably a *gown*.

the queen was a widow, her gay surroundings intentionally represented that she was now married for the first time. She was carried in a litter, borne by two milk-white steeds, in trappings of cloth of gold; her maids-of-honour were in white, and she was in satin of the same colour, with her fair hair hanging down her back to a great length, 'lovely to behold.' Her previous five months' alliance was treated as a little child's play—neither she nor her sickly husband having been at the time more than sixteen years of age.

Then followed a long solstice of happy days. Henry and Catherine were everything to each other. They went constantly together, whether on river or field. Joyous years of revelry succeeded, and it was evident that 'merrie' England would not lose its character under the new monarch. Perhaps the prettiest custom he celebrated at court was that of bringing home the May. Early on the morning of May-day, he would ride to the wood, accompanied by 'lusty bachelors' on large, strong horses. On the way they caracolled and challenged each other in feats of horsemanship. Arrived at the copse, they discarded their white satin for the green costume of Robin Hood, and returned, bearing snowy branches, and with hats decked with glancing flowers.[1]

It was very natural that a youth in Henry's posi-

[1] Little surprises were sometimes prepared for them on these excursions. On one occasion they met Robin Hood and his men; on another a mimic ship called 'Fame,' which fired guns, and then sailed forth, covered with flags, to the tilting-ground. There are no old thorn-trees now in Greenwich Park, but in 1839 many were failing from age, and were cut down.

tion—of eager spirit and robust constitution—should desire to distinguish himself in martial exploits. Powerful limbs and high mettle required exercise, and as

'The field of combat is the sphere for man,'

he instituted, as soon as he came to the throne, tournaments at Greenwich. His young contemporaries at the court were delighted at the prospect, but 'ancient fathers,' we are told, shook their heads in disapproval—considering the youth of the king and the possibility of some mischance happening from the failure of horse or armour.[1]

Henry, however, would not be foiled, and the result proved that the danger was imaginary. We only hear of three accidents occurring in all the matches that took place at Greenwich. On one occasion Henry 'bore down to the ground a man of arms and his horse.' In 1525, by the shivering of a spear, Sir Francis Brian lost one of his eyes. Probably the horses suffered more than the men, and we read that at a tournament in France, after the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Henry, who was no light weight, rode 'volant' so furiously, that one of his best steeds died during the night. The aim in tilting was to hit your adversary full in the breast, and, if you succeeded, he might be pierced, or thrown; but as the armour was strong, and the spears fragile and blunted, the usual result was simply the breaking of the shaft. There was sufficient risk to give zest to the sport, and, if the spear was unusually strong, or the rider

[1] The Earl of Pembroke was killed in a tournament in Henry IV.'s time.

not firm in his saddle, a man might be unhorsed. Henry, by practice, was able to hit his mark, and we may suppose that his opponent generally took care to miss, or to strike so that the spear would glide off.

February and May were seasons of especial festivities at Greenwich. One of the carefully-written manuscript programmes of the sports in May is still in existence. It playfully sets forth that 'Ladye Maie, for lustie hearte most pleasant,' has, after visiting many countries, come at length to the coasts of England. She feels jealous of the attentions lately paid to 'Dame February,' and, wishing to see whether this land is worthy of the renown in arms it has acquired, has brought with her divers gentlemen and yeomen, and begs a licence from the Princess that they may exhibit feats of chivalry against all comers, 'in ways of pleasure and pastime.'

The programme is for one week, excepting Sunday, and was to be repeated from the 14th of May for about a month. The sports were to last every day, from two until five—as in those days supper was usually served at six. The matches were to be in tilting, shooting arrows, fighting with swords, wrestling, fighting with spears, and giving eight strokes with the sword, and casting the light and heavy bars. Prizes were to be awarded, and if any competitor were dissatisfied, he might, if time permitted, 'give four strokes more for his lady's sake.'

The combatants with spears and swords were in all cases protected by armour, and the swords and spears were 'rebated,' *i.e.*, blunted. But Henry on

one occasion belaboured Sir Anthony Brown so severely that he nearly cut through his poldron. The king was a good shot, and also an adept in running at the ring, and in his second year defeated a formidable German in a combat with battle-axes. We may suppose that he was not unsuccessful in the wrestling matches, and was thus once tempted, when in France, to challenge Francis I., who, however, threw him heavily.

The queen and her ladies were, of course, present at these gallant contests, and Henry had a stand put up in the park at Greenwich, whence they might witness the performances. At the conclusion of them a herald cried aloud, 'My lords, for your noble feats in arms, God send you the love of the ladies you most desire.'

A banquet followed the jousts, and in the evening the queen would present the prizes, according to the marks scored—the first invariably to the king. So eager were the courtiers for these sports that they sometimes carried them on in the rain, and as many as three hundred spears have been shivered at Greenwich in one day.

People were fonder of show and pageantry in those days than they are at present. Nothing arrests our attention more, in reading the old records of these festivals, than the richness and variety of the costumes worn. Old Hall[1] describes them with so much

[1] Hall is called a 'writer;' he lived at Court, and was paid five pounds quarterly. He had apparently a great eye for clothing. Recording a muster at Blackheath of five hundred Germans brought to the king in 1512 by Guyot of Guy, a gentleman of

minuteness, and so many technical terms about frauncing, pouncing, garding, &c., that he must have obtained his information from some Court dressmaker.[1] The materials used—silk, satin, taffeta, velvet, and cloth of gold and silver—were very expensive in those days. Such was the cost of silk that a statute was passed in this reign that any citizen whose wife indulged in such finery should provide a charger for the king.

While all this extravagance was going on, it is fair to mention that the poor were not forgotten. A feast was often given to 'all of any honest behaviours,' and on special occasions the public were admitted to see the decorations, and the processions were, of course, for the benefit of the people generally.

In the evening scenic devices were introduced at Greenwich, which were set up on wheels, and rolled up to the queen and round the hall. Sometimes a rock or cave would be represented, sometimes a fountain or castle, and there were always knights and ladies perched somewhere about it, who finally descended and danced together, or with the company. They were fond of 'surprises' in those days, and no doubt the king invented some of the designs. It

Flanders, he says they were all dressed in white, and their clothes were cut so small they would scarcely hold together. He does not say what they came for, but apparently to assist against the French. Henry made Guyot a knight, and gave him a chain and pension.

[1] We may observe that there was a black letter printing-press at Greenwich in Henry VIII.'s reign.

would be wearisome to narrate the details of twenty years of such exhibitions, but as specimens we will give an account of the entertainments on a few special days.

In the third year of his reign Henry kept Christmas at Greenwich, and for New Year's night there was made in the hall a castle, with gates, towers, and dungeon, 'garnished with artillery and weapons,' and on its front was written, '*Le Fortresse Dangerus.*' Within this formidable place were six ladies in russet satin laid over with leaves of gold, and every 'owde' was knit with laces of blue silk and gold. On their heads were coiffes and caps of gold. After this castle had been wheeled about the hall, and the queen had seen it, the king came in with five gentlemen dressed in parti-coloured coats, one side being russet satin spangled with gold, and the other cloth of gold. These magnificent personages assailed the castle, and the ladies, 'seeing them so courageous,' yielded to them, and came down and danced. The ladies then led the knights into the castle, and it 'suddenly vanished,' *i.e.*, was wheeled out.

On the day of the Epiphany, at night, the king with others was disguised in the Italian manner in a mask, a thing not seen in England before. They were dressed in garments long and broad, wrought all with gold, with vizors and caps of gold; and after the banquet three maskers came in with six gentlemen disguised in silk, bearing staff torches, and desired the ladies to dance. Some were content to do so, but others refused because it was not commonly

seen. After they had danced, 'they communed together, as is the fashion of the mask.'[1]

In June (1512) the king had a solemn joust at Greenwich. First came ladies all in white and red silk, set on coursers trapped in the same, fretted over with gold; after which came a fountain, curiously made of russet satin, with eight gargoyles spouting water; within the fountain sat a knight fully armed. After the fountain followed a lady all in black silk dropped with fine silver, on a courser of the same. Then followed a knight in a horse litter, and then two goodly coursers apparelled for the jousts. And when they came to the end of the tilting-yard, the two knights mounted on the two coursers, awaiting all comers. The knight in the fountain was the king, and the one in the litter was Sir. C. Brandon.[2]

[1] Among the expenses at Greenwich in 1519 for 'a maskalyne after the manner of Italy,' we find an anticipation of the glories of crinoline: 'Four dozen pasteboards to make hoops for the ladies' garments and for stuffing bonnets, 16*d.*; six pounds of wire for wiring the hoops, 2*s.* 6*d.*' The friendly terms on which the king and queen were with the Court may be imagined from Sir Thomas Boleyn's writing at this time that one evening Catherine received him and fourteen or fifteen lords and gentlewomen 'in her nightgown, with nothing on her head but a kerchief.'

[2] In 1512 Lady Muryol, Viscountess Lysle, wife to Sir Thomas Knevet, and second daughter of the Earl of Surrey (aunt of Anne Boleyn), was buried at the Priory of Greenwich. All the nobles and other mourners who attended, having partaken of a 'right sumptuous dyner at the Lord Treasurer's,' her father's place at Lambeth, and the requiem having been sung, the corpse was placed in a barge covered with black, with a white cross, in which barge went the mourners, ministers, officers of arms, and twelve

On Twelfth Night, in 1514, the king and queen came into the hall, and unexpectedly were received in a tent of cloth of gold; and before the tent stood four men armed at all points, with drawn swords, and suddenly, with sound of trumpets, entered four other persons, all armed, and ran to them, and there was a great and fierce fight; and suddenly came out of the place like a wood eight wild men, 'all apparelled in green moss made of silk,' with ugly weapons and terrible visages, and fought with the knights; and, after long fighting, the knights chased them out of the hall.

But amid all these gay and gorgeous scenes Catherine was not entirely happy. She had hoped to have an heir, and had been disappointed. On one occasion, in 1510, to make herself more sure, she had sent one of her most costly head-dresses to adorn the statue of Pedro, the Inquisitor, who had been killed at La Seo, and to ensure its arrival had herself put it into the hands of one of her maids (a Spanish girl,[1] who was about to take the veil), to carry it to its destination. But whatever success she might have obtained from the intercession of this energetic saint was precluded by the dishonesty of the girl's father, who kept the queen's letter to the prioress, and impudently took

staff torches. In another barge were the lords, and knights, and gentlemen, and in a third sixty poor men in black gowns with hoods, bearing sixty torches, which burnt all the way from Lambeth till she was buried at Greenwich. They landed at the Friars' stairs at Greenwich. The Father and other friars waited for her, and went through the churchyard, so that the queen and ladies might see them.

[1] A niece of the treasurer Morales.

possession of the glittering finery, saying that it was intended for his daughter.

There is something amusing in the way in which we find Henry alternately in alliance with France and Spain. In 1511, he was at war with France, and to that date we may probably refer the following event, narrated in a letter of Erasmus'. It appears that Colet had preached that an unjust peace was better than the most just war. When, after Easter, the expedition was ready, Colet preached on Whit-Sunday before the king and court—apparently at Greenwich—exhorting men rather to follow the example of Christ than of Cæsar or Alexander. The king thought this sermon might have a bad effect on his soldiers, and sent for the dean, who happened to be dining at the Franciscan Friary at Greenwich. When the king heard that, he entered the garden of the friary, and on Colet's appearance dismissed his attendants. Then he discussed the matter with him, desiring him to explain to the people that he did not think all wars unjustifiable. After the conversation, he dismissed him before them all, drinking to Colet's health, and saying aloud,

'Let every man have his own doctor; this is mine.'

Colet, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the founder of St. Paul's School, was a friend of Linacre, Latimer, More, and Erasmus. He was remarkable as being a good Greek scholar—for that language was then little studied in England. When Linacre and others tried to introduce it at Oxford, they were opposed by some people who called themselves Trojans. He

died, after a third attack of sweating sickness, in 1519.

One of the most puissant and skilful knights at the Greenwich jousts was the above-mentioned Charles Brandon. He fought at Flodden, and was not unworthy of being the son of Sir William, Henry VII.'s standard-bearer at Bosworth. But he was not only ambitious of honour in the field, and even went so far as to raise his eyes to the beautiful sister of the king. It is supposed that Henry was not ignorant of this little tenderness, but he desired peace with France, and had a million other reasons for giving his sister to old Louis XII.[1] Charles Brandon had the duty assigned him—a painful one probably—of accompanying her suite to the bridal festivities. Many lords and ladies were in attendance upon her, and with them were Sir Thomas Boleyn and his daughters, Anne being a little lady of ten years.[2] A tournament was proclaimed in the Park of Les Tournelles in Paris, and of course Brandon was on his highest mettle. No one could stand before him, and the Duc de Valois (Francis I.), who was considered somewhat learned in the language of the heart, observed some slight indications which led him to dislike Brandon's presence at court. He even induced a colossal German to enter the lists with him, who gave Brandon much trouble; but at last even he was unhorsed by the duke's[3] victorious

[1] Henry was to receive a million crowns from Louis. Part of it was a debt owing.

[2] Some would make her only seven.

[3] Henry had just made him Duke of Suffolk, having in the previous year beheaded Cardinal de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk.

arm. They fought at this tournament with sharp spears and swords, and many died of their wounds.

No doubt the queen was highly pleased with the prowess of her knight. The royal bridegroom was only able—such was his infirmity—to witness the conflict from his couch; but perhaps he did so with a sad interest, for when Duke of Orleans he had been distinguished in the lists, and had the misfortune to kill the Duke of Albany. But with him the glory of this world was waning, and in less than three months he was gathered to his fathers.

Several princes were now candidates for the handsome queen, but Henry still assumed some proprietary rights over his sister, and wrote to her that she was on no account to marry without his consent. Strange to say, he sent Brandon, after exacting an oath from him, to convey his condolences. But the duke performed his duties in such a sympathetic manner, that the queen—who had no desire to wait until Henry found her another decrepit husband, told her brother that she might possibly enter a convent—proposed marriage to Brandon, and gave him, it is said, but four days to decide.[1] It was a daring step for one high in favour with Henry to marry his sister without his permission, but Brandon was not a man to be daunted. Two months after the death of Louis, he was secretly married to the queen. Henry was furious at first, and Norfolk would have had the bridegroom's head, but Wolsey inter-

[1] An English friar (probably one of the Greenwich Observants), was sent to Mary in France, to inform her that Suffolk and Wolsey were meddling with the devil to get a hold over her.

ceded, the king became gradually reconciled; and Mary and the duke were married publicly with due ceremony at Greenwich on the 13th of May, 1515. Whether young Brandon was as free as he was willing may be doubted, as his matrimonial antecedents were most complicated. He had deserted his wife, married another, divorced her, re-married the first one, was now betrothed to another (then considered equivalent to being married) and had just been seriously thinking of Margaret of Savoy, Henry VII.'s friend. After all this, he was only twenty-eight years of age. Mary was none the worse for her French alliance, for she had a large jointure, and brought over with her jewels, plate, and tapestry worth two hundred thousand crowns—among them an immense diamond, called *Le Miroir de Naples*.[1]

In January, 1516, the 'Catholic' Fernando died, and, as if to succeed him in zeal, Mary was born at Greenwich, in February. She was christened with great solemnity. Wolsey was godfather, and the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Catherine Courtney were the godmothers. The Countess of Salisbury carried the royal infant, Sir Thomas Boleyn and three others held the canopy, Courtney bore the bason, Surrey the taper, Dorset the salt. The sad intelligence of her father's death was kept from the queen during this time. The king walked up and down the corridors with

[1] Afterwards she lived near Bury St. Edmunds, attended the fairs in that town in great state, and was buried in the abbey church there. At the Dissolution, her body was moved into the adjacent church of St. Mary, in which the Queen has lately placed a window commemorating the principal events of her life.

the baby in his arms, highly delighted, after several disappointments, to have a child—not a son, as he hoped, but still a successor—perhaps a future queen. He demanded for her loyal respect from all; every man was to doff his hat when he met her, and to kneel, if allowed the rare privilege of kissing the infant's hand.

A grand festival and tournament was held at Westminster in honour of this birth, and a scene occurred characteristic of the rudeness of the times. The public were admitted to see the play, and an arbour of gold was wheeled in—from which six ladies and six gentlemen, one of them the king, emerged in costly attire, and sprinkled over with the letters 'H. K.' in bullion gold. When the king called out to the nobles and ambassadors that they might take these golden letters, the common people interpreted the invitation as extending to themselves, and a general rush was made—the result being that the king and his companions were seized and stripped to their hose and doublets, and if the guard had not come up, more mischief might have happened. Afterwards, at the banquet, it was made a laughing matter. Sir Thomas Boleyn, dressed as a pilgrim, was a conspicuous figure at this tournament.

James IV., King of Scotland, disappeared mysteriously after the Battle of Flodden. The English thought they found him among the slain, but the Scots asserted that five persons of similar appearance were dressed like him on the occasion. By his will, his Queen Margaret (Henry's sister) was left Regent during her widowhood. Unfortunately, she yielded

to the representations of Douglas, the young Earl of Angus, and upon her marriage with him, in less than a year after Flodden, the opposite party appointed the Duke of Albany Regent. This duke had been all his life in France, his father having been the duke who was killed in a tournament by the Duke of Orleans (Louis XII). Some evil counsellors now suggested to the queen that the young king was in danger, and she formed a plan to carry him away; but the duke, having anticipated her, and taken possession of the child, she and Angus fled in great dismay to England. Henry's sister must have been highly gratified at the reception she received in this country, after her troubles in Scotland.

On the 3rd of May, 1516, she made her entry into London, riding on a white palfrey, with a great company of lords and ladies. She rode through the City to Baynard's Castle, and from thence was conveyed (by water probably) to Greenwich, where she was received joyously by the king, the queen, and the French queen, her sister. In honour of her were prepared, on the 19th and 20th days of May, two solemn days of jousts, in which the king, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Essex, and Nicholas Carew, Esquire, took on them to answer all comers. Their apparel, and that of their horses, was black-velvet, covered over with branches of honeysuckles of fine flat gold of damask, loose work, every leaf on the branch moving, 'very cunning and sumptuous embroidery.' The other knights were in frocks of blue-velvet, garded with rich cloth of gold, and their

horse-trappings were of blue velvet, fringed with gold. On foot were forty persons, all in blue satin, garded with cloth of gold. They entered the field with 'trumpets, dronsiades, and other ministrelsy.' It gives us pleasure to find that in these jousts Henry spilt Sir William Kingston, 'a tall, strong knight,' of whose proceedings as Constable of the Tower we shall have presently to speak.

CHAPTER XI.

DISSATISFACTION ABOUT FOREIGN IMPORTATIONS—PARDON OF THE RIOTERS—WOLSEY—CAMPEGGIO—GRAND ENTERTAINMENT—THE KING OF DENMARK—THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM—'DEFENDER OF THE FAITHFUL'—ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR—MORE AT GREENWICH.

In Henry VIII.'s reign everything began to be on a grander scale in England, and a promise was given of the future splendour and power of this kingdom. Insular ideas became enlarged, and as the inspiration of this change was mostly drawn from abroad, so were the materials. Not only were costly tissues and wine and oil imported, but also ready-wrought leather and wainscotting, nails, locks, and other iron articles, baskets, tables, chests, girdles, saddles, and painted cloths.[1] This influx caused great discontent among the poor; and men were ready to represent what great prosperity would ensue if the court would exclusively use home manufactures. Rightly or wrongly, a cry was raised that English artisans were being driven out of the market, and

[1] There were some pictures in England in Henry VII.'s time, and more in Henry VIII.'s.

could not make a living. Moreover, Frenchmen, Italians, and other strangers were flocking to London in formidable numbers. We read of fifteen thousand being there—a man stated he saw six hundred of them merrymaking in one place—and, growing proud of their superior skill and the patronage of the court, they became arrogant and offensive.

We read that a poor carpenter bought two stockdoves in Cheape, and had scarcely paid for them when a Frenchman took them out of his hands, and said they were not things for a carpenter to have. The carpenter said he had paid for them, and would have them, but the Frenchman told him he wanted them for the ambassador, called the Englishman a knave, and went off with the doves. As if this was not enough, the Frenchman made a complaint against the carpenter, and the mayor sent him to prison, and the ambassador swore that he should lose his life. It was said that the Frenchmen were not properly punished even for murdering Englishmen; and the Lombards also acted with great insolence: for instance, a Lombard, one Francis de Bard, inveigled a man's wife to go to his lodgings, and bring her husband's plate with her. When the husband heard it, he demanded her, but was told he should not have either her or the plate. And when the Englishman sued the Lombard, he was so 'faced,' that he failed in his suit, and the Lombard afterwards had the audacity to have him arrested to pay for his wife's board.

One Dr. Bele, or Bede, preached against this state of things at Easter, in 1516, and at Greenwich the

next Sunday, 'as the devil would be' Francis de Bard was in the king's gallery with other foreigners, and they were talking with Sir Thomas Palmer and laughing about keeping the Englishman's wife. Sir Thomas rebuked them, and an English mercer who was by, said,

'You Lombards may laugh, but, by the mass, we will have a day at you.'

This saying was reported about London, and next year divers young men assaulted the strangers; struck some, and threw others into the canal. A rising was arranged for Mayday, and Wolsey sent for the mayor, to charge him to preserve the peace. An order was finally sent by the king's council that all people should keep at home from nine on May Eve until seven the next morning. But just after nine o'clock an alderman found two young men playing at bucklers in the street, and many looking on, and he ordered them home. They, not knowing why this was, resisted, and called for the 'clubs and 'prentices;' and out of every door came cudgels and weapons, and the alderman fled. By eleven o'clock, there were six or seven hundred in the Cheape. Three hundred came out of St. Paul's Churchyard, and broke up the counters (*i.e.*, prisons), and took out those that the mayor had put up for injuring strangers. The people of St. Martin's, though bidden to desist, kept throwing out stones, brickbats, and hot water; and the watermen and certain young priests made themselves conspicuous in the work of pillage.

Sir Thomas Parr, in great haste, went to inform

the cardinal. The knight rode to the king at Richmond, and reported things worse than they were. Henry hastily sent to London, and heard the riot had ceased and the men were apprehended. Sir R. Cholmondley, Lieutenant of the Tower, placed some pieces of ordnance in position, and fired into the City. By three o'clock the mob began to disperse; and some were sent to the Tower, and some to Newgate, and some to the counters—three hundred in all; some fled, especially watermen and priests and serving-men, but the poor 'prentices were taken.

The sermon of Dr. Bele was then remembered, and he was taken and sent to the Tower. When inquiries were made by the mayor, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and others, it would seem that the women were to blame, and a proclamation was made, 'that no women should come together to babble and talk, but all men should keep their wives in their houses.' The prisoners were led through the streets tied with ropes; some of them were children. Thirteen people were adjudged to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for treason in attacking foreigners. Eleven gallows were set up in different places on May 7th, but several of those guilty, as they went to execution with halters round their necks, were respited by the king, a clemency which pleased the people.

On the 11th of May, the king went to Greenwich, and the recorder of London and several aldermen came to speak with him about the disturbances. They wore black gowns, to signify their sorrow, and when they heard the king coming into the

presence-chamber, fell upon their knees. They then said that they knew His Grace was displeased on account of the riot; that no honest person 'condescended to that enormity,' and besought him to have mercy on them for their negligence. The king replied sternly that they were right in thinking they had highly displeased him, and that they ought to wail and be sorry for the same. The men of substance, he added, never moved to hinder the rioters. He would give them no answer, but would let them know his pleasure through the Cardinal Chancellor.

The rioters, four hundred men and boys, were brought in, bound with ropes, in their shirts, each with a halter round his neck, before the king, cardinal, and others. All the prisoners cried for mercy, and the lords besought the king, who pardoned them; and many who were most guilty, hearing this, came in their shirts, with ropes round their necks, and also obtained pardon.

If Wolsey followed no other apostolic precedent, he certainly did 'magnify his office.' Whenever he went out he had two great crosses of silver borne before him by two of the tallest priests he could find. On state occasions noblemen held basons for his ablutions, and his wardrobe was valued at three hundred pounds at a time when a sheep was not worth four shillings. He went to Westminster every day during term-time (riding on a mule with crimson velvet trappings and gilt stirrups), clad in crimson satin, and carrying in his hand an orange filled with vinegar, which he applied to his nose when troublesome petitions were presented. Besides 'noblemen,

gentlemen and tall yeomen' who daily attended upon him he had three master-cooks, twenty-four under cooks, and sixteen grooms, each of whom had the care of four horses. By all this display he thought to obscure his middle-class origin, but he only made it more conspicuous. He was the son of a tradesman—if not of a butcher—and was one of many to whom pupils have been stepping-stones to promotion. We are told that the old servants of Henry VII. expressed indignation that 'a botcher's dog' should lie at Richmond. So short is life, that the shadow of a man's birth follows him to the grave.

Wolsey went to Greenwich every Sunday after dinner while the court was there. He proceeded in his barge to the 'Three Cranes in the Vine-Tree,' and from thence rode upon his mule, with his crosses, his two pillars, his hat, and the grand seal borne before him on horseback. With this pomp, he went through Thames Street (then a principal thoroughfare) till he came to Billingsgate, where he took his barge to Greenwich. There he was nobly received, the lords in the king's house waiting on him with staves in their hands; and, after visiting the king in his chamber, he went home in like triumph.

Wolsey was not content with being Archbishop of York; he wished to out-shine the Archbishop of Canterbury, and with that view had himself made a cardinal. The papal coffers do not seem to have been very full at this time, and Wolsey was much mortified at finding that his cardinal's hat was being sent to him in a 'varlet's budget.' To give more im-

portance to the honour conferred, he had the 'varlet' stopped, and furnished with all sorts of costly apparel, and, thus transformed, received him with great solemnity on Blackheath, accompanied by a large concourse of prelates.

In 1518, Cardinal Campeggio came from Rome to request the assistance of the king against the Turks. Wolsey was joined in this embassage; and when Campeggio had arrived at Calais, rumours came that his suite had anything but a brilliant appearance, in short, that their raiment was decidedly shabby and dilapidated. It would never suit Wolsey to have such an exhibition at Henry's brilliant court; so, before they entered England, he sent them all grand scarlet coats, and, thus adorned, they were received with processions and accompanied by lords and gentlemen in their progress through Kent.

On Blackheath, Campeggio was met by the Duke of Norfolk, with a great number of prelates, knights, and gentlemen, and was brought into a tent of cloth of gold, where he put on his cardinal's robes edged with ermine, and then proceeded to ride towards London. The night before he entered London, Wolsey sent him twelve baggage mules, bearing empty coffers covered with red. The real object seems to have been to make the procession through London more imposing, as thus Campeggio would have seemed to have brought altogether with him twenty mules' burden of goods. But the Italians had no valuables with which to fill these chests, and, not liking to leave them swinging emptily about, threw into them some of the old clothes they had worn before Wolsey provided them

with new suits. As ill-luck would have it, one of the mules during the procession broke away, and upset several of the chests, and out rolled old shoes and stockings, broken bread and meat, and a variety of worthless stuff. On seeing this disaster, the boys and 'prentices' of London, who disliked the cardinal, laughed and shouted with delight, and cried out, 'See my lord legate's treasures!' At St. Paul's Campeggio was received by mitred bishops, and conducted under a canopy, which canopy his Italian servants took for their perquisite.

On Sunday the two cardinals left Bath Place in their barges for Greenwich; each of them had beside their crosses two pillars of silver and two gilt axes, and the cardinal's hats were borne before them. When they came into the king's hall, the Cardinal of York went on the right hand, and then the king met them, and brought them into his presence-chamber. There a solemn oration was made by an Italian, who said the embassy was come for two purposes—for aid against God's enemies and the reformation of the clergy. When mass was over they went to a chamber and were served by lords and knights; and after dinner they returned to London, and rode through the city 'with great pomp and glory' to their lodgings. Campeggio, though so poor, had true Italian instincts, indulged in dissipation, and introduced luxury, silk and velvet among ecclesiastics. We read that on the 30th of January, 1519, Campeggio celebrated high mass at Greenwich, giving plenary indulgence to all present; and in

1524 he was, upon Henry's recommendation, appointed Bishop of Salisbury by the Pope.

In 1518 Gouffier, Lord of Bonivet and High Admiral of France, accompanied by the Bishop of Paris, came to make a treaty of perpetual peace. They were accompanied by many noblemen, 'young fresh gallants' of the Court of France, who seem to have been somewhat too lively during their passage through Kent. In their train came also a crowd of rascally pedlers and jewellers, the whole mob of invaders amounting to twelve hundred persons, which, it is simply remarked, 'was thought too many for an ambassador.' They obtained such a character that the citizens of London were afraid to admit them into their houses, and they had a bad influence in leading young Englishmen to adopt French fashions and customs.

On the 27th day of September Lord Surrey, High Admiral of England, received these ambassadors on Blackheath. He was grandly attired, and it is especially noted that he wore a gold chain, suspending a whistle set with pearls and gems. He was accompanied by one hundred and sixty gentlemen on horseback. The costumes also of the French 'gallants' were more admired than their ways, and their coats, trimmed with one colour cut in ten or twelve parts, were 'very rich to behold.'

On the last day of September, the ambassadors took their barge and came to Greenwich. The admiral was in cloth of silver and fur, and his company wore new-fashioned French gowns, with a sort of

'divided skirt.' The ambassadors were daily in council at Greenwich, while the gallants passed their time in dancing and in flirting with the ladies and gentlewomen in the queen's chamber. The French intimated that the Dauphin would marry the 'Lady Mary,' which was agreed to if they were both willing when of age. On the 8th of October a solemn mass was performed in the Observants' chapel by the Bishop of Durham, and Dr. Tunstall preached on the prospective marriage between the princess and the Dauphin.

In the evening, after general feasting, a rock was brought into the hall 'full of all manner of stones,' out of which grew five trees: an olive-tree supporting a shield with the arms of the Church of Rome; a pine-apple-tree with the arms of the Empire; a rose-tree with the arms of England; a branch of lilies with the arms of France, and a pomegranate-tree with the arms of Spain, in token that all were united against the Turks. On the top of the rock sat a fair lady with a *dolphin* in her lap, and round her were ladies and gentlemen in crimson satin covered with purple flowers and wreaths of gold, and 'on every flower trembled a heart of gold.' The ladies' attire was after the Indian fashion, 'with kerchiefs of pleasaunce set with letters of Greek in gold.' A person called Report, dressed in crimson satin full of tongues, and sitting on a flying horse called Pegasus, with wings and feet of gold, declared in French the meaning of the representation. After this the king and ambassadors sat down to a banquet, which consisted of two hundred and seventy dishes,

followed by spices (*i.e.*, sweetmeats) on large silver dishes. The cupboard (sideboard) was on this occasion set with twelve stages of solid gold plate.

Wolsey was at this time much in favour of the alliance with the emperor, for he hoped to be raised through him to the papacy. (But he was disappointed, for when the Pope died in 1521, from joy or poison, it is uncertain which, Adrian was chosen, Wolsey having nineteen votes in his favour.) Jehan de la Sauch writes to the emperor in 1520 that he waited on the king at Greenwich, when he came out of his chamber to go to mass, and went upstairs with him to the queen's chamber. The king and queen and the inevitable cardinal had a long conversation, and then the king and Wolsey turned and observed, 'Well, I am glad affairs are in such good order, and think all will go well.' Henry then called the queen and said, 'The emperor, my brother, your nephew, will come hither this time. I hope that we shall see him before the king of France, and, in order to give more time to the emperor, I have written to the king of France to defer our interview, but have taken care not to give him the reason. The thing must be kept as secret as possible.' Then the queen, raising her eyes to heaven with clasped hands, gave praise to God for the grace she hoped He would do her that she might see Charles, which was her greatest desire in the world, and she thanked the king her husband, making him a low curtsey. The king gallantly took off his bonnet and said cheerfully, 'We will do all we can.' The whole scene and dialogue was pretty and characteristic.

We read that in 1520 there was in honour of the French hostages 'great disguising' at Greenwich, and the performance of a play of Plautus. Perhaps the Frenchmen had a bad influence, for this year several of the young counsellors who were called the king's minions were turned out of the court at Greenwich for excessive levity, and four 'sad' knights, one of whom was Sir William Kingston, were installed in their places.

The Princess Mary seems to have been the English stock-in-trade at this time in all the treaties with foreign nations, and it is amusing to read how she was shifted about from one to another in accordance with state interests. In 1521 Henry made a league with the emperor, and promised that he should have Mary in marriage. To Wolsey's influence and desire to please the emperor we may attribute the handsome way in which the King of Denmark and Isabel his queen, sister of the emperor, were received this year by Henry at Greenwich. They were banished from their kingdom, where they had governed with great severity, and now came to England with their children and a train of one hundred persons in poor apparel. They were received in state at Greenwich —a treaty was made with them as if regnant—and at parting they were loaded with gifts. Wolsey recommended them to return, and said they should not encourage their enemies by leaving their country.

During many years past the Duke of Buckingham had often been striding about Greenwich Palace. A man of vast possessions and high family, he was also haughty and unpopular. He even ventured to give

advice to the king, and frowned upon Wolsey's upstart pretensions. Shakespeare makes Norfolk caution him—

NORFOLK. 'Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allowed his way
Self-mettle tires him.'

BUCKINGHAM. 'I'll to the king
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.'

The cardinal, equally bold and more time-serving, determined upon his destruction. Charges of treason were made against him, and Charles Knyvett, Esq., bore witness against him, saying that on November 4, 1519, at Greenwich the duke said 'that when the king reproved him about Sir William Bulmer, he thought he should have been committed to the Tower, and that if he had perceived it would be so, the principal actors therein should have had little joy, for he would have done what his father intended to do to Richard III. at Salisbury, when he made suit to come into the king's presence with a concealed knife, so that when kneeling he would have risen up and stabbed the king.' Kynvett swore this on the blood of Our Lord, and added that the duke as he spoke put his hand treasonably on his dagger and said if he were so ill-treated he would do his best to execute his purpose.

Kynvett was the duke's steward and cousin. The duke seems to have kept back money due to one

Elizabeth Kynvett, which may have irritated his dependent. At Greenwich Henry and his ministers prepared confessions and allegations against Buckingham some weeks before his trial.

Buckingham's execution tended to make Wolsey unpopular. We are told that his enemies said that a butcher's son would be naturally fond of slaughter, but it has also been supposed that this act originated the story that Wolsey was a butcher's son. Boleyn was also against Buckingham, and obtained part of the confiscated estates. Even the little Princess Mary came in for some of the spoil, for we find that she had pieces of tapestry marked in the corner with the duke's arms. She had now in '22 a special establishment at Greenwich, with wardrobe and kitchen.

These were the days of the great Lutheran controversy. This very year the young emperor presided at the Diet of Worms which condemned the Reformer. Henry, not to be out of the battle, fulminated a clumsy thunderbolt at him in the shape of a book on the Seven Sacraments. The scurrilous and adulatory portions of this treatise may have been the genuine work of Henry, but the theology we may attribute to More and Fisher. Fuller says, 'Some other *Gardner* gathered the flowers, though King Henry had the honour to wear the posy.' Some have supposed that Henry's object was partly to confirm the validity of his marriage with Catherine. The pope was so pleased with the production that he allowed the Dean of Windsor, who brought it, to kiss not only his foot but his cheeks. He was delighted with his royal champions, made the emperor De-

fender of the Faith, and conferred the same title on Henry, little dreaming how soon and how long it would be used in the opposite sense to that intended.

A legate came from Rome in 1521 to confer upon Henry this title of Defender of the Faith. The ceremony took place at Greenwich; Wolsey joined himself to the legate, and the king, surrounded by the nobility and ambassadors, received them as if both had come direct from Rome.[1] The bull was read, signed by Leo X. and twenty-five cardinals and bishops, which spoke of Henry as 'watered with the dew of heavenly grace.' Wolsey spoke to Henry of 'the multitude of manifold graces with which God had indued him, as appeared in the strength and beauty of his noble person.' The king and his company then proceeded to his chapel, where the cardinal said mass and the Earl of Essex held the basin for him, the Duke of Suffolk gave him the say, and the Duke of Norfolk the towel.

At the end of the ceremony the king's new dignity was announced by a blare of trumpets, and the nobles did not object to sitting down to a sumptuous banquet in honour of the occasion. The court attendants finally proclaimed the king in his new title, and demanded a largess. When Patch, the shrewd 'fool,' saw Henry in high spirits on that day, and was told that he was rejoicing in his new title, he said, 'Prithee, good Harry, let thee and I defend one another, and leave the faith alone to defend itself.'[2]

[1] It was afterwards made an accusation against Wolsey that he had on this occasion appeared as a legate from the pope, though the pope was dead.

[2] Fuller.

Margaret, Queen of Scots, stayed a year in England, and returned with many gifts. Soon afterwards, Albany, thinking the state of Scotland to be quiet, took a journey to the sunny land of France, where Francis, to oblige Henry, detained him four years. Meanwhile, Angus re-established his power in Scotland. But the queen took a dislike to him, doubted about his relations with another lady, and actually requested Francis to send back Albany. The duke, on his arrival, quickly dismissed Angus, and lived on such intimacy with the queen as to create scandal, and to cause Henry to charge him with a design to marry her, as she was trying for a divorce. Albany denied the accusation, observing that he had already a wife of his own. Henry now prepared for war, and Albany contemplated an inroad into England, but, both parties being somewhat embarrassed, it was thought better to make a truce.

In 1522, ambassadors arrived from Scotland, and went by water to have an audience at Greenwich. Having passed through the outer gate, the hall, which was full of people, and the outer chamber, they entered the great chamber of presence. There they were welcomed by all the princes and nobles of the realm, and the king came out, grand in pearls, gold, and jewels, and sat on a throne, three steps high, under his cloth of state.[1] The ambassadors

[1] We find Lady Margaret Anguisshe (Angus), the Queen of Scot's daughter, at Greenwich. When fifteen, in 1530, she was there given, by the king's command, £6 13s., to disport herself at Christmas. She became Countess of Lennox and mother of Darnley; some of her letters have lately been found.

proposed a peace, and that James V. should marry Lady Mary. Tunstall replied for the king, assenting to their views. At Christmas, for their entertainment, a castle twenty feet square, and fifty high, and made of thick beams, bolted and clasped with iron, was set up in the tilting-yard. Great valour was exhibited in assailing and defending this mimic fortress. While these diversions were in progress, two 'ancient knights,' with silvery beards, presented themselves before the queen, and said that, though youth had left them, they had still courage, and would like to break spear, if the queen would give leave. She consented, and they, throwing off their disguises, discovered themselves to be the king and the Duke of Suffolk. The Scots were much pleased at these entertainments, and, thinking of the late troubles in their country, asked whether the king was as merry during war as during peace, and, on being answered in the affirmative, said they were surprised at that, for the Scotch mourned and wailed in war time.

In the year 1522, the Emperor Charles passed through England on his way to Spain. In those days the West of England was frequently made a starting point for the Peninsula; as Milton writes,

> 'Where the great vision of the guarded mount
> Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.'

The emperor came from Calais to Dover, and the cardinal, who was going to meet him, took the opportunity of passing through London with a grand procession, in which were two earls, thirty-six knights, one hundred gentlemen, eight bishops, ten abbots, and

thirty chaplains, all in velvet and satin, followed by seven hundred yeoman. He received the emperor on the sands of Dover, on Sunday, May 25th, and, after the king had joined them, they proceeded to Canterbury. At one o'clock on Monday, June 2nd, they reached Gravesend, entered their barges (thirty of which had been provided), and rowed to Greenwich, where they landed at six o'clock. All the ships in the Thames were ranged in lines between Greenwich and Gravesend, adorned with streamers, and fired salutes. Along the wharf at Greenwich a large number of the nobility were drawn up. Catherine was delighted. She stood at the portal of Greenwich Palace, with the princess (seven years old), and the ladies of the court, to welcome him. It was a pretty sight to see the handsome young emperor step lightly up the water-stairs, doff his feathered bonnet, and kneel before his aunt to receive her benediction. Such was the custom in Spain.

Charles agreed on this occasion to take Mary, when of age, for his wife. She had been betrothed three years before to the Dauphin.

We are told that his Spanish retinue, who were accustomed to magnificence, expressed great admiration of the hangings in Greenwich Palace, and especially of the cloth of state.[1] The emperor brought two thousand persons in his train, and a thousand horses. A grand tournament was held in his honour. Henry made a league with him, and while the emperor was at Greenwich, the King-at-arms arrived there (June 5th), who had been

[1] The canopy over the throne.

sent by Henry to defy and declare war with the King of France. The emperor, supplied by Henry with a large sum, appointed the Earl of Surrey his admiral, who forthwith proceeded to ravage the coasts of France.

In the spring of 1524, Wolsey writes of the Archbishop of Capua, who had come from the emperor and Pope about the French, that Henry and Wolsey had long conversations with him at Greenwich, and that he (Wolsey) gave his own lodgings and chambers at that place to him, as the archbishop, out of courtesy, 'refused to lie with me in my bed.'

In 1525, Henry went so far as to offer to send Mary immediately into Spain to the emperor, to whom she was betrothed, on condition of his receiving in exchange Francis I. as a prisoner. But on the emperor, now victorious, slighting the proposal, Henry changed round, and made a league with France. There were grand ceremonies at Greenwich when the French ambassadors arrived. A large number of peers, spiritual and temporal, were summoned by the Vice-Chamberlain to be at Greenwich on the Saturday by one, and on Sunday by nine, and to continue attending the court until all the ceremonies were completed, and the ambassadors had left.

The ambassadors, having been conveyed in a barge by the Bishop of Bath and Lord Rochford (Boleyn), the king, accompanied by his lords, received them on Saturday in his dining-room, under his cloth of state. After the preliminary ceremonies wine was handed round, and then the ambassadors

were conducted to their lodgings, and provided with supper. Those of the Pope, of Venice, and of Milan were to be accommodated in the king's house and to have separate chambers, but to sup together. The emperor's ambassador was to be in Carey's house, the French in Sir Christopher Garnish Knight's.[1] On Sunday, they all attended in the Observants' Chapel, where the king's travass (*i.e.*, screen) of cloth of gold was set up on the right of the choir. Wolsey and others officiated 'in pontificalibus.'[2] On one side of the stalls were the Pope's and French king's ambassadors, on the other side the ambassadors of the emperor, the Venetians[3] and Milanese. After dinner the ambassadors were again brought to the king in his dining-chamber, and departed to London.

More was a leading character at court during this period; he had to examine petitions presented to the king. Henry was immensely fond of him; he was so learned and so amusing, such a mixture of wisdom and wit, of piety and puns. Though a man of religious feeling, he gave Henry many a hearty laugh at the expense of the 'pore friars.' So necessary was he to the king and queen that he had to beg as a matter of favour that he might be allowed sometimes to visit his wife and family. He was an able speaker,

[1] Apparently part of the palace. Carey was Boleyn's son-in-law.

[2] We may suppose Wolsey was now at the zenith of his prosperity. Henry had signed at Greenwich grants to him of a large number of suppressed priories.

[3] Henry had lately been in league with their enemies the Genoese.

and it is said was the first who made oratory a power in parliament.

We find that when ambassadors came to Greenwich from the King of Hungary in 1526, More replied for the king that as soon as he was able he would assist in the glorious war against the Turks. Again in the same year when the Venetian ambassador had his first audience with the king at Greenwich, Master More[1] made a reply.

During the period comprised in this chapter, building and repairs had occasionally been going forward at Greenwich Palace. In 1519 three hundred pounds were expended on the tilt-yard and bridge, and two hundred in repairs at Greenwich. The next year and the year after sums were given for finishing the chapel. This was probably the chapel royal in the palace. The library is mentioned as completed with it, probably because the books then were mostly theological. In January 1520 forty-one books were bound for the king's chapel.[2]

[1] Then Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Letter of Morette.

[2] The friars had access to it. We find the friars calling it 'our library.'

CHAPTER XII.

PROPOSED FRENCH ALLIANCE—GRAND BANQUET—PERFORMANCE BY THE CHILDREN OF ST. PAUL'S—DU BELLAY AT GREENWICH—MARY'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS—THE MARQUESS OF EXETER—A FISH DINNER.

After the taking of Rome and the pope's imprisonment at the will of the emperor, the kings of England and France made a stricter alliance, not only defensive but to a certain extent offensive. Gabriel de Grammont, Bishop of Tarbes, François Vicomte de Turenne, Antoine de Viste, President of Paris and Brittany, and Claude Dodieu, Counsellor, arrived in England at the end of February, 1527, to submit proposals that Francis I., a widower, should marry Mary, who was now eleven years old.

On Thursday, March 7th, they went to Greenwich and were presented to the king in his *arrière salle*. There were with Henry thirteen or fourteen personages, including the Bishops of London and Ely, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Marquess of Exeter, Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury, and More. The Bishop of Tarbes presented his letters from Francis and his mother, and the king replied that he was much obliged

to Francis for offering to take his little daughter, who did not deserve such an honour. He hoped the marriage would be to the glory of God and the exaltation of Christendom.

On the 11th Lord Rochford invited the Bishop of Tarbes, and Turenne to visit the king at Greenwich. After dinner they were sent for by the king to the queen's chamber, and conversed about the king's prosperity and the friendship of the monarchs. The queen asked whether they did not intend to treat about a perpetual peace. The bishop said that they had no instructions on that subject, and that the business about which they had come must have the precedence. He did not state, such was his French politeness, what that business was, as he did not know whether it should be mentioned to the queen. But the king said to her with a smile that the bishop was alluding to the marriage of the princess. They then prayed her to favour their suit, observing that when Francis was Henry's son-in-law they would be so strong they would dictate terms to the emperor. Afterwards the king showed them his furniture and riches, and ordered a suit of armour to be made for Turenne.

On the 16th D'Ouarty went to Greenwich and said that the terms proposed—that Francis should pay Henry 50,000 crowns, and 15,000 crowns in salt annually—seemed excessive. Henry replied that he had often lost more than 15,000 crowns at play, and that 50,000 a year was not too much, as he was giving up his only daughter.[1] D'Ouarty replied

[1] And also his claim to lands in France.

astutely that Francis did not ask for Mary because she was an heiress, but from affection and gratitude. Henry seemed pleased, put his hands, in his familiar way, on D'Ouarty's shoulders, and said he would tell Wolsey to be reasonable. The king then led them to the queen's chamber, and they gave her messages from 'Madame' and the Queen of Navarre, but, from Wolsey's directions, said nothing about the marriage.

On the 23rd the ambassadors went again to Greenwich, when the festival of St. George was kept. After dinner the king led them to the hall, where were the queen, the princess, Queen Mary, and a large company. The king told them to speak to the princess in French, Latin, and Italian, in all which she answered them. She then played for them on the spinet, and they reputed her to be the most accomplished young lady of her age.

On Saturday May 4[1] they went again to Greenwich at two, after dinner. The king was on his throne, surrounded by his nobles. He embraced them, and they were placed before the throne with the Knights of the Garter behind them. The Bishop of Tarbes made a Latin speech, thanking the king for his good wishes, and saying how much Francis wished to maintain his friendship. They lodged at Greenwich Palace that night.

The next Sunday, May 5th, was a grand day at Greenwich. A solemn mass was sung at which the

[1] The English did not like the alliance with France. Dodieu says that he was afraid to go out on the 1st of May, because some of the Londoners who went to seek the may wore arms, and would attack foreigners.

cardinal and ten mitred prelates attended, and the French ambassadors swore there and then to observe the articles of the treaty. A banquet-house had been erected on one side of the tilt-yard, a hundred feet long and thirty wide, the ceiling of which was of purple cloth full of roses and pomegranates. There was on this occasion an attempt made to produce something ancient and classic. The windows had 'curious monneles,' the jaw-pieces and crests were covered with 'vinettes and trails of savage work,' and gilt with gold and bise. The candlesticks were polished like amber and were of antique work, holding little torchettes of white wax. Two 'cupboards' (sideboards) were set up covered with pots, flagons, and bowls of gold and silver gilt, some of them adorned with pearls and gems, and there were boards of gilt ewers and basins of assay. These ewers were brought to the guests for washing after the banquet, and were so heavy that it was difficult to carry them.

In the vestibule were pictures of Hercules, Scipio, Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and others, and the roof, which was planned by the king's astronomer, showed how ignorant he was of the system of the universe, for it represented the earth as being surrounded by the sea, and depicted the signs of the Zodiac and the seven planets as—Mars, Jupiter, the sun, Mercury, Venus, Saturn, and the moon![1]

[1] It is remarkable that, although the form of the earth was known in ancient times to be globular, it was considered to be flat during the middle ages down to the days of Copernicus, who had about twenty years before this date propounded the true solar

After the banquet the company passed into another hall carpeted with cloth of silk, embroidered with golden lilies; and when the king and queen were set under the cloth of state, and the ambassadors on the right hand, 'Mercury' came in clothed in cloth of gold, with a mantle of blue silk full of eyes of gold, and wearing a cap of gold with a garland of laurel set with berries of gold, and made an oration in Latin, declaring what joy there was in the realm that peace had been made between England and France. Then choristers entered and sang, and two persons richly apparelled held a dialogue as to whether riches are better than love. As they could not agree on this point, knights came in and fought about it, and then an old man advanced with a long white beard, who settled the matter satisfactorily by saying that both love and riches were necessary for princes.

After this a curtain was let down, and a mount appeared surrounded with gilt towers and full of roses and pomegranates, as if growing among crystals corals and rubies. Eight lords sat on this brilliant rock, and out of a cave came—the Lady Mary, with her 'silver tresses,' then eleven years old, and making her first appearance at these entertainments. She was accompanied by seven ladies attired in Roman costumes, with bonnets of crimson velvet full of pearls and jewels, and they danced with the eight lords. Afterwards men entered dressed in the Vene-

system. One Nicholas Crazer was the royal astronomer. There is an entry dated May, 1531, of a payment to him for mending the clock at Greenwich. He received £20 a year.

tian fashion and wearing vizors, among whom was the king.

When they had danced the queen plucked off the king's mask, and so did the ladies to the lords. The little Princess Mary danced with the Viscount of Turenne, who wrote that she was very handsome and admirable by reason of her uncommon mental endowments, but so thin, spare, and small that she could not be married for three years.

Henry gave the viscount a strange present on this occasion—the clothes which he and the viscount had worn at the mask. Spinelli, the Venetian ambassador, says that there was another festival on the following day, and gallantly adds that the tiers of benches opposite those of the diplomats were covered with banks of ladies, 'whose various styles of beauty and apparel, enhanced by the brilliancy of the lights, caused me to think that I was contemplating choirs of angels.' He adds a curious instance of court etiquette. Henry had sprained his foot at tennis, so all wore slippers; and he also expresses his admiration of the beautiful groups and figures formed in the dances.

The banquet or supper lasted till daybreak, and the king kindly ordered that the grand house above mentioned, with its cupboards and hangings, should remain open that 'all honest persons' might see the show. We find that the materials for this 'Long House' were prepared in London and sent to Greenwich by water. The roof was of canvas, and the floor was strewn with rushes. The place was lighted by eighty lamps in silvered basins standing

on pillars. Among the ornaments we find artificial roses, daffodils, and primroses, and animals made of pasteboard. All this embellishment would have been far beyond English skill and imagination—foreign artists were employed. One John Demanyanus, an Italian graver, and his company gave £56 8s. a year for a house at Greenwich.

The Bishop of Tarbes, Turenne, Wolsey, and others dined with the king on this grand occasion. The imperial ambassador was of course not well-pleased at the alliance, and on Tuesday visited Wolsey and told him to beware, for that Francis was engaged and was imposing on them. He added that the emperor expected his wife to die in June, in which event he would be ready to marry Mary, and that he would have married her at first but for her youth.

After this Wolsey went to France to carry on further negotiations, and when he returned in the autumn the French ambassadors came again about the peace and alliance. They were welcomed on Blackheath by the Marquess of Exeter, the Bishop of London, and others, and were lodged in London where the citizens, though they did not much like the cardinal and his French friends, provided for their comfort five fat oxen, twenty sheep, twelve swans, twelve cranes, twelve pheasants, four dozen of partridges, twenty loaves of sugar, with comfits and other spices, and eight hogsheads of wine.

Wolsey managed to obtain great credit in this

[1] In the treaty with France it was inserted that either France or his second son, the Duke of Orleans, might marry her. The son was afterwards put more forward in the matter.

matter, and the ambassadors went to Greenwich by water and thanked the king for sending him to form a league for the release of the pope. On the 10th of November the king, in token of amity, received from them at Greenwich the order of St. Michael at the hands of the Grand Master of France.[1] We find on this occasion one of many instances of the large perquisites then received. When after mass the French ambassadors proceeded to the investment, the king took off his gown of cloth of silver lined with beautiful sables worth 1000 ducats, and gave it to the French provost of the order of St. Michael, that being his perquisite. The provost then gave his, worth 100 ducats, to the grooms of the king's chamber. The king put on the gown of cloth of silver striped with gold which the French brought, and they placed round his neck a collar worth 3,000 crowns—gold scallop shells linked together suspending a device of St. Michael trampling on the devil.[2]

When the banquet was over the company went into 'the great chamber of disguises,' where a marble fountain, a silk hawthorn-tree with white flowers, and a mulberry-tree full of berries, had been erected. The fountain was adorned with balls of gold supported by animals, and on its top was a figure of a fair lady, from whose breasts ran 'water of a marvellously delicious savour.'[3] Sweet perfumes breathed

[1] Francis was made a member of the order of St. George at Greenwich, October 25th, 1427.

[2] Letter from Marco Antonio Verrier.

[3] No wonder. We find from the privy purse expenses that it cost 5s. a gallon, more than good wine. Forty-two gallons were provided.

around. Into this paradisiacal region were introduced the children of St. Paul's School, who had come down from London in six boats to act a play before the king.[1]

What hand the cardinal had in the production of this piece does not appear, but the whole performance seems to have been much for his glorification. A little fellow dressed up in the crimson robes of a cardinal interceded with the kings of England and France on behalf of the pope, and restored the head of the Church. Then the French king's children came in and complained how the emperor kept them as hostages, entreated the good cardinal to intercede for them, who used his influence with the kings of England and France to such purpose that the emperor agreed to set them at liberty. There must have been something very pretty as well as fantastical in this representation—the small orator in cloth of gold—the heretic Luther, as a friar in russet damask and black taffety—his wife as a woman of Spiers in red silk—Saints Peter, James, and Paul in white sarcenet, with red mantles. Heresy, False Interpretation, and Corruption of Scripture, were ladies of Berne in variegated silks. Religio, Ecclesia, and Veritas were three widows in lawn and cypress, and War in cloth of gold and feathers, armed, contrasted

[1] The Greenwich choir is often mentioned at festivals. In the old church were monuments of Richard Bower, master of the children to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and to Thomas Tallys, musician to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. The latter was a great composer of music, and called the father of the collegiate style. He died 1585.

with Lady Peace, with a long white train, and Lady Quietness and Dame Tranquillity wearing wide Spanish sleeves and caps of gold.[1]

The treaty was ratified at St. Paul's, the king returned to Greenwich, and all the Frenchmen went to Richmond and Hampton Court and Windsor to hunt. Wolsey gave the French ambassadors such a magnificent supper at Hampton that several of them could not walk to their beds, and at Greenwich on their return the banquet-chamber in the tilt-yard was prepared for their entertainment. This was on December 29th, the festival of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and they found there an infinite number of dukes, marquises, prelates, barons, lords, and others. The king entered the hall preceded by a baron bearing the sword and another the cushion. His Grace, cap in hand, embraced them, and then took his place under a canopy of gold, where he stood during the ceremony with his hand on his dagger. His excellently formed head, well-proportioned body, and tall stature gave him an air of royal majesty.

In the midst of the banquet there was running at the barriers by lusty gentlemen in complete armour on foot and on horseback, and afterwards there was an interlude. After the banquet came a great company of ladies and gentlewomen, the chiefest beauties in England, richly attired, and seeming to the beholders 'more like celestial angels than terrestrial creatures,' with whom the gentlemen of France

[1] The performance was in Latin, but the thirty-eight children were those of poor men, and were regaled with bread and ale.

danced. Each of them danced with one of the French gentlemen, and one of the maids of honour, Anne Boleyn, was much appreciated by them for her knowledge of French. This lasted from five in the afternoon till three in the morning. Next day they went to the cardinal, who gave them presents from the king.

The principal ambassador sent by Francis at this time to bring about a matrimonial alliance with this country was Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne. He remained in England for several years, and from his despatches we glean valuable information as to the course of events during this interesting period. In a letter to Francis, dated January 2, 1528, he narrates that on De Brosse's arrival they went to Wolsey, but could not hold much communication with him, as he was going 'to take advantage of the tide' to go to the king at Greenwich. Wolsey was delighted to hear of the pope's liberation, and asked them to go to Greenwich next day.

Accordingly they were conducted thither in the morning, and, while waiting for the king, met Wolsey. During their conversation with him he was called away to the king, to whom they were shortly afterwards introduced. Henry was not less glad than Wolsey at the intelligence, and 'expressed himself in a most warm and cordial manner towards Francis and Madame—his speech occupying nearly an hour.' He spoke in terms of strong condemnation of the Emperor's Chancellor, 'whom he evidently regarded as the most wicked man in the world.'

After they had accompanied him to mass and

returned to his chamber, he caused them to be entertained by the Bishop of Bath, Lord Rochford (Boleyn), and others. He then brought them to visit the princess and the queen, to whom Du Bellay delivered the letters from Francis and Madame. The queen gave him the most honourable thanks. They seem to have stayed until evening, for before they left, the king took part in a dance, and had some further conversation with them.

Francis wished little Mary to be given up to him at once, but Henry insisted on keeping her till marriageable. She was being carefully educated under celebrated instructors. Linacre, the great physician, the chief founder and first president of the College of Surgeons, wrote a Latin grammar for her in 1524. It is not certain that he was ever actually her tutor, but he speaks of her love of learning. He attended the royal family professionally. Vives, the Spanish scholar and philosopher, was her actual instructor. He had dedicated and presented to Queen Catherine in 1523 a treatise on female education, in which it would seem that he advocated a severe course of study. The Bible, the works of the Fathers, of Cicero, and Seneca were placed in the pupil's hands, but romance and poetry were strictly forbidden, as were cards, dice, and ornaments.

Such a system might have been advantageous for an ordinary mind inclined to frivolity, but was unfortunate for one doomed to a long period of neglect and anxiety, and may have tended to harden Mary's character. Wolsey obtained for Vives an appointment as public lecturer on eloquence at Oxford, and

the scholar wrote in October at the queen's reques another work on the same subject. Something, h says, should be committed to memory every day Latin composition and conversation are recom mended, and a Latin English dictionary should b used, but not to look out objectionable words. H recommends the dialogues of Plato and the 'Utopia of More.

After revisiting for marriage his own country, Vive returned to England in September, 1524, and pre sented his book on 'Free Will' to the king and queen, who greatly admired it. Afterwards he wa frequently in England, and gave instruction to Mary But her education had not been previously neglected for there is extant a translation from Latin int English of a beautiful prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas made by her when eleven years of age.[1]

The foregoing accounts will show that the court was kept with great state at Greenwich. The palace was like a large hotel. There were daily in attend ance squires, gentlemen, and yeomen-ushers, grooms, pages, servers, carvers, cup-bearers, counsellors, young lords, messengers, minstrels, heralds, and pursuivants. We read of seven minstrels and their 'marshal,' and twenty barge-rowers and their master. The stables (always large at that time) must have been of vast extent, for besides the king's horses, a duke at court was allowed standing for twenty-four horses, and a knight for four horses. A duke was also allowed to bring seven servants and a knight one.

It seems that these privileges were much abused,

[1] She understood Spanish, and, to a certain extent, Greek.

and that people brought more attendants than they were entitled to have. Beggars also were troublesome, and rascals and vagabonds infested the court, purloining food, and sometimes stealing the locks off doors and other articles.

The king rose at seven, and fifteen gentlemen waited on him. The barber was of course an important functionary, having charge of the king's beard, and it is especially ordered that he shall not associate 'with vile people or misguided women.' Dinner commenced at ten, supper at four, but the king's hours were a little later.

We must also mention that money was often given to the poor, and the king's almoners, girt with aprons, regularly distributed the broken victuals from the palace among them. Some youths were also sent to school and college at the king's expense. Gratuities were given to all servants and others who brought presents, of which a flood poured in from rich and poor. Among them we read of marmalade, pomegranates, orange pies, etc.

The cost of the dresses used at the festivals at Greenwich was very great, although the materials were sometimes made up several times. Cloth of gold was forty shillings a yard; russet and other velvets were from twelve to thirteen shillings a yard; satin seven shillings and sixpence; sarcenet four shillings; white russet or yellow damask seven shillings. For the revels held in November, 1527, sixteen bonnets for the king, lords, and ladies cost fifty-three pounds four shillings. These were large prices for those days, when beef and pork were a

halfpenny a pound and mutton three farthings. We must at least multiply by twelve to find the corresponding values.

Large sums were also spent in jewellery and other 'jocalia.' In the year 1530 we find on one occasion three hundred and seventy-three pounds paid for pearls to an Italian jeweller, and on another to one Alart, 'plummer' and jeweller, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-one pounds. Some of these ornaments were of a very elaborate character, and we find, among the jewellery given in charge at Greenwich, a tabernacle of gold set upon a great cushion of gold, with an image of Our Lady crowned, surrounded by a canopy. The tabernacle contained images of angels, St. George and the Dragon, St. John the Baptist, St. Katherine, and other figures. The stones therein were twenty-four diamonds, nine rubies, eighteen emeralds, eight balasses,[1] four sapphires, two garnets, one jacinth, and one hundred and twenty-six pearls. Girdles and 'collettes' are also mentioned.

The name of Henry Courtney, Marquis of Exeter, often occurs in these revels. His family yielded to none in grandeur of lineage, one of his ancestors had been related by marriage to the French royal family, and to the Latin Emperors of Constantinople. His father, William Courtney, seventeenth Earl of Devon, married one of Edward IV.'s daughters,[2] and,

[1] Rose rubies.

[2] Catherine of York. She was reduced to penury when her husband was imprisoned, but afterwards was restored to favour, and became godmother to Mary, and to Catherine's short-lived son.

being suspected of complicity in a Yorkist conspiracy, was imprisoned in the Tower by Henry VII. in 1504. He was restored, however, by Henry VIII., resided at Greenwich, and received letters patent for the earldom some weeks before his death; but so necessary was a creation then held to be that he could not be buried as an earl, until the king signified his will to that effect.

This William Courtney died on the 9th of June, 1511, and his body was cered and lay in his chamber at the court at Greenwich till the 12th, when in the afternoon it was conveyed, accompanied by many noblemen and gentlemen, in a barge to St. Paul's Wharf, where it was met by four orders of friars and conveyed to Blackfriars. Henry his son was an accomplished man, and is said to have surpassed the valiant Brandon in the tournaments. He lived with the king at Greenwich, and being his first cousin, and 'brought up of a child with his grace in his chamber,' was the only person—with the exception of the gentlemen of the chamber—who had access at all times to the king. Henry at one time appointed him his successor, but on another occasion committed him to the Tower for attempting a movement in favour of Catherine.

Courtney seems to have been a gay and luxurious man. In the account of his expenses we find some laughable items. 'Boat hire from Stepney to Greenwich, when Bennett went for my lord's nightcap, 4d.' 'To a lad at Charlton for lending his cap to my lord when the king and his lords threw snowballs, 4d.'[1]

[1] We find also the following items:—'Bennett's boat hire from

He seems to have had a fancy for dining on one sort of meat. Thus we find an entry of one of his dinner-parties in London, at which he had—'A goose, 8d, two dozen pigeons, 20d, eight quails, 2s. 8d, three dozen sparrows, 9d, carraways and biscuits, 6d, pears and nuts, 4d, damsons, 1d, peaches, 2d, one gallon and three quarts of wine, 19d.' We do not hear of his inaugurating fish banquets at Greenwich, but he had one at Richmond:—'Ling, 14d, two haberdynes, 11d, nine plaice, 2s. 4d, turbot, 20d, two soles, 6d, fresh herrings, 4d, fifty roaches, 1s, flounders, 1s. 6d, four perches, 8d, one hundred smelts, 4d, shrimps, 3d, loaches, 4d, pike, 20d.'

He was accused of treasonable designs and beheaded in 1538. Henry was incited to his condemnation because Cardinal Pole, with whom the marquis was associated, had written a violent book comparing Henry to Nebuchadnezzar, and exhorting the emperor and other princes to join against him.

Greenwich to London and back to get a valentine of gold to be set on my lord's cap.' 'For my lord's drinking at the king's armoury, Greenwich, 2d.' His losses are also enumerated at Greenwich, at tennis, cards, and shooting, and 'shovelboard in the queen's chamber.'

CHAPTER XIII.

HENRY AND HIS GALLANTRIES—CAPTIVATED BY ANNE—HER CHARACTER—CATHERINE'S CONDUCT—INTERVIEW WITH FOX—HENRY'S SOLICITATIONS AND ANNE'S DECISION.

We have recorded nearly twenty years of gay and gallant doings at Greenwich—Henry's happiest time, while Catherine of Arragon gave dignity to the court, and before 'his conscience crept too near another lady.'

It is said that some questions had been raised in foreign countries about Mary's legitimacy and her chances of succession. But Henry could have guaranteed her the crown. Few monarchs ever possessed so much power—the result of an indomitable will and a divided nation. He could defy the pope, and it would almost seem as if he could change the religion of England. Wolsey thought to retain the country Catholic, and Cromwell to make it Protestant, through the influence of the king.

If there were any doubts among foreign princes, they were probably about Henry's character, which led them to think a divorce not improbable. There was an excessive restlessness in his disposition which

finally wore out his strength—if indeed it was not
symptom of that weakness of constitution whic
sometimes co-exists with great muscular power. H
did not reach the age of sixty, and his brother ha
died young. This activity not only manifested itse
in martial exercises, and in literary and musical a
complishments, but in sundry adventures in the fie
of gallantry.

We find it unpleasant to say that in love Hen
was hopelessly inconstant, but without such an ac
mission some of the principal events of his reign ar
unintelligible. Early in his married life—scarcely
year after his wedding—an unseemly dispute occurre
in Greenwich Palace. Those to whom his attentio
were paid were usually ladies about the court, an
at this time Lady Herbert and Lady Fitzwater hel
appointments in the queen's chamber. They wer
both married, and were sisters of the Duke of Buck
ingham. Lady Herbert was a favourite and con
fidante of the queen, and felt much aggrieved, bot
for her own sake and that of her royal mistress, a
the advances Henry was making to her sister.

Young Compton—a close ally of Henry's—wa
screening him in this flirtation, and keeping con
spicuously at the lady's side, so that if any reflectio
were made they might fall upon him. Lady Herbe
confided her misgivings to her brother Buckinghan
that haughty and powerful noble, strongly attached t
Catherine. He was Henry's cousin, but cared littl
for king or people, and he showed on this occasio
a specimen of that boldness which finally led to hi
destruction. He called upon Lady Fitzwater in he

apartments at a time when he knew Compton was generally there. The young man had not arrived, but shortly afterwards appeared, and the duke rated them both in no measured language on the impropriety of their conduct. They denied the not very soft impeachment, and replied with all the audacity of royal favourites. The duke would not tamely submit to this, and soon the whole affair came to the knowledge of both king and queen. Henry was furious, ordered Lady Herbert to leave the court, and, to save appearances, was also obliged to dismiss her sister.

Two other persons with whom scandal connected the name of the king in his early life were Lady Elizabeth Boleyn (Anne's mother) and her daughter Mary. It must be admitted that these accusations seem to have been the outcome of the anger and mortification of the Roman Catholics at the destruction of their church. The object was to blacken the family of Anne Boleyn; but, only for Henry's known weaknesses, no such charges could have been preferred. Lady Elizabeth, being a brilliant woman married to a studious official, may have been regarded as fair game by the envious.

Later on we find him intriguing with Elizabeth Blount, the daughter of Sir John Blount, who had been a yeoman of the guard. She was a girl to Henry's liking, proficient in singing and dancing, and apparently in attendance on the queen.[1] The result was a son, who was made Duke of Richmond, and at one time actually considered himself the heir to the crown.

[1] She afterwards married Sir Gilbert Talboys.

Henry repaired or rebuilt the 'castle' on the hill at Greenwich, to which we have already referred, and used it occasionally for storing wine, and sometimes for keeping other delicacies. 'The king,' says Pultenham, 'having Flamock with him in his barge, going from Westminster to Greenwich to visit a fair lady whom the king loved, who was lodged in the tower of the park, the king coming within sight of the tower, and being disposed to be merry, said, "Flamock, let us run!"'[1]

On another occasion Henry fell in love with a young lady to whom Frank Bryan[2] was paying his addresses. When Bryan discovered this, he became madly jealous, and resolved to spoil the sport; so he told Henry she was a vain coquette, and utterly unworthy of his regard. On Henry demurring, Bryan offered to prove his statement if the king would conceal himself at a stated time. Venus loves to make her votaries ridiculous, and so Henry, peeping out from his hiding-place, had the mortification of seeing his goddess kissed by his henchman!

Wolsey—not himself immaculate—was a bad companion and counsellor for a king with such lively propensities. From ambitious motives he made a show of religion, while he possessed little of its morality or humility, and, from his flattery and general conduct, greatly injured Henry's character.[3]

[1] Wadding goes so far as to say that Henry had sometimes three concubines.

[2] Anne Boleyn's first cousin.

[3] He had a natural son, Tom Winter, who was made Dean of Wells, and promised a bishopric. His daughter was Abbess of Salisbury. He was also a dicer.

But a spirit now crossed Henry's path that entirely changed the tenor of his love affairs. He had long known Anne Boleyn—her father had been one of his most trusted advisers, and she was sometimes in attendance on the queen. Not being remarkably handsome,[1] he had scarcely turned his eyes on her, until by chance he walked and conversed with her in her father's garden at Hever. There the sunshine quickly matured everything. When Henry next saw his friend Wolsey, he was completely changed, and spoke with all the seriousness of a man deeply in love. He had met with a maiden of wondrous charms and virtues, and had come to the deliberate conclusion that she was worthy of a crown. Wolsey did not, for several reasons, like this suggestion, so he smiled, and, trying to give the matter a gay turn, said that he thought the lady would take less than a crown. Henry shook his head, and replied that he had found that was not the case. Here then Henry's gallantries and Wolsey's schemes were suddenly reined up. Great results must ensue. Henceforth the king would change his wives, instead of his mistresses.

Henry was growing tired of his 'old ugly' Spanish wife, as Francis irreverently called her. During the early years of their married life, Catherine, with the joyousness of youth, entered into all the festivities and frivolities in which her husband delighted. No one appeared to take more pleasure in jests and pageants, mummeries and 'surprises.' But before long a shadow seemed to fall upon her. Was the

[1] Such is the general testimony, but Sanders, an enemy, says she was handsome, and had a pretty mouth.

religious asceticism of her country manifesting itself, was she doubting the validity of her marriage, or had some sinister maid or priest put the worm in the bud, by whispering in her ear suspicions of the king's fidelity? From some cause her health began to decline, and she ceased to join the king in his pursuits, or to sympathise in his mirth. Perhaps the damp air of Greenwich did not suit one reared among pomegranates and orange-groves; perhaps sad thoughts enfeebled her, for no one is well who is unhappy.

She spent her time counting her beads, confessing her sins, listening to stories of misery from mendicant friars, and organizing works of charity. She rose at five, and so full was she of good occupations that she was wont to say she lost no time in the day except that necessarily given to dressing. But, notwithstanding her piety, she did not condemn her Spanish pride, or think less of her grand relations. She did not forget to keep Henry wholesomely aware that she was Catherine of Arragon, with two hundred thousand crowns, although her sallow complexion and broken English might have sufficiently reminded him of the fact.

Sanders says that Catherine was five years older than Henry in age, but a thousand years in character. It was a great relief to him to find some one who thoroughly sympathised with his ardent spirit and boyish enthusiasm. Anne Boleyn was ready for any game. The Boleyns, originally of French origin, had allied themselves with great English families, and she was a granddaughter of the Irish Earl of

Ormond. Blends of races often prove successful, and Anne, though principally English, appeared to be mostly French.[1] Slender, lithe, and active, she could trip as lightly as any in the dance, and she could sit her horse across country, shoot, and fly her hawks as well as any man. Moreover, she had learned much besides embroidery at the French court;[2] she was amusing, and could sing well, play on the lute, and—flirt. She knew many games of chance, and among Henry's expenses we read of a sum of twelve pounds paid which she lost 'playing bowls with the sergeant of the cellar.' George Wyatt calls her 'that noble imp,' and Carles, writing his epistolary poem in 1545, says of her,

> 'Que ne l'eussiez oncque jugée Angloise
> En ses façons, mais née fine Françoise.'

We are told that she dressed admirably, and every day made some alteration in her costume.[3] Anne came to court in 1522, when nineteen years of age. No doubt she knew Greenwich well, and her childish feet had often pattered about the staircases and corridors of the palace.[4] Perhaps she had friends

[1] Notwithstanding what Brewer says, it seems probable that she had spent much of her life at the French court.

[2] If she had been, as some suppose, in the service of the Duchess d'Alençon, the very person Wolsey wanted Henry to marry, she had doubtless heard much about the illegality of Henry's marriage.

[3] Sanders.

[4] There is an interesting letter written by Anne to her father when very young, (when seven years old according to Camden's calculation, who places her birth in 1507), in somewhat limping French, to say what pleasure it would give her to be introduced to the French queen, and to thus increase her fluency in French

among the little spaniels at court.[1] Her mother's father, the old Duke of Norfolk, was Lord Treasurer, the highest official at court; his son succeeded to the office, and Boleyn and his wife had 'bouche at court,'—that is, rooms and allowances whenever they attended.[2]

Boleyn has been strongly censured by some critics, but, in order to form a correct judgment of his conduct, we must consider his character and position. We know that he was an able man, and we believe he was a good one. He was a friend of Erasmus,[3] who wrote for him his 'Preparation for Death.' But he was in a situation of great temptation; and, being much occupied by business, was inclined to let his children follow their own inclinations, and probably was not sorry to see them favoured by the king. Notwithstanding his connection with the highest nobility and his moving in the inner court circle, he had but moderate wealth. He said that when he first married he could not command more than fifty pounds a year, and, although he afterwards inherited property, royal patronage and salaries from embassies were of great importance to him. Hever Castle, where he lived, about twenty-five miles south of Greenwich, was not

by conversation. Brewer thinks 'the French queen' (Mary) was then at Greenwich, but probably she was in Paris, just about to marry.

[1] No other dogs were allowed there.

[2] In the year 1530 Lord Rochford had a house in Greenwich, for which ten pounds a year was paid by the king.

[3] Perhaps this friendship led Erasmus to say about the divorce, 'I had rather that Jupiter had two Junos than deprive him of one.'

like one of the large castles of the nobility. It can be seen at the present day, with its low tower and gables, its tiny quadrangle and drowsy moat. Sheltering heights and slow meadow streams made the site picturesque, forming a not unsuitable cradle for fancy and romance.

Boleyn, being a man of secondary rank, and Henry's attentions placing Anne in false position, her enemies were tempted to spread scandalous reports about her character. It is uncertain how long Anne was at the French court; some say for six years, others for a much shorter period. It is said that she was appointed a maid of honour in 1522; at any rate, she was in the inner court circle. In this year we find her one of six ladies who, at a festival, had yellow satin dresses and 'cauls' of Venice gold.

We will now let fancy for a moment re-people Greenwich Palace—a long brick building, one storey high. We see Catherine seated in her large chamber, which is hung with pictured tapestries, and overlooks the river through mullioned windows. Here round the queen sit a lovely group of high-born maidens—English blondes and Spanish brunettes—in velvet attire, with skeins of gold and silk round their necks, the threads of which pass swiftly through their twinkling, jewelled fingers. Long breadths of needlework, stiff church embroideries, and flowing lengths of satin and crewel-work lie upon the floor, and upon the walls hang the harps and other musical instruments with which at times they cheer the melancholy queen. Days were coming when she might often say—

'Take thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing and disperse them—if thou canst.'

Among the maidens sits Anne Boleyn, thought of by all and thinking much, but outwardly a worker like the rest. Sometimes cards are played, and a story is told that one day, when Catherine and Anne were playing a game in which, when the king and queen met, they stopped, Anne by chance stopped at the king, and Catherine said, 'My Lady Anne, you have good hap to stop at a king, but you are not like others—you will have all or none.'

Catherine was kind to Anne. Perhaps the queen regarded her with pity at this time, as one of those passing favourites of Henry—soon to be forgotten. 'She was a patient Grissel, not showing any displeasure towards Anne, who attended her daily.' Anne returned this consideration, and Catherine always maintained her dignified demeanour, and, when one of her ladies gave relief to her feelings by cursing the 'concubine,' the queen administered a wholesome reproof.

In the year 1528 Anne comes prominently into view—thrown into relief, as it were, by the dark shadow passing over Greenwich. The terrible spectre, which has scourged England at intervals for seventy years—the sweating sickness—has laid hold of the royal precincts. Even some of the maids of honour, and the beloved Princess Mary herself, are seized. Henry, in his anxiety about Anne, had her removed into the grand gallery lately built in the tilt-yard. But, while he was preparing his will and confessing his sins, her brave little heart was not so

anxious about the fever as about the mission the king has sent to Rome; for, if the pope should refuse to inquire into Henry's marriage, her brow may never wear a crown.

Meanwhile Fox, the king's almoner, is posting along with the desired intelligence. He has landed late at night at Sandwich (May 2nd, 1828), then a port on the sea-side, and is spurring on as hard as he can go through Canterbury, Rochester, and Gravesend, complaining much that the king's commands in England cannot obtain as good horses as the pope's can in Italy. Owing to the delays, he did not arrive at Greenwich till five. Cardinal Wolsey had paid his regular Sunday visit, and left two hours before.

The king, as soon as he heard of his arrival, desired him to be shown into 'Mistress Anne's chamber,' who was the person most interested in his information. Fox was accordingly ushered into the grand gallery with its festive gilding and paintings. There stood the bright-eyed candidate for the crown, her young cheeks flushing with eager hope, as she greeted the travel-stained messenger. He did not delay to answer her eager inquiries, and as he told her of the activity of Gardiner and himself in her cause, and of the success which had been achieved, she gave way to her delight, called him 'Master Stevens,'[1] and promised a large recompense.

[1] Stephen Gardiner was the principal negotiator on this embassy. In his early life he was called Dr. Stevens, being a natural son of the Bishop of Salisbury, who was brother of the queen Elizabeth Woodville. Marriage was prohibited, but concubinage was tacitly allowed among the clergy.

Her joy was at the full when the king entered; perhaps he had not told the queen of the arrival. Anne now retired with natural delicacy, and left the king alone with his almoner. Henry bade him tell the result as succinctly as possible, which was, that the pope would send a commission to try the validity of Henry's marriage, and that he would abide by the finding of that commission. On hearing this Henry, with his usual exuberance, made 'marvellous demonstrations of joy and gladness,' knowing that the legates to be appointed, Wolsey and Campeggio, were under great obligations to him. The mere admission of a trial showed that the pope did not consider the dispensation unquestionable. He was in such a state of jubilation that he called Anne back that she might hear it all over again, and they might enjoy it together.

Fox took occasion not only to show the pope's good-will to the king in honourably entertaining his embassy, and giving them admission at all times to his presence, but also to enlarge on the influence of Wolsey, without whose recommendation nothing could have been effected. To magnify the cardinal, he added some other remarks which were not perhaps quite so welcome, namely, that the pope had previously heard quite a different story—that the king was merely inflamed by his passions—that Anne had yielded, and was in every way unworthy of a throne. But he continued that Wolsey had written otherwise, enlarging on 'her excellent virtuous qualities, her purity of life, constant virginity, maidenly and womanly pudicity, soberness, chasteness, meekness,

wisdom, humility, noble[1] and royal descent.' These representations having been made, the pope was willing that the question of the divorce should be discussed. Fox also assured the king that the pope had privately intimated that his opinion was in favour of the king's wishes. This interview was apparently of some duration; for Fox, though in great anxiety to see the cardinal, could not reach Durham House in London till ten at night.

As summer approached the sickness increased. The royal party rode off to Walthamstow and Hunsdon on the 16th of June.[2] Silence now reigns in the halls of Greenwich, voices are hushed, footfalls are noiseless. One might suppose that the plague had seized the place, coffins are carried out, and funeral processions with lighted tapers and chanting move day by day from various parts of the little town.

Within the tapestried chambers of the palace lie victims of disease. To be attacked was, in many cases, to die in a few hours. Notwithstanding the flight northwards, all the grooms of the chamber, with one exception, suffered. The young and joyous Compton, Henry's companion in feats and revels, was carried off.[3] Anne was left at Greenwich; the pesti-

[1] Boleyn was grandson of the Earl of Ormond, and son-in-law of the Earl of Surrey, who married Anne, daughter of Edward IV.

[2] Heneage writes: 'This day his highness, like a gracious prince, hath received his Maker at the Friars.' On Tuesday he removed to Waltham.

[3] Of forty thousand attacked in London with the disease, two thousand died; 'if a man put his hand out of bed during twenty-four hours it became as stiff as a pane of glass.' The Bishop of London ordered a general procession and prayers. We

lence did not even respect the favourite destined for the throne; her father was seized, her brother-in-law died, her maid died. Henry was in despair. He wrote her anxious letters, and sent his doctor to her aid. He recommended her to be sparing in wine and food, and to take the pills of Rasis once a week. All were rightly or wrongly placed on low diet by the physicians, and perhaps the advice was not superfluous in Anne's case, for she is said to have rejoiced in good living.[1] It was a great relief to the king when he could send to her the celebrated Dr. Butts, as the disease was most dangerous to the young. To expedite her recovery she removed to Hever, and a curious correspondence ensued between her and Henry. His letters remain, some written on his return to Greenwich. He calls her 'my darling,' and 'my darling friend,' and sometimes an antlered stag would arrive, with hopes that she would remember the hunter. Some allusions were not over-delicate, but the period was not refined. In a letter from Beaulieu he mingled a little science with his wooing, observing that, as the farther the sun is distant the longer is the day and the fiercer the heat, so it is with love. How she must have gazed upon and pondered over the costly bracelet he sent her, containing the portrait of one whom but a year ago she

find several notices at other times of the plague having spread to Greenwich.

[1] When Heneage was sent with a dish to Mistress Anne for her supper, she asked him to join her, and signified her wish that Wolsey should send her some good meat, as carp, shrimps, or such like.

regarded with distant reverence and loyalty. She was fairly bewildered; she knew not how to return to obscurity, or to expect such great promotion. She thought and thought as she paced her garden walk, and questioned the water-lilies for a reply. Autumn found her still undecided, and, thinking that her dreams might vanish like the golden leaves falling on the hills around her. She sought the solace of poetry, and opened her friend Wyatt's book. There she found her state of mind portrayed; and she sent Henry, in return for the bracelet, a trinket representing a little boat, in which a girl was being tossed about by stormy waves.

Should she go back to Greenwich? She knew the presumptuous character of Henry's attentions, and that Catherine's ladies had already spread reports against her fair fame. Sometimes she thought she would retire for ever from so painful a conflict, and pass a peaceful time with poetry and flowers. But in less philosophic moments she saw the crown of England, with all its sparkling jewels, within the reach of a Kentish maiden. Should she make room for some less scrupulous candidate? She knew that Catherine could not regain Henry's affection. Meanwhile her royal lover became more and more pressing; he galloped over the hills to her from Greenwich, and startled the silent neighbourhood with his sounding horn. He clasped her to his heart, and at last, in a weak moment, she resolved to brave the world, and go in for the great prize.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANNE INSTALLED AT GREENWICH—DELICATE RELATIONS BETWEEN HENRY AND CATHERINE—CRANMER—CAMPEGGIO—INTERVIEW WITH CATHERINE—MENDOZA—THE TRIAL.

DECEMBER had come, with its cold short days, before Anne returned to Greenwich. Henry welcomed her with open arms, and gave her beautifully-furnished rooms near his own—too near to be desirable. She was no longer now seen in the queen's work-room; she avoided her, and set up a sort of rival court, at which Du Bellay says she had more followers than had visited the queen for a long time. Many can always be found to worship the rising sun, and in this case there were a variety of inducements. Some of her adherents were men of pleasure, who were glad to have royal precedents for their peccadilloes; some wished to abolish religion, as its teachings were against their practice; some cast an envious eye at the large property of the Church, and longed to appropriate its rich acres. And there were others who had conscientious objections to the doctrines and despotism of the Pope of Rome. The severe Church party were in favour of Catherine, and

for this reason and her own gay inclinations Anne became a Reformer, and her family followed the lead.

Wolsey at first rather encouraged Henry's passion for Anne, when he thought she would be treated like the other favourites of an hour. Shakespeare goes so far as to introduce Anne to Henry at an entertainment at the cardinal's.

KING. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?
CHAM. An't please your grace Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
KING. By heaven she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
'Twere unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you![1] A health, gentlemen.
Let it go round.

Meanwhile a strange comedy was being enacted at Greenwich. The king and queen were nominally one, but essentially two. They occupied the same bedchamber, and sat at the same table; but Henry was distant and cold towards Catherine. They concealed their feelings admirably. She talked of his 'conscience' and 'holy doubts' about his marriage, and he praised her as the most virtuous and best of wives. They acted their parts to the life, and as became their dignity, but must have been at times, like the augers of old, sorely tempted to laugh in each other's faces. Perhaps they were more inclined to frown. This farce had now been performed for two years at least.

[1] A kiss was anciently the fee for a lady-partner. Shakespeare represents Lord Sands as having kissed Anne just before. This introduction is a dramatic expedient, Henry having known Anne previously.

In consequence of the sweating sickness lately mentioned, or more probably the year after, Fox and Gardiner went to Waltham, and there accidentally met Cranmer at supper—he was tutor to the host's sons. The conversation turning on the much discussed subject of the divorce, Cranmer said that in his opinion no divorce at all was necessary, as no marriage had really taken place; the universities should be consulted. This seemed to be a new and simple view, and Fox and Gardiner brought it before the king. Nothing, of course, could be more welcome to his grace. Married twenty years, and yet a bachelor! Henry was delighted. 'He has got the right sow by the ear!' he exclaimed, in ecstasies. Cranmer was summoned to Greenwich, where he became chaplain to Boleyn, and was afterwards constantly in attendance.

(Cranmer's own matrimonial example was severely commented upon by his enemies. When quite young he married a waitress at Cambridge, and after her death took orders and married again. Marriages of ecclesiastical persons were at that time regarded with disfavour even by the Reformers, and the Romanists called them 'incestuous.' Harpsfield says that Cranmer 'kept his woman very close, and sometimes carried her about with him in a great chest, full of holes, that his pretty nobsey might take breath at.' He adds that when the palace at Canterbury was on fire, Cranmer made a great stir to have this chest saved, saying that all his deeds and writings were in it. It was also said that the archbishop not being careful to have his baggage marked

'This side up,' on one occasion the porters put down the box on the wrong end, and were startled to hear faint cries issuing from it.[1] Sanders spices Cranmer's history by saying that Henry sent across to him at a bear-baiting, and told him that he appointed him Archbishop of Canterbury. If the intimation was given on such an occasion, it might have been at Greenwich, where on the east of the hospital, by the tilting ground, there is still Bear Lane.[2])

Campeggio was soon ready to start for England. He was Governor of Rome, and had lately been plundered when the Imperial troops took that city. No doubt he was indifferently equipped, but nevertheless he was received with great consideration when passing through France, and, on his entrance into Paris, Francis I. went out and stood bare-headed before him.

Many good things had fallen to the lot of Campeggio; his cup had been kept tolerably full; he had even been married.[3] But he paid the penalty for his prosperity; he was afflicted with that unpoetical disease, the gout. He was so ill with it when he arrived in London, that he was at first unable either to walk

[1] We may remember that the nun Luther married was brought to him in a barrel.

[2] The great Bear House was in Southwark.

[3] To a daughter of Louise Vastavillany.

Campeggio brought his son with him, whom Henry knighted. Legrand says that Campeggio's wife died before he became an ecclesiastic, and left him three sons and two daughters; the eldest became Bishop of Boulogne and a cardinal, the second (whom Henry knighted) was a soldier, and died in the service of the Republic of Venice; the third became a rich man. Campeggio held many high offices, and presided at the Council of Trent.

or ride. When he improved, the king came to town to receive him, and the representative of the Pope made an undignified entrance into the royal presence, as he had to be borne in a chair.

Two days afterwards (October 24, 1528), he went according to the king's wish to see Catherine, at Greenwich. The two cardinals in their crimson robes proceeded in Wolsey's grand barge with their insignia, and were received by the lords-in-waiting, and conducted to the presence of the queen. The disembarkation must have been a remarkable sight, as Campeggio was carried by four men in the grand crimson velvet chair provided for him at a cost of £15. He says that he was all the time suffering agonies in his knee. After formal greetings, he delivered a speech to the queen, which, being in Latin, she probably did not understand as well as she desired. Wolsey followed in English. The cardinals wished to propose her retirement to a convent, but kept mostly to generalities, and merely went so far as to suggest that the queen could, if she pleased, put an end to a very unpleasant controversy. The queen was alone, but she was guarded in her language, and would not commit herself to any concession, but said she heard they wanted her to enter a convent. At the mention of the word, Campeggio became eloquent, told her the king would provide handsomely for her, and give her the guardianship of the princess. He added the consolatory reflection that she would not lose the king's love, as that she had lost already, but that by opposition she might imperil all. They were altogether two hours conversing with her. Fin-

ally she replied that she stood there a foreigner without a friend, that she could give no answer until she had consulted with the counsellors the king would allow her, and that she would give the cardinals another audience.

Accordingly on October 27, the cardinals again took an aquatic excursion to Greenwich with the same ceremony, and were again ushered into the queen's presence. She was reserved and distant, but courteous. Behind her stood her counsellors, some of the foremost men of the day. Among them were the aged Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, longing for rest from all earthly conflicts; Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, the keen and powerful disputant; Standish, Bishop of St. Asaph's, an eminent Franciscan, and a doctor of both universities; Vives, the great Spanish scholar; Ridley, a little man, but a great divine; and an advocate from Flanders.

Campeggio again inflicted a Latin speech, and Wolsey followed in the vulgar tongue, making it more evident than before that they wished the queen to remove voluntarily out of Henry's way, and to retreat to some secluded spot where she could live 'a chaste life in tranquillity of mind.' He spoke at great length, for he and the Pope really wished to escape from the unpleasant business of deciding between a king and queen. Wolsey finished his impassioned appeal by falling upon his knees, and supplicating her—a feat which Campeggio, owing to his gout, was not able to accomplish. The queen replied that she would do nothing against God's laws, and would again consult her council, and give an answer.

Campeggio thought she seemed haughty and not inclined to comply.

The trial did not commence till May 31st, and a spectacle was presented in every sense imposing. Campeggio could not decide against the king, who was practically despotic, that would only be an exhibition of impotence; nor could he go against Catherine, the niece of the emperor, for that would endanger the Pope and depreciate the value of papal dispensations. But when procrastination could proceed no further the court was opened with great pomp and ceremony. The hall of the Blackfriars monastery was gorgeously decorated. At its head thrones, covered with cloth of gold, were placed for the cardinals; two others stood under canopies, on the right and left side, for the king and queen, and the hall was filled with the nobles of the land. The first day was merely one of formal inauguration, and business was adjourned till June 21st.

But Henry had been so disheartened at the 'law's delays,' that he was thankful for small mercies, and at the rising of the court went off in high delight, and rowed down with some kindred spirits to make merry over it with Anne Boleyn at Greenwich. The queen seems to have followed some days later, and on June 26th a pretentious scroll of parchment was placed upon the table of her dining-chamber at Greenwich—a citation to appear at Blackfriars before the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio.

Notwithstanding his love-making, Henry was by no means on a bed of roses. His proceedings with regard to Catherine were of course highly distasteful

to her nephew the emperor, as was also the alliance he had lately made with France. Mendoza, a Spanish grandee and cardinal, was at this time representing the emperor in England, and on the morning of June 29th he waited for and accosted the king as he was going to mass at his private chapel in Greenwich Palace. Spain was then the leading country in Europe, a land of old renown, and the cardinal was not overawed by Henry and his upstart magnificence. He relates that he raised his voice on this occasion, and spoke to the king in so loud a tone that none of those present could fail to hear every word. What he said does not appear, but he offered peace upon certain stated terms.

Henry did not seem to resent this open affront. On the contrary, he ordered those present to retire, and, leading Mendoza to a window, proposed a general peace—*i.e.*, one which would include France. Mendoza replied that he could not consider that. After dinner, Henry took Mendoza apart, and said he had consulted with Cardinal Wolsey, and that he felt aggrieved that the emperor would not make peace with France, and that he interfered with 'his matter of conscience' at Rome. Mendoza replied that the emperor had done all he could to relieve Henry's conscience, and had with that view given Catherine a council of the most learned men in his country, waiving the right he had to their services. Henry answered that he did not need those counsellors. Mendoza said that Charles was merely acting from love of Henry. Upon which Henry lost his temper, and replied wrathfully that he wished the

emperor to know that the more he defended the queen, the worse it would be for her. Mendoza returned that Charles would not abandon his aunt's defence, even if she desired it, and that she did not deserve to be ill-treated on that account, for it was not in her power to control his action. The king then departed to consult the Duke of Norfolk and others; and sent for Mendoza into his chamber, and said that, as he had accepted the amity of the French king, he must refuse that of the emperor, but was willing to treat for a general peace. Mendoza thereupon requested his dismissal. Henry granted it reluctantly, and retired to his chamber, much dissatisfied with the result of the conflict.

When the court re-opened, the king and queen were formally summoned. There is good reason for believing that they personally came into the court, and that the touching scene related by Shakespeare took place—that Catherine, on being called, rose from her place, crossed the court, and threw herself at Henry's feet, beseeching him to stay the proceedings and acknowledge her to be his lawful wife. Finding this weak expedient unsuccessful, she turned and walked slowly out of the court, into which no exertion of the crier could induce her to return. The case then proceeded for many days in dreary and melancholy stages, enlivened only by one or two vehement protestations from Fisher. With regard to one portion of the evidence, Wolsey said that no one could know the truth.

'Yes,' called out Fisher, fiercely, in broad Yorkshire. 'I know the truth.'

'And how,' demanded the cardinal, suavely, 'can you know the truth better than anyone else?'

'Because, my lord,' persisted Fisher, 'I am a professor of the truth, and therefore know it. I know that God is truth itself, and never said anything but truth; and He said, "Those whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."'

At the fifth audience Fisher declared that the marriage could not be dissolved, and that in maintenance of that opinion he was ready to lay down his life, as John the Baptist did, in testifying to the truth. Standish and Ridley followed on the same side. Henry was so incensed that, being fond of his pen, he wrote a scurrilous reply to Fisher, containing some curious inaccuracies.[1]

Just before the conclusion of the trial, Henry sent Wolsey, much against the cardinal's will, to ask the queen to leave everything in his hands.[2] No doubt he began to think that the court would not decide in his favour. Catherine felt reassured by Henry's misgivings, and replied to the cardinal that she would maintain her rights as Henry's wedded wife.

This is the scene depicted by Shakespeare. The

[1] By a remarkable coincidence, soon after Fisher had taken a firm position against the divorce, several persons in his palace were poisoned, and in consequence of this an act was passed that anyone guilty of poisoning should be boiled to death, and one Roose suffered accordingly. Fisher's allusion to the Baptist seemed prophetic, for, on the Pope's sending him a cardinal's hat, Henry exclaimed, 'Then, by the mass, he shall wear it on his shoulders,' and had him beheaded.

[2] Henry sent Sir Thomas Boleyn to him, to request he would intercede.

queen came into the audience-chamber with a skein of red silk round her neck, showing that she was employed at work with her maidens, and implying that she did not wish to be disturbed about legal and theological controversies.

When, at the end of July, 1532, Campeggio announced, with his usual procrastination, that further proceedings must be adjourned until October, Henry's wrath knew no bounds. Suffolk, perceiving it, marched up to the table in front of the magnificent cardinals, and with characteristic violence banged it with his fist, saying,

'By the mass, the old saw is true, "never legate nor cardinal did good in England."'

This Olympian thunder seemed to overpower Wolsey, who began to exculpate himself, and to remind Suffolk that he had once saved his life.[1] Henry with heated brow sought the cool margin of the river, and entered his barge with Norfolk, Suffolk, and Rochford, hurrying to tell Anne of his disappointment, and to receive comfort from her sympathy and caresses.

'The palace' mentioned by Shakespeare in the scenes in his first act is evidently that at Greenwich. Lord Sands says, 'My barge waits' to convey the Lord Chamberlain to the entertainment at York Place. It was from Greenwich that Henry went, on one occasion, in disguise to the cardinal's. The last scene is also laid at Greenwich.

[1] When Henry was incensed about Suffolk's marrying Mary.

CHAPTER XV.

CAMPEGGIO LEAVES ENGLAND—WOLSEY IN DISGRACE—HIS FALL AND DEATH—DR. CROME—THE PALACE GARDENS.

PASSIONATE natures seek in pleasure a compensation from disappointment. Henry's anger soon took a practical turn, and he resolved to defy his opponents and gratify his fancies in a marked manner. Catherine, the cause of his displeasure, was ordered to leave the court. A melancholy vision now rises before us of the dejected, broken-hearted queen departing from the palace, accompanied by the few followers who kept with her to their disadvantage. We can scarcely realise the feelings of an ordinary woman driven from her home by a long-loved husband, but how can we imagine those of a queen? Perhaps the bitterest pang came from the thought that she was supplanted by another. On one occasion she opened her heart in her own native language to Vives, the Spaniard, lamenting deeply that the man she loved more than herself should be alienated from her, and think of another marriage. The scholar merely replied, 'That God thus exercised those who were most dear to Him.'

A few days afterwards, early in August, Greenwich presents a different scene. Henry is going with Anne on a round of visits to the royal parks and forests for stag-hunting, and passes out of the palace with a gay and jocund cavalcade. Among those who rode forth, we may place Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, who, as he opposed the emperor and the Spanish party, was a great favourite with Anne.[1] He mentions in one of his letters how, in merry mischief, she dressed him up in huntsman's hat and coat, gave him a cross-bow, horn, and led greyhound, and took him with her to stations where they might let fly at the deer as they were driven past.[2]

Certainly this association of Anne with the king was most compromising, and might, and did, cause grave misconstruction. But what could she do? A refusal, with Henry in his present mood, might lead to open rejection, and the loss of the throne. She consented—it was only one step more to assume royal state; and we read that at Grafton, this Sep-

[1] He was much at Greenwich. Some of his despatches are dated from the palace there. A present of falcons was sent with him to Henry, who, he says, in one letter, is anxious to show them to the 'ladies,' *i.e.*, those of Anne's following. Among the sports at Greenwich we read of hunting the fish and tennis playing. Du Bellay says no one but God could separate Henry from Anne—he was so fond of her. Chapuys, who thinks everything bad of Anne, writes, during another hunting tour in 1531, 'The wench has miscarried.'

[2] The emperor was trying to thwart Henry, and had sent Gonsalo de Puebla to Munster in 1528, to negociate with Desmond and the Irish malcontents.

tember, she kept a court more like a queen than a simple maid.[1]

Henry's anger at the adjournment exhibited itself in various ways. Campeggio was dismissed, and, before he could cross the Channel, his baggage was seized and opened, ostensibly to see whether he was purloining any of Wolsey's treasures, but really to search for some love-letters from Henry to Anne, which had mysteriously disappeared. But after stirring up the old boots and stockings—which seem always to have accompanied Campeggio's travels—not a scrap of the letters could be found—for the good reason that Campeggio had sent them on before to the Vatican, where they were safely preserved. It is evident that a considerable amount of back-door work went on at Greenwich, and that the foreign ambassadors employed spies and eavesdroppers, from whom they obtained information about the king's private affairs.

Wolsey also fell into disgrace, though he had been the bosom friend of Henry, who had last year signed over to him in this very palace a large amount of property. He had offended the king about the great convent at Wilton. One of the most pleasing traits in Henry's character was his anxiety that other people should not be so bad as himself. Though a reckless gambler,[2] he forbade his gentlemen-of-the-

[1] At this time we find she began to draw upon Henry's purse, but we may feel sure that, had she not continued virtuous, such a man as Henry would not have married her.

[2] He lost in three years at cards, dice, tennis, backgammon, and shovel-board, £3,243.

chamber to play chess, cards, or shovel-board, except for moderate stakes, and seems to have prohibited dice altogether. For the public he was more considerate, and issued a proclamation in 1526 forbidding cards and bowls. Though he spent his evenings in 'disguisings,' a statute was passed in his third year that anyone who had a mask in his house should be liable to a heavy fine.

So, when rumours became rife that the nuns of Wilton were not spiritually minded, his pious horror knew no bounds, and he censured Wolsey for appointing a gay sister to be abbess. No sooner did the cardinal's enemies see that the current of the king's favour was changing than they redoubled their charges against him, and especially accused him of accumulating wealth—well knowing the kind of motives by which Henry would be influenced.

The temptation proved too great, and so an old weapon was furbished up out of the legal armoury, and Wolsey was accused of conferring patronage in England as papal legate. Henry's father had set an example of rigidly enforcing the law, when it could be made profitable.[1]

Wolsey's great possessions were confiscated to the Crown, and, by a refinement of cruelty, he was forced to make out an inventory of his goods in his own hand-writing. Henry now came to Greenwich with

[1] On one occasion the Earl of Oxford entertained Henry VII. with great magnificence, and dressed up his retainers in livery. When Henry was leaving, he observed these men, and asked if they were servants. Being answered in the negative, he said the law must be obeyed, and had him fined heavily.

Anne and her mother,[1] and went up to York Place to see the spoil. Great as were his expectations, they were amazed at the reality—the piles of gold and silver plate, the gorgeous church vestments, the hangings of cloth of gold. We have a curious description of the tapestries, and the scriptural and other representations upon them. The ladies, probably, could only enjoy Henry's description, and the sight of some of the plate sent to Greenwich,[2] for it is supposed that Anne was so unpopular that she was afraid to approach nearer London. Chapuys, the imperial ambassador and spy, says that the king returned to Greenwich *secretly* to see the cardinal's treasures, and took with him his darling, her mother, and a gentleman of the Chamber (Norreys). In the same letter (October 25th, 1529) he records an interview he had just had with Henry. He was informed that the king would be at Greenwich on Saturday, and that he was to go to see him. A civil gentleman, Poller, (Bullen?) was sent by the king to conduct him. There he found the Bishop of London, who led him to the king's ante-chamber, where the Court was assembled, and he was received by two dukes and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

'The king on going to mass came directly to me,

[1] Step-mother (?).

[2] A considerable amount of plate was sent to Greenwich—basins, cups, salts, pots, spoons, and flagons—also some chapel plate. Wolsey had rich tapestries at York Place—among them the Prodigal Son feeding among swine, and sitting at dinner with his father; Job sitting on a dung-hill, and at dinner with his eldest son. The copes made for Oxford and Ipswich were especially fine.

and, taking me by the sleeve, said, with the utmost graciousness, "You have news from my brother, the emperor." I then presented your letters. On his return from mass he resumed the conversation. As to resisting the Turks, he said this was principally your affair, and that while the Turk was in Austria you should not be making other wars. Not a word was said about the queen.'

After the termination of the trial, Henry seldom stayed with the queen at Greenwich. He occasionally went in his barge to pay her visits of ceremony.

The comic and pathetic are strangely commingled in Wolsey's departure to Esher,[1] after resigning to the king all his large possessions.[2] Henry seems to have really felt some reproaches of conscience, and as the fallen favourite was riding sadly on his mule up Putney Hill, a messenger—Norreys—met him, who assured him that he would be restored again, and presented him with a torquoise ring, which the king had sent as a token of his good-will. Wolsey was transported with delight; he dismounted from his beast, tore off his cap, and even knelt down in the mud to offer thanksgivings to heaven. He then presented Norreys with a chain of gold, containing a piece of the true cross; and, not knowing how to express his gratitude to the king, he determined, after some consideration, to send him a

[1] He had a palace at Esher belonging to the Bishopric of Winchester.

[2] Valued at 500,000 crowns. The charge against him was that he had conferred benefices in England as a Roman legate, and it was added that he had given several to his natural son.

present of—his fool. The man must have been a real fool, for he objected to the change of masters, and struggled so violently that six stout yeomen were put into requisition to carry this unwilling present to the king.[1]

When the cardinal arrived at Esher, he and his people had to remain three or four weeks without beds, sheets, table-cloths, or dishes. Nor had he any money, though food was provided for him. Under these altered circumstances he found it necessary to address his attendants, and we are told that as he did so his tears began to flow, and, the sorrow proving infectious, *all his servants wept also.* This seems to speak well for his treatment of them. He told them that he was sorry he had not done formerly more for them, but that now he had nothing but the clothes on his back, which, if they wished, he was willing to divide among them. Considering what their duties had been, they were only fit for a royal household. He recommended them to take a holiday, and hoped better times might dawn. At Cromwell's suggestion, the chaplains appointed by Wolsey subscribed a small sum for their benefit.

There is something painfully obscure about the death of Wolsey. He became seriously ill when on the road to London after his arrest. We are told that he sent for an apothecary, who gave him a white powder; he became worse instead of better, and expired a few days afterwards. Perhaps, being thoroughly heart-broken, he put an end to himself.

[1] It is said that the king also sent Sir John Russell one night to him secretly to comfort him.

We may observe that Cardinal Wolsey had a considerable knowledge of medicine. Henry was also fond of the healing art, and conferred a benefit on the country when, in 1518, he founded, upon the suggestion of Wolsey, the College of Physicians. He did a little quackery himself. We have found him prescribing for Anne Boleyn, and there is among the Sloane MSS. a curious work written by him on 'Plaisters.' Some of the ingredients in these royal cataplasms are remarkable—'long wormes slit and washed in white wine,' and powder of damask roses, oil of rose, mallows, dragon's blood, and flowers of pomegranates. Here we have 'an ointment devised by the king's majesty at Greenwich to coole and lett inflammations, and to take away ytche.' The ingredients are to be powdered, to be mixed up with the fat of capons, and 'boiled over a soft fire—evermore stirring it—or beat them in a mortar with the water of hawthorn flowers, camomile flowers, violet flowers, white lily flowers, bean flowers, and succus of red roses and lemons.'

Henry was zealous in the cause of the Reformation, so far as it enabled him to divorce his wife, and appropriate the revenues of convents; but he desired little beyond the assertion of his own supremacy in these matters. So when in 1530, one Dr. Crome,[1] parson of St. Mary's, Aldermary, preached against purgatory, prayers to saints, seven sacraments, and

[1] Crome seems to have been a leading man. He and Latimer were among those appointed in May, 1530, by the vice-chancellor of Cambridge, to meet a like number from Oxford to examine certain books containing 'erroneous and pestiferous' matter.

Romish doctrines generally, Henry professed himself scandalized, and the offender was tried before the bishops and the king. Crome, who was one of the many bending willows of the time, replied that he entirely agreed with the views of the bishops, and that the mistake was that of his hearers, who misunderstood him. Fourteen articles of the orthodox faith were accordingly drawn up to which he gave his assent. His party were somewhat puzzled at his action, and some said he had abjured; others that he was perjured. But he succeeded in gaining Henry's approval, who was so much pleased at the example set by him, that he afterwards proposed to make him Dean of Canterbury. Gradually, however, Crome forgot the danger he had escaped, and, being irritated at the enactment of the 'bloody' six articles, preached a strong sermon in his old vein at Mercers' Chapel.

He had promised not to offend in this way, and was brought before Gardiner and the council, to whom he answered 'with great asseveration that he had fulfilled his promise, and laid his hand on his breast, and said he ought to be commended.' But Bonner thought not, and refuted this statement to his plain confusion. He was accordingly ordered to make his professions clear to the people at Paul's Cross next Sunday, and said he would comply. But when the terrors of the council-chamber were removed, and he found himself once more a free man, face to face with a large, sympathising congregation, he forgot his undertaking, and fell into the old groove, saying that 'the Bishop of Rome, begging in his primacy, pardons, purgatory, Peter's pence, feigned religion, foundations of monas-

teries and chantries, is a bold, valiant, sturdy beggar.' At the end of his discourse he made some lame attempts to reconcile his statement with Roman doctrines.

Gardiner was not at all satisfied with this, and Crome had to appear again before Bonner, Gardiner, Ridley, and others of the privy council at Greenwich the 10th of May, 1546, where he had recourse to his old subterfuge. He seems to have been at heart a Protestant, but had no desire to be a martyr, and he now faithfully promised to eat his words at Paul's Cross. Next Sunday Gardiner and others were present to see that he complied.

The action taken against Crome was naturally distasteful to the Protestants, and we read that a 'lewd bill' was posted on a church door in London against his accusers, and that Latimer, the Vicar of St. Bride's, 'comforted Crome in his folye.' Accordingly, on the 13th of May, Latimer himself was brought before the council at Greenwich, charged with having advised Crome to break his promise. Latimer confessed he had been in company with Crome, who had said something 'about recanting or not recanting,' but Latimer's evidence was so vacillating that they put him on oath, and finally set him down to answer some interrogatories in a private room. When he had answered two or three, he said that he wished to speak to the council again, and, being admitted, maintained that it was dangerous to answer such questions, and he doubted if the king wished him to be so examined. He might as well live under the Turk as be so treated. At last he consented to an-

swer the interrogations, but the council found that he managed to reply in such a way that they were as wise as they were before. In their letter to the king's secretary they say that this night (14th May) they would know thoroughly, for my lord Bishop of Worcester and the rest of the doctors would talk frankly with him, and 'fyshe out the botom of his stomak.'

In the year 1531 the prior of the Carthusian House of Jesus of Bethlehem at Shene (Richmond) gave the king the manors of Lewisham and East Greenwich in exchange for lands, some of which lately belonged to Cardinal's College (Christ Church). Henry now gave Anne a farm at Greenwich of the yearly value of £66.

We have already noted that there was a garden at Greenwich Friary, and we also read that there was a large and small garden at the palace. The ornaments in the gardens of those days were chiefly architectural, consisting of fountains and other conceits. Floriculture was in its infancy, and could not boast of the splendid colours and forms in which it has since triumphed. The flowers were nearly all indigenous, but, though somewhat pale, were sufficiently graceful. There were roses, primroses, violets, hawthorns, columbines, daffodils, and *gilly-flowers*, *i.e.*, scented flowers, such as pinks and wall-flowers.[1]

[1] Branches of rosemary spangled with gold were sometimes brought as presents to the palace, hence it would seem that the plant was rare, but grown here before 1548, the date usually fixed. There seems to have been a fine garden at Beaulieu that once belonged to the convent. In '32 we find roots and herbs sent

Even our 'old-fashioned flowers' were then unknown.

In 1519 Sir William Compton was made keeper of the manor of Plesaunce at Greenwich, with the gardens, orchard, park, and tower. In 1526 William Carey, Anne Boleyn's brother-in-law, succeeded, and in 1528 William Norreys received the appointment, and then we find the great and little gardens mentioned. We read of diggers and weeders in the gardens, and the gardener had £20 a year, while the one at Windsor received only £4. As the neighbourhood had been well-wooded in ancient times, we may consider Greenwich Park as adorned with much fine timber, and picture to ourselves groups of antlered stags reclining under aged oaks. Bryan stocked the park in 1519 with fifty live deer, and again the following year with sixty brought from Rayleigh Park in Essex. It must have been well fenced round at this time,[1] and it contained many hawthorns, which have since disappeared.

In 1529 Norreys had a grant of three tenements in 'le West-end Greenwich, Kent, near the dock at Billingsgate in Greenwich.' There is a curious letter extant from one Walter Willcokkes (in 1534) to Cromwell. He says that he has maintained a dock between Rotherhithe and Greenwich, in which two

from 'Beaulieu to Greenwich,' and also 'archecokkes.' Horticulture was first introduced by monks. Apples were called costards. We often find in the accounts of the household at this time 'Costard-monger,'—that is apple-monger, our costermonger.

[1] There seems to have been a good quantity of game about the place. In 1597 we read of hares, and of pheasants, partridges, herons, and other wild birds in Greenwich Manor.

of the king's ships have lain for two years, without his receiving any payment. Cromwell seems to have thought of paying by creating him a knight, but he begs to be excused, as the fees demanded from obtaining such an honour would plunge him into still greater embarrassment.

Greenwich was in early days connected with the navy, and Henry increased the fleet to fifty-eight ships. Of those belonging to Greenwich we read of the *George*, the *Christopher*, and the *Mary*—no doubt there were many others. Henry's great fantastical *Henry Grace à Dieu* was built at Woolwich or Erith.[1] This ship had four masts, but before Henry's time no English ship had more than one.

[1] Sir Thomas Spert, the commander of this large ship (one thousand tons) was the first Master of the 'Guild and Fraternity of the Most Glorious and Undivided Trinity,' founded by Henry VIII. at Deptford, for the improvement of navigation—now our Trinity House. The arsenal and naval storehouse at Deptford was also established early in this reign.

CHAPTER XVI.

STATESMEN AT GREENWICH—CHAPUYS—DEPUTATION TO CATHERINE—HER REPLY—HER POPULARITY—AUDLEY CHANCELLOR.

As the shade of the great cardinal fades out of the halls of Greenwich, other figures become more distinct. Death moves about in robes of state—for More and Cromwell the axe is preparing, for Cranmer the chariot of fire.

More succeeded Wolsey as chancellor. The seals of office having been given up by the latter in the gallery of his house at Westminster to the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, were delivered by the king on the 25th October, 1529, to Sir Thomas More in the king's privy chamber at Greenwich, in presence of Henry Norreys and Hales, the attorney-general.

Old Warham, after building the palace at Knowle, which still remains for our admiration, died in 1532 peaceably, and not according to Cromwell's wishes, who said that, if the king would follow his advice, he 'should be hung so high that he might bless the people with his heels.' Cranmer was now made Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cromwell was a blacksmith's son, began life as a

barber, and was as mean in conduct as he was low in origin. First a creature of Wolsey's,[1] and afterwards of Henry's, he was one of those pillars of clay by which the Reformation was originally supported.

We have already mentioned Stephen Gardiner, who was destined to be so fierce a firebrand in Mary's reign. He was now one of the king's chief secretaries, and had just been brow-beating the Pope on Anne's behalf. In his earlier career he had been master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and our attention is first called to him by a letter of Erasmus, who praises his skill in the peaceful occupation of mixing salads in Paris, and characteristically finishes with a pun, telling him to remember his name, and to strive after the *wreath* of eternal reward. In 1531 he was made Bishop of Winchester, and was offended that Cranmer was preferred before him to the Archbishopric, but supported Henry in the matter of the supremacy.

Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, and his wife had rooms at Greenwich Palace when they went to Court. This 'grim ferryman' was intimate with Henry, and always ready to do his work, but his presence must have sometimes sent a shiver through the courtiers in those days, as their heads were not very safe upon their shoulders. We may suppose that he was very stern of mood and aspect—no other kind of man would have held such an odious office. When Wolsey heard that Kingston had come for him, his heart sank within him; he thought it his death-warrant, and died shortly afterwards.

[1] Much employed by Wolsey in the foundation of Christ-Church.

Though Henry's bosom-friend thus expired in November, Christmas was kept with great triumph immediately afterwards at Greenwich. Probably this outward exhibition was made to dull all feeling, and to put on a good appearance before the world. Catherine steeled herself for the effort, and presided, and, the more hollow the show, the more noise it made. On Twelfth Night there were interludes, rich masques, and disports. The queen was certainly delighted to find that no decision had been given in favour of the divorce, and, to show her joy and to try to please Henry, became more cheerful, and told her lords and ladies to be merry. But the chief sympathy she obtained was from the common people, then of little account, who cheered lustily whenever she appeared, and to whom she bowed and smiled profusely, to Henry's infinite disgust.

The French ambassadors were now constantly at court; the emperor was out of favour. Chapuys, a clever Savoyard, had been sent to represent the latter, and from his dispatches we learn what was progressing. On Sunday, January 8th, 1531, he went to the king after dinner (two o'clock) to present letters from the Low Countries about the 'exequies of Madame.'[1]

He found the Duke of Norfolk at table with the French ambassadors, the Earl of Wiltshire, and some others. 'On my entry the duke and earl rose and talked with me, and immediately afterwards the

[1] Obsequies of Margaret of Savoy, aunt of the emperor.

treasurer and chief secretary (Gardiner) came. The French, either from being left alone, or having received a hint, retired to their chamber. The duke and the others expressed great pleasure at my coming, and asked why I had not passed the holidays there. Meanwhile the king, having dined with the queen, retired into his chamber, whither the duke conducted me.'

He had a long conversation with Henry about the invasion of the Turks, Luther, Germany, &c. Chapuys avoided the subject of the divorce. Afterwards he was allowed to speak with the queen.[1]

The affront offered to the Pope's legate was soon followed by a summons to Henry to appear in person and have his case decided in Rome. The king was indignant at this, and the citation was not pressed until the spring of 1531, when it was renewed. How should the king act? To refuse or accept, was alike impolitic, for the Pope was really moved by the influence of Catherine and the emperor. In this difficulty Henry bethought him that his best plan would be to try to make Catherine withdraw her claims and submit.

Accordingly in this year, on the last day of May, the merry month in which she had often received Henry and his flower-decked followers, he sent a deputation of lords (spiritual and temporal), including Cranmer and Norfolk, to the queen's chamber at Greenwich to try to get rid of her. They declared to her the determination of the universities (which had been con-

[1] State papers.

sulted at Cranmer's suggestion), and proposed that the case should be placed in the hands of eight arbitrators, four temporal and four spiritual lords.

The queen refused this proposition, saying that her father, King Fernando, had made all proper inquiries before the marriage, and that, had there been any doubt about its validity, he would never have disbursed so large an amount of treasure with her. 'As for the quietness of the king's conscience, I pray God to send his grace a quiet conscience, and this shall be your answer, that I am his lawful wife, and so will remain till the court of Rome decide otherwise.'

Renewed pressure from Rome made Henry more indignant, and he went so far as to say that, if the Pope did him injustice, he would proceed with France in arms to Rome. He now sent a larger company of nobles to overawe Catherine. They arrived at Greenwich on June 6th, 1531. The queen was advertised in the evening of the coming of the deputation, and on Wednesday morning, 'being deprived of all other communication, like a virtuous princess, she had recourse to the truest counsel, and had various masses of the Holy Ghost celebrated to enlighten her path, and make a true answer for the salvation of her soul and the repose of Christendom.'

About eight or nine at night, as she was retiring to rest, they came; the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the young marquis (Exeter), the Earls Talbot, Northumberland, Wiltshire (Boleyn), and many others, more than thirty in number, accompanied by the Bishops of Lincoln and London, Drs. Lee, Sampson, and Gardiner, Chief Secretary.

On being ushered into her presence, the Duke of Norfolk commenced by informing her that they had come in such numbers to show her that the king was much displeased that, through her, he had been summoned to appear at Rome. He said that she should be content if judges and a place of judgment were chosen which should be above suspicion.

The queen replied that she had no wish that any injustice should be done, but as to electing any other judge than the Pope, it was no use to speak of it, for she would never consent. The king had first applied to the Pope, and she wished the case to be settled by him. As to favours received from the king, she acknowledged them, both for herself and in the name of the emperor. The Pope, she added, was the only true sovereign and vicar of God, who had power to judge in spiritual matters, of which marriage was one.

At the end of this Dr. Lee broke in, saying that she must know her marriage was incestuous, and that the doctors and universities had so declared it. The queen replied that he said that more to obtain favour than from a love of truth. She denied that she had been in every sense Arthur's wife—a disagreeable subject for a woman to have to touch upon before such an assembly. Dr. Sampson then said it was great pertinacity of the queen to insist that the case should be tried at Rome, where the bias would be against the king, when the best expedient would be to select arbitrators as proposed. The queen replied,

'Dean, if you had experienced some of the bitter

days and nights I have endured since the commencement of this sad affair, you would not so carelessly accuse me of pertinacity.'

The Bishop of Lincoln then referred emphatically to the marriage with Arthur, saying, moreover, that she had always lived in concubinage with the king. The queen replied that, although she loved the king as much as any woman could love her husband—and he was a hundred thousand times superior to her—nevertheless, she would never have lived with him against the voice of her conscience, but that she knew well she was his lawful wife. Gardiner then attacked her, and she told him that, if he had any legal matters to bring forward, he had better go and ventilate them at Rome.

She said, finally, that she was astonished how so many grand personages, 'who could appal the world, had come to take her by surprise and without counsel.' The duke told her she had the best counsel—Warham, and the Bishops of Durham and Rochester. She replied that they were poor counsellors—the two former seemed to recommend submission, and Fisher only told her to keep up her courage—they were useless. She added that the king did not originally object to being cited to Rome; but Wiltshire interposed, and said that what the king objected to was being summoned to appear in person. The queen answered that she had not procured any such citation, but, if it was necessary, the law must take its course. Norfolk and Wiltshire at last said, somewhat baffled, that they were not promoters of this movement, and so left without another word. The

Bishop of London was much urged to speak, but when he heard the queen's answers remained silent. Most of them, had they been at liberty, would have taken the queen's side, and they showed their satisfaction at her answers by secretly nudging one another when she brought any point well home.

Some said that these men, who had worked long, were defeated by a single woman, and had all their designs turned upside down. Guildford said they ought all to be tied together in a cart, and sent to Rome to maintain their opinions. Had it not been for Shrewsbury, they would have used stronger language, but he told them, when they met to consult about the matter, that they ought to consider that they formed almost the entire nobility of the kingdom, and should act as became their dignity.

Suffolk told the king the result of the interview in 'two words.' He said the queen was ready to obey him in all things, but there were two she must first obey. The king asked if she meant the Pope and the emperor, but Suffolk told him,

'No; she referred to—God and her conscience.'

The king made no answer.[1]

On the 28th of May 1531, Catherine left Greenwich, never to return. Had she not had a 'prophet in her thoughts,' as she gazed upon that dear old home, where she had spent her early married life, when hope and love were young, and Catherine was everything to Henry—where for twenty years she had in royal state received the great ones of the earth? Well, she feels in her trembling frame that

[1] Letters of Chapuys.

her trials are nearly over, and that a better crown awaits her above.

Everything did not go smoothly, even with Anne. The populace, especially the women, were against her. As early as 1529, a preacher tried to say something in favour of the divorce, but the women and others would have maltreated him, had it not been for the authorities.[1] When travelling in the northern counties with Henry, she was hooted in several places, and in 1531, when she was supping in a pleasure-house on the Thames, a crowd of some eight thousand women, and men disguised as women, attempted to seize her, and she with great difficulty escaped in a boat.[2] The women would have killed her. It is said that, until her coronation, she could never venture nearer London that Greenwich.

It seems that Anne now began to presume on her position, and that, in the spring of this year, she interfered to prevent Mary coming to Greenwich to see her father and mother. She expressed herself so decidedly to the king, that he complained, 'She was not like the queen, who never used harsh words to him.'

The breach between Henry and the Pope was now widening. Good Catholics were exercised in spirit, and among others Sir Thomas More felt that he could no longer support the king. He determined to resign the chancellorship, although that step would bring him from affluence to poverty. Audley, a man

[1] Du Bellay says that the people in London were disarmed, and that fifteen thousand (!) Flemings will be sent away.

[2] Venetian Calendar.

who was ready to follow Henry to all lengths, was chosen in his place.

On Monday, May 20th, 1532, about four, the king at his 'manour of Plesaunce of East Greenwych,' in a certain inner chamber near his oratory, took the seal out of the white-leathern bag in presence of the Duke of Norfolk, Marquis of Exeter, Earl of Northumberland, Earl of Sussex, Bryan Tuke Treasurer of the Chamber, Sir W. Kingston, John Sampson Dean of the Chapel, Thomas Cromwell Keeper of the Jewels, and others of the Privy Chamber, and, after inspecting the same, delivered it to Thomas Audley, whom he ordered to be called Keeper of the Great Seal. He received it, and therewith, in presence of the king, caused to be sealed certain letters patent of the stewardships of the manors of Lewisham and East Greenwich, granted to Henry Norreys. The king also made him a knight on this occasion.

Catherine had the consolation of having with her during the last four days of her life her stanch champion, Chapuys. The doctor sent for him, and he applied for permission. In reply, the king requested him to come to Greenwich next day, December 30th, promising to come from Eltham to meet him there. Accordingly in the morning he took his boat and went to Greenwich stairs. He was received with great courtesy; Sir Thomas Cheyne stood at the head of the stairs to welcome him. They then proceeded to the king, whom they found in the tilt-yard, surrounded by courtiers. Henry was most affable to Chapuys, and after a time threw his arm round his neck as he did to those he delighted to honour, and

walked up and down with him. Then they went into the king's chamber, and talked over general affairs of state. Chapuys now asked for permission to go to see Catherine at Kimbolton, which was granted. But, before he could reach his boat, the Duke of Suffolk called him back to Henry, who said that it would scarcely be worth his while to go to Catherine, as he had heard that moment she was at her last.

Chapuys reached Kimbolton on January 1st, and found Catherine very weak, and unable to talk much; but she seemed much cheered at seeing him. He stayed four days, and after asking the doctor whether he had suspicion of poison,[1] and receiving a doubtful reply, started for London. The day after his arrival there he heard that Catherine was no more.[2]

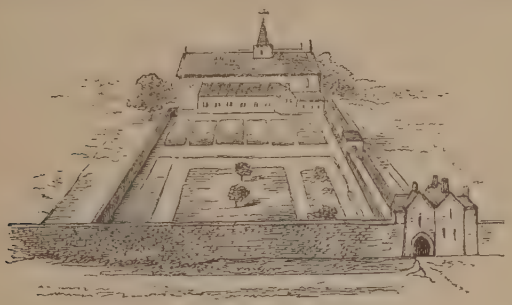
[1] Such suspicions were common in that age, and it was said that the veneficial art had been carried so far that it was not safe to smell a bouquet.

[2] See Friedmann's 'Anne Boleyn.'

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OBSERVANT FRIARS—THEY REBUKE THE KING—A FEW SUPPORT HIM—FOREST—PERSECUTIONS.

HENRY and Catherine had greatly favoured the observants established, as we have said, by Henry VII. at Greenwich. The queen attended their little chapel in preference to the parish church, often rose at midnight to join the holy friars in their matins



GREENWICH FRIARY—1558. THE SOUTH SIDE.

and lauds; and wore under her robes the rough habit of their order. She also zealously supported them in their onslaught on the conventual or more luxurious Franciscans.

Erasmus wrote in 1528 an admirable letter to Catherine, in which he says that 'it is thought a pre-eminent happiness among men to be descended from

noble and powerful kings, and to be joined to a king by a most propitious marriage;' but these are nothing compared with the marvellous gifts of her mind, as she places all her hope, looks for all her consolation in holy prayer and the reading inspired books. 'This is a truly glorious pedigree, this is a diadem which will make you glorious before the angels of God.'[1]

Henry VIII. wrote a letter to Leo X. in March, 1513, commencing: 'Most blessed Father, after a humble commendation, and most pious kissing of your blessed feet, we attempt to signify to you our peculiar devotion and fervent desire towards the sacred family of Observant Friars Minor.' He goes on to extol their Christian poverty, sincerity, and charity, their fastings, prayers, sacrifices, and purity of life, and their safety from the 'thorn of riches.' 'No religious family so assiduously combats vice.' This letter is dated from 'Our palace, Grenvici.'

In November, 1516, Henry VIII., at the request of the Friars Observant at Greenwich, gave letters patent granting a yearly pension of one thousand crowns towards the maintenance of the Friars Observant, who kept the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine.

Probably all this was dictated by Catherine, whose affection for the order was quickened by her Spanish confessor, Diego. This young friar was in the confidence of both the king and queen, and by his spiritual ministrations obtained such influence over

[1] Harpsfield says that she spent six hours in morning devotions, and read the lives of the saints for two hours at dinner-time. Perhaps this was in her later years.

the latter that he persuaded her to sell some of her jewels and plate for his benefit. The courtiers, of course, said he was her lover, and he was soon dismissed.

In 1523, Wolsey was contemplating the foundation of a great college at Oxford (Christ Church), in which there were to be one hundred and eighty-six paid members. A school was to be founded in connection with it (as Eton was with King's) at his native town of Ipswich.[1] To provide funds for this great enterprise, he began to appropriate the revenues of a large number of religious houses, and held 'visitations' at them to inquire what he could seize. This enables us to understand how it was that when Dr. Standish, Bishop of St. Asaph, and other officers commenced the visitation of the Observants at Greenwich, the brethren objected, and absented themselves.[2] The variable Forest was, however, won over, and next Sunday, preaching at Paul's Cross, he cursed those who resisted. It would appear that afterwards Standish held the visitation, and was able to obtain an account of the little property the friars possessed.[3] William Raynscroft, a somewhat belligerent friar, was put in prison about this matter, but was afterwards 'asoyled,' and went back to Greenwich.

Almost all the brethren of the cord and gown were, as in duty bound, stanch supporters of the queen, and, little as we admire their subservience to the Pope, they seem to stand out in rugged

[1] Nothing remains of it but a gate, apparently a postern.

[2] The Pope asked Wolsey to spare the Observants.

[3] They were chiefly supported by a voluntary rate.

grandeur amid the general adulation of Henry. Perhaps we may think that the king tried to conciliate them by gifts, for we find that statutes were passed in 1531 for providing a lantern and pulpit for the friars at Greenwich. If so, the pulpit was put to a use never expected. Father Peto, minister of the Greenwich friary, a man of good family, but who had relinquished 'the brittle, bright, blazing lustre of the world to serve God devoutly in this house,' preaching before Henry and the court on Easter-Day, April 16th, 1532, was the first openly to denounce the proceedings about the divorce. He chose for his subject the fall of Ahab, and, assuming the character of Micaiah the son of Imlah, said he would not prophesy smooth things; and carried out his intentions to the full by indulging in most violent language, and telling Henry to beware, lest he met with the fate of Ahab, whose blood was licked up by dogs—

'This king Ahab would give ear to false prophets, and would not hearken to God's own prophet, whom he pained and pinched with hard diet and straight imprisonment. Sir, I am the Micaiah you deadly hate, and, albeit, I know that I shall be fed with the bread of affliction and water of sorrow,—yet what God puts in my heart I will frankly speak . . . Your preachers resemble the four hundred preachers of Ahab, in whose mouths God had put a lying spirit; but, I beseech your grace, take good heed that the dogs lick not your blood, as they did his,—which God forbid.'[1]

[1] Harpsfield supplies the fulfilment by saying that when Henry's

The king, notwithstanding this, continued to attend the friars' chapel, but the king's chaplain was ordered to preach there occasionally, to show the other side of the question. So, on the following Sunday, Kerwan was appointed to preach as an antidote to Peto. He was a sort of Vicar of Bray, who always supported those in power, and became Archbishop of Dublin and Bishop of Oxford under Elizabeth,—having accommodated his views successively to those of Edward VI. and Mary. This diplomatic man inveighed vehemently against Peto, calling him, among other complimentary names, 'a dog, rebel, and slanderer, a base, beggarly friar, close man, and traitor.'

'Where,' he demanded, triumphantly, 'is this Father Peto? He has fled from my presence, from fear and shame.'

A voice from the rood-loft called out,

'Good sir, you know that Father Peto, as he was commanded, is gone to a provincial council at Canterbury, and is not fled for fear of you. He will

dead body was carried from London to Windsor, to be interred, it rested the first night at the Monastery of Sion, which the king had suppressed. Either from the joggings or shakings of the chariot, or some other cause, the coffin of lead, in which his body was enclosed, was riven and cloven, and all the church was imbrued with the fat and putrified blood that dropped out. Early in the morning, those who had charge of the dressing, coffining, and embalming the body, brought plumbers with them to mend the coffin, and found a dog lapping up the king's blood. One William Consett, testified this, saying that, 'with much ado, he drove away the dog.' Harpsfield did not remember that Henry had been sixteen days dead. We have never heard of anyone's blood liquifying so long after death, except St. Januarius'.

return to-morrow; and, meanwhile, I will prove the things he has taught. I say that thou art one of the four hundred prophets into whom the spirit of lying is entered, who seekest by adultery to establish succession, betraying the king into endless perdition, for thine own vain-glory and hope of promotion.'

The speaker was Elston, the warden of Greenwich Priory. Kerwan continued that all the universities and doctors were in favour of the divorce. 'The warden could not stand this lie,'[1] and said, in the presence of the king, it was not so. The king was very angry.

This unseemly dispute in the chapel waxed so hot, that the king at last had to rise, and tell Elston to desist. When Peto returned, he told him that he ought to deprive the warden, but Peto replied that not Elston, but the Holy Ghost had spoken. Orders were issued for their arrest and trial, but they told Chapuys, who visited and encouraged them, that they would die sooner than retract. At the examination, the Earl of Essex told Peto and Elston that they deserved to be put in a sack, and cast into the Thames. Elston replied, smiling—

'Threaten such things to rich and dainty folk, who are clothed in purple, fare deliciously, and have their hope in this world. We esteem them not, but are joyful that for the discharge of our duties we are

[1] The universities of Spain had not been consulted, and others, it was said, had been influenced, but those of Germany would not acquiesce.

driven hence; and, with thanks to God, we know the way to Heaven to be as ready by water as by land.'[1]

It was difficult to frighten men who had been so long fighting with the flesh and the devil, and even with their own brethren.

Elston was brought before the bishops and convocation, and imprisoned at Bedford. Peto was banished, and went to Antwerp, where he was not idle, but disseminated Bishop Fisher's book against the king, and communicated with Sir Thomas More. A few of the brethren took the other side. From a letter written by one Monmouth, a draper (1528), we learn that a friar[2] had applied to him for the loan of 'Tyndale's Euchiridion.' Monmouth was apparently a Lutheran, but says that he has been imprisoned and nearly ruined because some of Tyndale's books were accidentally left at his house. He had a high opinion of Tyndale, who had been staying on a visit with him for six months, and 'lived like a good priest, studied most of the day and night, ate only sodden meat, drank small beer, and never wore linen.'

Those of the brethren who supported the king were persecuted by the rest. One of these, Raynscroft,

[1] The king applied to Rome that a commission should be sent to try the Observants for various offences, and one Jehan de la Haye was sent, but seems to have taken their part.

[2] This applicant may have been Tyndale, the Greenwich friar, whose name has led some to suppose that the celebrated Tyndale was once a brother at the Friary.

died in prison, and three were obliged to leave the country. Another of the name of Richard Lyst comes more prominently before us, as he wrote letters, still extant, to Anne Boleyn and Cromwell. He says that he was at one time Cardinal Wolsey's servant, and lived in Cheapside eight years. He made 'many waters'[1] for the cardinal, and much hippocras, and also served him with much spice—being a grocer and apothecary. He seemed to have been thrown out of employment owing to the fall of the cardinal, who perhaps obtained him a place in the convent. His letter to Anne Boleyn is of a decidedly mendicant character. He speaks much of the persecutions he undergoes. He can scarcely get natural rest two nights in the week, and has suffered rebukes for speaking in her favour. In derision they have even called him her chaplain—a hint to which he adds that he hopes soon to take orders, and say masses for her. Among his other misfortunes he is in debt forty shillings for clothing, and for necessaries for his poor mother, but he does not ask for 'more' assistance, after what Anne has already done for his mother. He thinks that if the friars were moved from Greenwich to London, as proposed, it would be only a just retribution—from which it seems that Henry had already thought of some measure such as that he soon carried out. In a letter from Greenwich to Cromwell, Lyst begs to be recommended to the charity of 'Lady Marcus Pembrok.'[2] He inveighs against Father Forest,

[1] In the privy purse expenses of Henry VII. we find entries of people paid for bringing 'waters,' and 'a glass of water.'

[2] Anne had been created Marchioness of Pembroke.

and begs Cromwell not to allow Father Larans,[1] who preaches in favour of the king, to be turned out of the convent. Further on he says, that when Forest has been preaching, he has often sat under him with 'a pair of red ears,' when he heard him break the head of Father Precyens.[2] Forest will not speak to him. He first reported the death of Raynscroft, and he hopes the king will inquire into it thoroughly. Finally he expresses a doubt whether he can remain at the convent; but he does not specify any acts of persecution. Mindful of his old trade, and of Anne Boleyn's partiality for good things, he sends her three glasses of water, and presents to Cromwell, 'one that will keep strong two years.'

Forest, above mentioned as 'breaking Father Precyen's head,' was one of the most conspicuous Observants at this time. He had taken the habit of St. Francis at Greenwich, when sixteen, and became a 'provincial' of the order, and a confessor of the queen. His sympathy went with her, but he had not always the courage of his convictions. Hall calls him 'not only an Observant, but an obstinate friar.' When he thought it safe he expressed himself freely, and at Paul's Cross he rather 'barked and railed' than preached. The king did not resent this action on the part of the friars, as might have been expected. Perhaps he respected their conscientious scruples; perhaps he feared their power with the people.

[1] This Father Laurence, in a letter against Forest, who, he says, rules the commissary, desires to be recommended to the king, and hopes Cromwell will have compassion on him—a poor friar.

[2] Priscian, the grammarian.

He sent for Forest to expostulate with him, and evidently wished to gain him over, for on this occasion the friar was 'well reteyned of his grace, and the king dyd sende hym a grete pece of beffe from his owne tabull.' Forest took the oath of supremacy, but declared privately that the king was not the head of the church. He was appointed in 1532, with a foreign Franciscan commissary, Father de la Haye, to hold a visitation at Greenwich, apparently about the death of Raynscroft, who had been troublesome in various ways, and about the conduct of Elston and Peto. His name appears in a memorandum of Cromwell's of the friars ready to give information against the queen's party, but the Greenwich friars of the king's side—a few weak and mercenary men—complained bitterly of him, as a tyrannical oppressor. Latimer, the celebrated reformer, was one of the king's chaplains, and seemed to have preached at Greenwich 'raving against the Pope before the king himself.' Forest had a disputation with him, and the result was that the friar was banished to Toulouse. But he soon returned, and was again in prison 'among common thieves' in Newgate. He appears to have been condemned to death for refusing to take the oath of supremacy. Catherine wrote to him at Newgate, congratulating him on being thought worthy to suffer for Christ. She says she would willingly die with him, and begs that he will pray that she may follow him soon. She expects a blessing from heaven after his execution; thinks it unnecessary to exhort him to accept the crown of martyrdom, which is above all things desirable; and says

he shall have her prayers, tears, and penances that he may accomplish his journey easily.

Forest, in return, assures her that on the eve of his departure her letter has given him incredible joy and consolation. 'Be not anxious about my heavy sufferings, for these grey hairs of mine are not to be moved by childish little threats, nor should a man of sixty-four, nor a friar of forty-three years, basely fly from death. Meanwhile I hope you will deem your devoted servant worthy of your prayers, when you hear of my being in the midst of the horrible sufferings prepared for me.' He sends her his rosary. Elizabeth Howard, one of Catherine's maids-of-honour, wrote him also a letter of sympathy, to which he replied, saying, in conclusion, that he hoped his enemies would increase the severity of the suffering he was to endure, which would be small in proportion to the glory to be obtained. Abel wrote a letter to Forest, when he was in prison with him, hoping they might die together. Forest's death, however, was delayed two years. Perhaps Anne, who was kind-hearted and disliked executions, interceded for him; but we are told he was kept in prison altogether nearly five years.[1]

One of the last gleams of sunshine that visited the unhappy Catherine, as she retreated into her inmost chamber at Buckden,[2] fearing poison and living in prayers, tears, and fasting, came from an interview she had with two Observants, Risby and Rich, the Wardens of Canterbury and Richmond. They

[1] Wadding's History.

[2] A forest lodge four miles from Huntingdon—a large brick edifice close to an old church.

came to her in disguise, and with charitable insincerity bade her to take heart, as her prospects were brightening. It was a perilous labour of love, and, as they left, they were tracked by the spies of Cromwell, and shortly found themselves in the Tower with the Maid of Kent. Soon they were all at Tyburn, hanged in their religious habits—a sight to behold! The Franciscan chronicle proceeds so far in sensation as to say that they were cut down half dead and disembowelled, and that Rich, when the executioner took hold of his heart, said, 'That which thou hast in thine hand is consecrated to the Lord.'

Forest, on being questioned in 1538, explained with some casuistry that he had taken the oath of supremacy with his outward, but never with his inward man. He was also accused of 'divers heretical and damnable articles,' and, being convinced, submitted himself. But soon afterwards he relapsed into his old views and habits, and, when required again to abjure, refused absolutely. The more persuasive the magistrates, the more persistent the friar. Accordingly stronger measures were adopted, and a gallows was prepared for him in Smithfield, on which he was hung up by the middle in chains, while under it a pile of faggots was made. There was a great stage erected at the place of execution, on which sat the nobles of the realm; and the king's counsel were ready to grant him a pardon, if any spark of repentance were found in him. There was also a pulpit prepared, in which the Bishop of Worcester—the celebrated Hugh Latimer, we regret to say—declared to him his errors, and, with godly exhortations, moved

him to repentance. Forest would neither hear nor speak. His enemies indulged, on this occasion, in a little grim and cruel humour. A huge crucifix was brought to the gallows, which had come from Wales. It was called 'Darwell Gatheren,' and the Welshmen had a prophecy that it should set a 'forest' on fire. Accordingly it was used to light the faggots by which this unhappy man was burnt, or roasted to death over a slow fire.

At the end of 1533, the Greenwich friars found their cause declining. Sydenham, the new warden, seems to have been on the king's side, and he presented a petition in the name of the friars entreating to be pardoned. They asked to be allowed to go to Ireland.[1] They seem to have taken the oath of supremacy, though for some time they refused. But in August, 1534, this convent and some others of Observants were the first which Henry dissolved, owing to the determined manner in which they had opposed him. Lyst survived the persecutions of which he complained, became a priest, and was alive in 1556. Of Peto we shall speak again.

Wadding says that at one time there were two hundred Franciscans in prison in Henry's reign, and that some were hanged, and some died of starvation and filth. Some were saved through the intercession of Wriothesley,[2] but, in 1538, twenty-two Observants died from persecution.

[1] Parry, in 1535, speaks of a place in Ireland, probably Monasternenagh, where there was an order like that at Greenwich.

[2] This chancellor was such a strong Romanist that it is said he threw off his gown, and worked the rack himself for the unfortunate Jane Askew.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CORONATION—PAPAL THREATS—ANNE'S RECEPTION IN LONDON—HER FRIVOLITY—HER TRIAL AND EXECUTION.

'SOUND the trumpets—beat the drums!' London had never known such a festival—worthy of the bright era it ushered in. Never, from the time that the ancient river first reflected the walls of the 'city of ships,' had such a gay and golden burden been borne upon its breast as at this coronation.

Henry had been to meet Francis in October (1532), and the politic Bishop Du Bellay advised that Anne should be invited to France with him, but by no means Catherine. Anne bought costly dresses for this occasion, and the king actually sent the Duchess of Norfolk to Catherine, to ask her for her jewels. The queen replied that she would not give her jewels to a person who was the scandal of Christendom, and a disgrace to the king; but she added that, if the king expressly demanded them, she would comply. Henry took the hint, and we are told that they were sent, and he was pleased.[1]

The 'Marchioness of Pembroke' was quite in her

[1] Chapuys' Letters. Anne never returned the jewels.

element at Calais, and entertained the sovereigns at a magnificent mask. But, while she was in high glee, footing it between the two merry monarchs, the Pope was preparing a voluminous 'brief' in the Vatican (signed November 15th, 1532), informing Henry that intelligence had been received that he was living in open concubinage with 'a certain Anna' (*quandam Anna in suum contubernium et cohabitam publicè recepisse*), and calling upon him to dismiss her and take again his lawful wife, under pain of excommunication. This menacing document was duly stamped with the seal of the Fisherman.[1]

Good Catholics, who were ready for portents, now took notice that a fish ninety feet long had just been washed on shore in the north of England. Carlo Capello, writing to the Signory of Venice, says that in May two whales were caught; one near the Tower, and the other off Greenwich, each about thirty feet long, eleven broad, and ten high! Fourteen people had committed suicide! Heaven above and earth beneath were protesting against Henry's enormities—a comet had risen in the sky, with a tail like a luminous beard, actually *five yards long;* and the day after the king had departed from Greenwich, the tide, 'people say,' flowed for nine hours, and the water nearly reached Greenwich Chapel—'a thing never hitherto seen or heard.'

Some have supposed that Anne was married im-

[1] During this controversy Henry frequently wrote to the Pope, and it is amusing to find his letters commencing with, 'Humble commendations, and devout kissing of your blessed feet.'

mediately on her arrival in England, in November.[1] Certainly her journey home to Greenwich was remarkably hilarious. At Stone Castle, Bryan, Weston, and 'my lady marques' won £9 6s. from the king at Pope Julius (Joan), and on November 25th, Anne and Bryan, at Greenwich, won from him £4 13s. at the same game. On the 26th, Henry lost £18 13s. to Bryan and Weston, and on December 18th, he lost to Anne at cards £11 13s., and the same day £7 at Pope Julius. It would seem from all this that Anne was playing her cards tolerably well.[2]

But human happiness is never without alloy, and at the end of January came the Pope's nuncio. On the 30th, he went to Greenwich, and remained nearly all day with the king and council. The threatened interdict made even Henry feel a little uncomfortable. He took the nuncio to Parliament, from Greenwich, in his barge, and paid him compliments all the way: but, when the nuncio said that the queen must be recalled, he replied that he would do nothing of the sort: and the nuncio told Chapuys that it was plain that the king could not live for an hour without 'the lady.'

Early on the morning of Thursday, May 29, 1533, the mayor and aldermen, all in scarlet, and the knights, with their collars and gold chains, and the

[1] However that may be, there is evidence that they were married the January following in a garret at Whitehall—Henry telling his chaplain that he had a licence from the Pope.

[2] Anne's father and brother also won money from the king. In April, 1532, they won £30 at bowls, and soon afterwards they and Bryan won £40 at shovel-board.

council of the City, descended at one o'clock to their barge, which was adorned with banners and streamers and rich awnings. A band was on board, consisting of shalms, shagbushes,[1] and other instruments, which, we are told, 'made good harmony.' Fifty barges followed. This grand procession was heralded by a 'foyst' of a somewhat alarming character, inasmuch as it was filled with cannons, and contained a great dragon, which kept moving backwards and forwards, and casting 'wild-fire,' while round it stood men also casting wild-fire, and making 'hideous noises.' On the right of the mayor's barge rowed the 'Bachelor's' barge, also enlivened with a band. Its decks, sail-yards, and topcastles were magnificent with cloth of gold and silk. At the bow and stern flaunted two great banners with the arms of the king and queen, and along the sides were flags, bearing the devices of the Haberdashers and Merchant Vintners, while among the rigging innumerable little bells tinkled and jingled. On the left of the mayor was another 'foyst,' in which a mount was built up, surmounted by a white falcon crowned, standing on a root of gold wreathed with white and red roses—the queen's device. Around this structure sat virgins sweetly singing and playing. The barges of the Grocers, Mercers, and others were gaily dressed out with silk or arras, and provided with bands of music.

With this gorgeous and noisy pomp did the trades-men bold of London row down to a point below Greenwich, and thence, returning, cast anchor before

[1] The shalm was a sort of bassoon or hautboy—the shagbush a brass trumpet with folding tube.

the palace 'with great melody.' As the clock struck three, a more quiet and interesting procession moved out of the portal of Greenwich Palace. It consisted of richly-attired ladies and gentlemen of the Court, among whom advanced a figure, the observed of every eye—a tall slight girl, entirely robed in heavy cloth of gold. A splendid barge, with masts and rigging like a brigantine, and flying the royal standard, awaited her at the palace steps. The rowers were ready, in green and white livery, and as soon as she was seated the signal was given, and the twenty oars flashed into the tide. The Duke of Suffolk, Marquess of Dorset, Earl of Arundel, with bishops and other noblemen, now entered their respective barges to accompany her. The civic barges, mostly rigged like ships, then moved up, and we are told that the queen was especially pleased with the gallant appearance of the Bachelors' barge. All rowed to the Tower, where the king received her with loving countenance at the well-known postern water-gate. It seems that Catherine's barge had been taken and the arms effaced for Anne's use, but Henry rebuked this officious act of the chamberlain.[1]

The coronation took place two days after Whit-Sunday (May 31), amid the greatest enthusiasm and display. The houses were hung with tapestry, and the great fountain in Cheap ran with white wine and claret all the day. Musicians played on 'solemn in-

[1] Chapuys writes, 'God grant the lady may content herself with the queen's barge and jewels and husband without attempting anything against the queen or princess.

truments, which made a heavenly noise,' and among he numerous devices was one at Grace Church orner, representing Apollo sitting on Mount Parassus, surrounded by the Muses, and presiding over Helicon of Rhenish wine.

It may seem surprising that such an exuberant velcome should be given to Anne Boleyn, when she vas superseding a queen who had reigned without eproach for twenty years; but in truth this was the irst general outburst of Protestantism in England, nd the demonstration was against the Pope and Roman church. The nation was tired of bearing urdens by which vast monasteries and magnificent athedrals were reared; the nobles looked for the lunder of Church property, the people for a cessation f demands and exactions.[1]

The feelings of the people were not unanimous vith regard to her. The tradesmen who supplied he king and his ministers would, of course, make a rave show. All this was gall and wormwood to the Roman party, and, though Anne was generally cheered s she passed along, there stood in places groups of turdy old Catholics, who stared sullenly, and refused o uncover, insomuch that Anne's fool, to make the est of it, said,

'These rascals have scurvy heads; they are afraid o take off their caps.'

Some went so far as to assert that Anne was the laughter of Henry, and spiteful goliards sang and

[1] A movement had lately been made to abolish mortuary fees, y which the priest was entitled, among other things, to the lothes in which the person had died.

scribbled on the walls in Paris—

> 'Juno Jovis soror atque uxor; veram Anna Bolena
> Et spuria Henrici filia et uxor erat.'

It is almost unnecessary to refute the calumny contained in this doggrel. To maintain it they postdated Anne's birth several years, and could only then make Henry seventeen when she was born. He was, in fact, about thirteen at the time, and in appearance was quite unlike Anne, who was dark and slight. But for the tragic end to which they conduced, the allegations of the Romanists at this time might be regarded as somewhat comic. They accused her of immorality, when a child, with her father's butler and chaplain, and said she had six fingers on one hand and a large wen under her chin, which led to her introducing high dresses.[1]

A grand ceremonial of even greater historical interest took place soon afterwards at Greenwich. There, on Sunday, September 7th, the future Queen Elizabeth was born, and the Wednesday following, the mayor, with his brethren, and forty of the principal citizens, again entered their stately barges to go to the christening. They started at one, noon being the dinner hour, and found many lords and gentlemen assembled. All the walls between the palace and friary were hung with arras, and all the road was strewn with green rushes. The friars' church also presented a grand spectacle. It was hung with tapestry, and in the centre was a silver font, raised three steps, over which was suspended a square

[1] The sixth finger was merely a sign of a sixth nail. As to the wen, they made a mountain of a mole-hill. A picture at Hardwicke shows her in a low dress without spot or blemish.

anopy of crimson satin, fringed with gold. Round stood a body of gentlemen in attendance, wearing prons, with towels about their necks. Between the hoir and the nave was a retiring-room (containing a an of fire), 'to make the child ready in.' As soon as he infant was brought to the palace hall, the procesion started; the people walking two and two, till the arl of Essex came bearing the gilt-covered basin. ext came the Marquess of Exeter with 'the taper of irgin wax,' the Marquis of Dorset bearing the salt, nd the Lady Mary of Norfolk, a chrysom—a cloth rown round the child after baptism—which was on his occasion adorned with pearls and jewels. Then ame, under a canopy, the old Duchess of Norfolk, earing the child, who was enveloped in a mantle of urple velvet, having a long train of ermine.

The Bishop of London, and other prelates and abbots mitres, met the royal child at the door of the church. ranmer was the godfather, and the Duchess of Norlk and the Marchioness of Dorset were the godothers. It will be observed that the great personges selected to take part in the ceremony were ostly those who had opposed Anne Boleyn. The Iarquis of Exeter had tried to raise an insurrection London on behalf of Catherine. When the christning was over, the garter king-at-arms cried, 'God his infinite goodness send prosperous life and long, to he high and mighty princess of England—Elizabeth.' he trumpets then sounded a loud and long blast, nd the godfather and godmothers presented cups gold. Wafers and hippocras were then served the company, who left the church in the former

order, accompanied by five hundred torch-bearers
But there were dark brows on that bright day
The Observant Friars considered the christening o
the royal heretic in their chapel to be truly ominous
and premonitory of evil. A rebuff had come in an
other quarter. Anne had sent to ask Catherine for a
rich triumphal cloth she had brought from Spain t
wrap her children in. Catherine replied that sh
would give nothing for such a horrible and abomin
able purpose.

The Princess Mary had for years had at Court a
separate establishment, but now in September, 1533
the king gave orders for diminishing the high estate
We are told that at first she would not believe such
orders had been issued. Many of the queen dowager's
servants also were dismissed, but she was still allowed
to retain some, among them a Spanish confessor and
physician.

An amusing account is given by Chapuys of a
jealousy Mary had about the precedence of Elizabeth
The two princesses lived together, but when Mary
heard that they were to go to Greenwich she was full
of childish anxiety about who should go first. She
wrote to Chapuys for advice three times in less than
twenty-four hours. He recommended her to submit
to the king's arrangements. The comptroller promised
her she should go first, but on their descending, to
her dismay the 'little bastard's' litter was brought first
to the door. However, when they had mounted
Mary made up for lost time by telling her men to
run, and thus she arrived at Greenwich an hour
before Elizabeth. Chapuys told her he should be in

isguise at Greenwich to see her pass, and says he as glad to see her looking so well and handsome. This was towards the end of August, 1534. Chapuys ept a house by the river between London and Greenwich, as a place of retirement from the plague.

As the estrangement between Henry, the Pope, and he emperor became greater, the king clung more losely to France. Du Bellay tells us that on Decemer 25th, 1533, he went to Greenwich to reside for a ime, and that when he presented 'the lady' with the etters Francis had written her, she went so far as even to kiss them.

Fast, manly women exercise a fascinating influence ver some, but their marriages are seldom prosperous. They do not obtain that amount of respect, which is necessary for a continuance of happiness, and often all into flirtation—a light vice, which leads to heavy consequences. Henry's hot, impulsive nature, his disappointment, if not alienation from Anne, when she had no son, the great change in her station on becoming queen—or, as some said, concubine—all tended to place her in a dangerous position. Love-making and philandering became the fashion at Court, and such a sportive lady could not avoid having many followers. Those who had known her longest were of course the most impudent; and foremost among them stood Wyatt, who had as much genius and as little caution as most young poets. He had been Anne's early playmate, and now wrote sonnets to her. One commences:

'Whoso list to hunt, I know where is a hind.'

In another we read :

> 'What word is that, that changeth not
> Though it be turned, and made in twain ?
> It is mine Anna, God it wot
> The only causer of my pain.'

Although a married man, Wyatt sought to make the queen his Laura!—a dangerous game to play with a jealous king in the back-ground. He even thought so much more of his poetry than of Anne's position, that he showed his verses about the Court, and his vanity even led him to represent that he was even not without encouragement.[1] One day, shortly before her marriage, he assumed the familiarity of an early friend so far as to snatch a jewel from her side. She tried to recover it; but he, with foolish levity, not only insisted on keeping it, but so wore it that it attracted Henry's notice and displeasure.

We are told that the king observed Wyatt to 'hover much about the lady,' and watched him, 'not to be outrun at this garland of love.' Henry took from her a ring, and wore it on his little finger. One day, when playing bowls with Suffolk, Bryan, and Wyatt, and in a merry humour, he affirmed a cast to be his—the rest thought otherwise—

'It must be mine,' he insisted, smiling and pointing with his little finger, on which he wore the ring.

Wyatt had the bad taste to reply—

'If your Majesty will allow me to measure the distance, I hope it will be mine;' and he took from his neck

[1] It is true that ladies were then apostrophized in fulsome terms. Wyatt's overt flattery saved his life, for he was dismissed from Court before the final catastrophe.

the string with the above mentioned jewel or 'tablet,' and stooped to measure with it.

The king, when he saw it, was much displeased; spurned away the ball with his foot, and said,

'It may be so; but then I am deceived;' and broke up the game.

The queen's cousin, Weston, was also a candidate for small favours. He was also married, but thought proper to trouble one Madge Shelton with marked attention—so much so that Anne chided him for standing in the way of Norreys, a widower, who would marry her. What Weston's usual language to Anne was we do not know, but on this occasion he said significantly that 'there was some one in the house that he liked better than either Madge or his own wife.' To this declaration Anne gave the somewhat flippant reply that 'she defied him.' He, in retort, said that Norreys cared for some one besides Madge.

To add absurdity to impropriety, even Smeaton, the music-master, thought he might not be despised, unless, which seems highly probable, he was suborned to entrap the queen. One April day at Greenwich, Anne found him loitering in the bow-window of her presence-chamber, with downcast eyes and well-affected melancholy. She asked him why he looked so sad. To which he replied, 'It is no matter.' Her girlish sensibilities quickly supplied the cause, and she told him frankly that he could not in his station expect her to treat him as she would a nobleman. He answered, with some craftiness—

'No, no; a look is enough for me.'

But let us give Anne all the credit due to a highly cultivated woman, who must have possessed energy and patience. She was not deficient in feminine accomplishments, and was remarkably skilful with her needle.[1] When queen, she employed her ladies in tapestry-work for Hampton Court, and in the more humble occupation of making shirts and smocks for the poor. She gave fifteen hundred pounds a year to poor scholars, and more than fifteen thousand pounds a year in alms; was not only a patroness of the 'new learning,' but of literature generally.

Meanwhile, the king had found a new enchantress, and worldly people were contending for the favour of Jane Seymour,[2] who was already distributing patronage.

When Anne's hope of a son was suddenly extinguished by her miscarriage, she exclaimed, in bitter womanish grief, to Henry,

'See how well I must be since the day I caught that abandoned woman, Jane, sitting on your knees.'[3]

The king replied, somewhat insincerely,

'Be of good cheer, sweetheart; you will have no reason to complain again.'

But she continued jealous and sorrowful, while Henry asserted that he had been entrapped by sorcery into marrying her, and Jane insulted her by wearing the king's portrait on her breast. Anne

[1] Some chair-covers at Hever are said to be her work, but are evidently later.

[2] It is supposed that he had another flame in 1534, just before Jane.

[3] Sanders.

was now in a most desolate position. The Roman party, that of Catherine, and Henry's flatterers were all opposed to her, and so were even the Duke of Norfolk's family, though her own relations. A son could alone have saved her; and her enemies now cruelly suggested that she had therefore stooped to incestuous crime.

Henry's desire to change his wife was the mainspring of his action against Anne, but the immediate cause of it has been impenetrably concealed. It has been said that it originated on May Day, when he saw Anne throw a handkerchief to encourage a knight who was overheated—perhaps from a troublesome horse—at the tournament at Greenwich. There are reasons for supposing that this knight was Norreys. Rochford was the chief challenger, and Norreys the chief defendant at these jousts. Carles says that Norreys' horse was restive on this occasion, and backed, as if knowing the evil coming upon its master. But Burnet writes that the king received some private intelligence at this time from one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting.[1] Henry rode off suddenly from the tilting-ground towards London, taking with him five or six gentlemen—among them Norreys; with whom, instead of ordering his arrest, he seemed desirous of remaining on good terms if he would only give information against the queen. It is evident that his mind had been turned in this direction before the jousts, for a secret conclave had been appointed on April 24th to conduct inquiries.

Next morning, a formal council was called at Green-

[1] Derived apparently from Lady Wingfield.

wich to consider Anne's culpability. Norfolk treated her so rudely, that she arose with indignation, and went to seek the king. She found Henry, who had returned, standing at a window looking at the crowd that filled the court-yard. She held out her infant, Elizabeth, to him imploringly, but he cast an angry glance towards her, and turned away. She retreated with frightened looks, clasping her child to her breast.

This remarkable scene was recorded by Aless, a Scotch pastor, who brought a book of Melancthon's to the king, and who was at this moment standing in the court-yard. Henry seems to have forthwith departed for Westminster, and, as soon as the council rose, Anne prepared to follow him. Her barge put off from Greenwich stairs about four o'clock, but another barge, containing Audley, Norfolk, and others, pursued her. Midway between Greenwich and London Bridge they overtook the royal barge, and ordered her to stop in the king's name.[1] They took her to the Tower, and, as she entered the dark portal of the water-gate, she fell on her knees before the inexorable lords, beseeching God to help her, and protesting her innocence. She was not, however, placed in a dungeon, but in the apartments from which she had a short time before issued forth joyously to her coronation.

Anne's disgrace was felt to be a blow to the Reformation, and Cranmer wished to have an interview

[1] Chapuys gives a slightly different account, saying that she was imprisoned at Greenwich, and conveyed thence to the Tower in a barge before a crowd of spectators. Perhaps she was taken back to Greenwich, and thence to the Tower.

with the king; but Cromwell ordered him to remain at Lambeth. The archbishop, however, sent a letter to Henry—a remarkable document—speaking much of Henry's sufferings, comparing him to Job in patience, and hoping that, as in the case of that exemplary man, God would give him 'double as much as he had before.' Whether this meant that he was in future to have two wives does not clearly appear. He adds that if Anne should be found guilty the king would be perfectly justified in punishing her without mercy, but he hopes that through her fall the Reformation will not be impeded.

On the 15th of May Anne was arraigned in the Tower before the Dukes of Norfolk, Suffolk, and others interested in her death, and the time-serving Chancellor Audley. The weak nature of the evidence may be inferred from the fact that the only proof substantial against Lord Rochford was that he came one morning into his sister's bed-room before she was up, and laid his hand on her bed while he was speaking to her in the presence of her maids. She was also charged with having kissed her brother.[1] All the accused persons denied their guilt, except Smeaton, a man of low origin, about whose honesty many had suspicions. Constantyne says that there was a report that he was racked, but more probably he was told that he might save his life—a vain hope, for such a witness would never be allowed to live.

[1] Aless, writing a few years later, observes upon this—'It is the custom throughout Britain for ladies, whether married or not, even the most coy, to kiss not only a brother, but any honourable person, even in public places.

We are told that Anne, who had an excellent quick wit, answered the charges so well that all thought she would be acquitted; but Suffolk, Henry's brother-in-law, turned the tide against her, and she was condemned to be burnt on Tower Green—or to be beheaded. The others were sentenced to be hanged, cut down alive, disembowelled, and quartered. How little could Suffolk foresee at that moment the unhappy end of his evil ambition for his children in the death of his granddaughter, Lady Jane Grey!

Anne was overwhelmed with terror, and sometimes broke forth into tears, sometimes into spasmodic laughter. Kingston, who acted heartlessly on this occasion, wrote to Henry that there were times in which she seemed 'determined to die,' and others in which she thought differently. To console the king, he adds, 'This lady hath much joy and pleasure in death,'—she had said laughingly to him that 'hers was but a little neck.' But her letters from the Tower to the king were dignified and forgiving. There is this remarkable passage in one of them:—'Neither did I at any time so forget myself in my exaltation, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find, for the ground of my preferment being your Grace's fancy, the least alteration was sufficient to draw your fancy to some other subject.' She seems indeed to have been more anxious about 'those poor gentlemen' who were in danger on her account than about herself.

Meanwhile Henry was in high spirits, or perhaps tried to be so; and, to stifle the voice of conscience

in his breast, he roved from place to place, supping with a variety of women, and awakening the quiet people who lived along the river-banks by returning to Greenwich at midnight with bands of music. He carried in his breast a tragedy he had written, and while the courtiers applauded his wretched verses, at which Anne and her brother had unpardonably smiled, they could scarcely have forgotten that a real deed of blood was about to be perpetrated.

Forced and unseemly levity now prevailed at court. At Greenwich Henry signed the death-warrant of her he had once loved so dearly, and here on the night preceding Rochford's execution a brilliant ball was given. As the morning sun lit up the may-blossoms in the park and the many windows in the palace, a haggard face might have been seen looking out beside one of the mullions towards the Tower of London. It was that of the infamous Lady Rochford, who had borne false witness against her husband, and who was now watching and listening for the cannon to announce his death. Meanwhile at St. Alphege's Church the priests were preparing to say an early mass for the repose of his soul.

Rochford, Norreys, Weston, and Brereton were beheaded on the 17th of May on Tower Hill. Smeaton was hanged. Anne suffered two days later at eight in the morning on the green within the Tower. The Calais executioner was sent for, who did his work with a sword, and probably was well in practice. On the scaffold she kept repeating, 'Jesu, receive my spirit,' and the 'bloudie blow came downe from his trembling hand that gave it, when

those about her could not but seem to themselves to have received it upon their own neckes, she not so much as shriking at it.'

None of the victims made any strong protestations of innocence on the scaffold. Their doom was sealed, and probably their confessors advised them to consult their own dignity and the interests of their families. Anne knew she was leaving a precious hostage in her infant, the future queen. At the last she confided her to the care of Parker,[1] who attended her on the scaffold.

We are told that Henry was waiting in Epping Forest among his huntsmen and hounds for the boom of the cannon announcing his wife's death, and that, on hearing the welcome sound, he bade the dogs be let loose, and commenced his sport.[2] The very next day he married Jane Seymour. Greenwich Palace, which had witnessed her flirtations with Henry, saw now the crown upon her brow. No remarkable event occurred during the brief time remaining to her, except that this winter (1536) was so severe that the Thames was frozen over, and the king and Jane actually rode across the ice from London to Greenwich.

The Court went into mourning upon her death, and Christmas was kept sadly and without revelry at Greenwich.

[1] A man she had raised for his worth and learning, and who was made Archbishop of Canterbury by her daughter.

[2] It is said that the Isle of Dogs derived its name from hounds being kept there for the Epping hunt, when the king was at Greenwich; but other derivations are given.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTLAND—INTERVIEW WITH THE EARL OF ANGUS—ORDERS RELATIVE TO IRELAND—THE MANOR-HOUSE.

MARGARET, the Queen of Scotland, was nearly as changeable in her love-affairs as her brother Henry. Growing tired of Albany, she fixed her affections on Lord Methuen, whom she married. The grounds upon which she obtained a divorce from Angus were that he was married already, and that her husband, James IV., was living at the time! Angus obtained power again in Scotland for a short time, but was eventually driven out by the queen in 1528, and took refuge in England, where he and his brother George lived in exile for many years. As their Scotch property was taken from them, Henry gave them pensions.

A remarkable interview took place in 1535 at Greenwich between Henry VIII., the Earl of Angus, and his brother, Sir George Douglas. It is recorded in a letter[1] written by Lord William Howard. This Lord William had been sent to Scotland in 1535 as ambassador to the King of Scotland, Henry's nephew,

[1] Now among the MSS. of Elizabeth's reign in the Record Office.

and he was instructed to inquire privately whether the Earl of Angus had a wife living besides the queen. He accordingly inquired of certain lords and gentlemen with whom he was acquainted whether the lady indicated was still living, and some of them told him she was alive, and that they knew her very well; then he exerted himself to obtain an interview with her, and through some of the lords she was brought to him in the night, for they said, if it was known to Angus and his friends, she would be in danger of her life. She came to him three times, and on one of these occasions she showed him letters in Angus's own handwriting to her at sundry times. He then asked her to write a letter to him which he (Howard) might carry, but she was afraid, as it might put her life in danger; but with long persuasion she agreed to write a few lines to him, of which Howard took charge.

When he returned to the Court, then at Greenwich, 'I declared to the king what I had done in the matter, who was well pleased, and gave me thanks, and soon afterwards the king sent for the Earl of Angus and his brother, Sir George A. Douglas, to Greenwich, and in the round window of the chamber of presence, which was at that time on that side where I lie when I am there, his majesty called them to him and talked to them a long time, and I perceived that his majesty was somewhat moved by their answers, and called me to him, and commanded me to declare to them what I knew touching his first wife. I said that on my return out of Scotland she was alive. Then the earl and Sir George did stiffly

deny it, saying that, if it was so, they would be content to lose their pensions which he gave them, and never to come into his presence.

'"What," quoth the king, "you adventure very much, but what will you say if it be so proved before you both that you cannot deny it?"

'"Nay," quoth Sir George, "that will not be."

'Then I declared to them her appearance and stature, and her apparel as well on her head as her body, "and, sir," quoth I, "with much travail I found means to cause her to write these few lines to her husband, which I have brought to Greenwich." Then I would have delivered the letter to the king, but he bade me deliver it to the earl and his brother; and when they saw her hand they were at once abashed, and, after certain words by the king to them, they departed.'[1]

There seems to be no doubt that there was some woman connected with Angus of whom the queen was jealous, and this was probably the person seen by Lord William Howard; but it may well be doubted whether she was really married to him.

It has been said that Ireland has always been two hundred years behind England in civilization, and in Henry's reign disturbances were often occurring, fomented by those who wished to prolong or renew the period of barbarism. Many even of the English settlers had a tendency to sink into the rude habits of the natives, and to endanger the union with England, and laws were passed to prevent this degeneration.

[1] Elizabeth's Domestic State MSS., March 21, 1562.

Every effort was used to denationalize the country, and raise the inferior natives to the level of the superior. Thus there is extant a remarkable letter, written by Henry from Greenwich in 1536 to the people of Galway, ordering them to shave their lips, allow their hair to cover their ears, and wear English caps. They were also to wear gowns and hose of English fashion, and by no means to appear in garments of saffron dye. In 1542, the commotions having been somewhat suppressed, the great O'Neil came over to Greenwich, and there made his submission, signing by a cross at the end of the document, as he was unable to write. He was created Earl of Tyrone, and his son Baron of Duncannon. The king paid all expenses (as O'Neil was unable or unwilling to defray them), and at the same time he made MacGuinez a knight. The following year other Irish chiefs were raised to the peerage as the Earls of Thomond and Clanricarde and Baron Ybrachan. The ceremonies at Greenwich were similar on both occasions. The queen's chamber was gaily hung with arras and strewn with rushes. After mass the king sat beneath his cloth of state, surrounded by his nobles, and as the uncouth chiefs came forward and knelt the king girt their earl's swords upon them, and put gold collars round their necks. They then marched forth to the dining-room under the king's chamber, heralded by trumpeters, and after the second course were proclaimed by the garter-king in their titles.

Leland, the well-known antiquary, who had seen many of the celebrated houses and castles in Henry VIII.'s reign, writes in glowing terms of Greenwich:

'How bright the lofty seat appears!
Like Jove's great palace paved with stars.
What roofs, what windows charm the eye!
What turrets, rivals of the sky!
What constant springs, what smiling meads!
Here Flora's self in state resides.'

In the year 1539, the old manor-house of Greenwich, perhaps the very house in which Henry IV. signed his will, was granted by Henry to Richard Long for life. This man is mentioned in 1528 as one of the heads of the stable department, and had only sixty-six shillings and eightpence a quarter, the same amount that was paid to the king's barber and Piro, the French cook. It would appear that there were other houses in Greenwich occupied by persons connected with the Court, and the place was evidently becoming populous, for shortly afterwards we find a question as to the sources whence the bread supply was to be drawn. Henry made the palace (Placentia) the manor-house, and elevated the manor into an 'honour.' The old manor-house was granted in 1550 to John, Earl of Warwick, and it afterwards passed to several persons of distinction.[1]

[1] Sir John Morden built on this site, in 1695, a college for decayed merchants, which still remains—a fine old quadrangle, with piazzas. He placed twelve decayed Turkey merchants in it during his life.

CHAPTER XX.

ANNE OF CLEVES—GRAND RECEPTION—ANNULMENT OF MARRIAGE—CATHERINE HOWARD—CARDINAL BEATON.

THE unsatisfactory relations which Henry now held with the emperor and the King of France rendered a foreign alliance desirable. The Duke of Cleves was a powerful man in Flanders, and Henry accordingly made proposals for his sister Anne, with a result not better than that which often follows an interested marriage. He seems, indeed, to have been unusually reckless in this matter. It is seldom safe to make terms for anything without seeing it; but we can scarcely imagine a man agreeing to take a wife whom he had never beheld, except in a flattering portrait by Holbein. At length she arrived in England, and, full of enthusiasm for the fair features delineated, he braved the frosts of January, donned his 'marble' coat, and took barge at Greenwich to row to Rochester, eager to behold the charms he was shortly to possess. Alas! "he was marveillously astoned and abashed." He liked something light, bright, and piquant. He beheld a large,

bulky woman, grave, dull, and ignorant, with a bad complexion, and with nothing light about her but her hair, a colour he disliked.

As we behold at the present day the great Norman keep whose massive form towers so grandly above the Medway at Rochester, we can picture Anne standing in a gorgeously draped apartment thirty feet high, and gazing down at a noisy crowd who, as a grand entertainment in her honour, are hounding on a pack of dogs to worry a bull tied to a ring in the court below.

Suddenly several gorgeously-attired persons—apparently nobles of equal rank—enter the hall, and one of them, advancing courteously to her, holds out a letter signed by the king, and while she regards it, puts his arm round her waist and—kisses her. She draws back, much surprised at the freedom of English manners, and, in rebuke, directs her gaze steadily out of the window. Then the king departs, and comes back in his 'marble' coat, and with the insignia of royalty. Anne now recognises the privileged character of the offender, and, to atone for her former coldness, gently kneels to do him reverence.

They had no conversation, because she only spoke Dutch, and Henry hastened back to his barge so much disappointed at her appearance, that he even forgot to present the gifts he had brought.

As the oarsmen pulled back up to Greenwich, the king sat pensive and depressed, and said to Sir Anthony Brown, 'I see nothing in this woman as men have reported of her, and I marvel that wise

men should make such a report.' But personal feelings had to be postponed to state interests.

On Saturday, January 3rd, two days after the above-mentioned visit, there were pitched on a plain at Blackheath, near the foot of Shooter's Hill, a tent of rich cloth of gold and other magnificent pavilions, in which fires were made and perfumes burnt for the royal bride, her ladies, and the ladies who should receive her.

From the tents to the park-gate of Greenwich all bushes and firs were cut down to open a broad way. The knights, and fifty gentlemen, pensioners, and others, stood near the tents in velvet and golden chains to the number of twelve hundred, and six hundred came with the king and her grace. Behind, the serving men were drawn up, well horsed and apparelled, in ranks from the park gate towards the 'cross on the heath.'

At twelve, her grace came down Shooter's Hill in the chariot in which she had ridden all the journey, which was carved and gilt with the arms of her country, and covered with cloth of gold, all the horses being housed in black velvet. She came with a hundred horsemen, attended by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other lords, and before reaching the tents was met by a brilliant company of sixty-five ladies, whom, descending from her chariot, she thanked and kissed. When the counsellors and officers had kissed her hand, she and the ladies entered the tents and warmed themselves.

The king now issued forth from Greenwich to

meet her with trumpeters, accompanied by bishops and nobles on horseback. He was mounted on a goodly courser trapped in rich cloth of gold. He wore a coat of purple velvet, embroidered all over with gold of damask and lace, the sleeves and breast being slashed and fastened together with diamonds, rubies, and 'orient pearls.' A grand spectacle he was both from his dress and personal appearance. Ten footmen in gold coats ran with him, and after him came the Lord Chamberlain, and Sir A. Brown, Master of the Horse, leading the king's horse of state by a long rein of gold. Then followed the pages of honour, riding great coursers trapped in crimson velvet.

When her grace heard of the king's arrival, she issued forth from her tent in a rich gown of cloth of gold. It is noticed that it was made after the Dutch fashion, without a train. On her head was a *call*, and over that a round bonnet or cap adorned with pearls. About her neck she had a *partelet* of rich stones, which 'glystered all the felde.' At the door of the tent she mounted a horse richly trapped, having her footmen about her in gold liveries, embroidered with the black lion and set with carbuncles. The king, seeing her, came forward somewhat beyond the cross on Blackheath, and there paused a little, till she came nearer; then he took off his bonnet and saluted and embraced her. The king and queen then rode side by side towards Greenwich through the ranks, and it was a fine sight, 'she of so goodly a stature and womanly countenance.' They were preceded by trumpets and kettle-drums, and followed by all the nobles.

When they arrived at Greenwich, the barges of the city were rowing up and down, adorned with banners, flags, and targets. In every barge were divers sorts of instruments, and children and men singing, and, when they alighted from their horses, the king embraced and kissed her, bidding her welcome, and led her through the hall, where stood fifty pensioners with battleaxes. As soon as they entered the court, a salute was fired out of the tower of Greenwich.

But amidst all this display and rejoicing the king's heart was heavy; the marriage was delayed till Tuesday, January 6th, and the intervening time was spent in trying to discover some specious obstacle which might excuse Henry from carrying out his engagement. But Anne's representations were unpleasantly reassuring as to all doubts about her betrothal to another, and Henry groaned in spirit at 'the great yoke he had to enter into.'

Thus the marriage proceeded. The following Tuesday being the Epiphany, at eight in the morning the king waited in the gallery arrayed in cloth of gold and fur, and Anne was led forth in a dress of cloth of gold adorned with flowers of pearl, her gown being round, after the Dutch fashion, and her long fair hair hanging down. On her head was a coronal of gold, with stones set about with branches of rosemary, and she wore a necklace and girdle of jewels. We may suppose that she was not ignorant of the uncomplimentary inquiries which had been made about her, and we read that she went through the ceremony 'with most demure countenance and

sad behaviour.' According to the custom of the day, her wedding-ring had a 'posy' inscribed in it, and the words were, 'God send me well to kepe.'

On the following Sunday solemn jousts were held at Greenwich, and the queen appeared in English dress with a French hood, which is said to have 'set off her beauty to great advantage.' The king seems to have had a different opinion; he not only disliked her appearance, but spoke of her 'debility,' and unhandsomely insinuated doubts about her virtue, which he thought were corroborated when upon Cromwell's advice she proceeded to fondle and caress him.

At midsummer next year he caused her to remove to Richmond as being better for her health, and obtained a decree from convocation against the marriage. A divorce was obtained principally on the ground of a precontract with the Duke of Lorraine's son.[1] This was made when they were both minors, and had never been confirmed; but Henry required distinct proofs that the contract was null and void. The ambassadors of Saxony and Cleves promised to send them, but when they arrived Henry found men to swear that they were insufficient. One of these pliant ministers was Audley, who was always ready to support the king's views. He was one of the judges who condemned Anne Boleyn and Courtney, and who facilitated the dissolution of the monasteries.

A letter written by Audley to Cromwell in 1533

[1] Anne behaved with great forbearance; she was allowed a pension of three or four thousand a year, remained in England and lived on good terms with Mary.

throws some light upon the causes of his subserviency. After asking how he would obtain some pecuniary assistance, he concludes, 'scribled this mornyng. I pray you burne this letter, or kepe it secret for my necessyte aperyth in yt, which I wold that al shuld not know.'

Henry did not remain single longer than most widowers. His council and nobles solicited him to select as a wife 'some noble personage having a notable appearance of honor, cleynnes, and maidenly behavor,' and he complied with such alacrity that one marriage was only six months after the other.[1]

Catherine Howard was niece to the Duke of Norfolk, and Henry thought he had obtained in this pretty little body 'a jewel of womanhood and very perfect love towards him.' They must, after their marriage, have been together often at Greenwich, for we find the king's Privy Council meeting there throughout the whole of April and the greater part of June, 1541. Although there was a parliament at this time, Henry was practically despotic,[2] and this council performed the duties now consigned to the cabinet and Privy Council. A great variety of questions came before them concerning treason, poaching, robbery, and other crimes great and small. The counsellors were some of the first men in the kingdom, most of whom lived at court, and four were appointed — the Bishop of Bath, the Secretary, Sir Thomas More, and the Dean of the Chapel—two of whom were always to attend in the

[1] Almost on the very day that Cromwell was beheaded.

[2] Parliament has been generally under the power of either the king, the nobles, the plutocracy, or the democracy.

king's dining-chamber at ten in the morning and two in the afternoon, to hear complaints or to consult with the king.

Henry's dream of perfection was dispelled by Cranmer, who received some unpleasant information about Catherine. She had committed herself both before and after her marriage. Henry, we are told, brought the sad intelligence before his council 'with plenty of tears.' It might seem strange that within such a short time he should have two wives suspected of infidelity, but he had rid himself of the pious Catherine and the sedate Anne of Cleves, and sought out women of more gay and vivacious dispositions.

Cranmer had an interview with Catherine, and said she seemed in a state of frenzy when he accused her, but became quieter when he spoke of the king's clemency—an allusion which was certainly premature. She seems to have finally confessed her guilt, but maintained that she had a pre-contract of marriage with Derrham, the principal offender, who was her cousin. Henry would not allow this plea to be mentioned at the trial; for, if her marriage with him were thus void, her offence would have been of less heinous character.[1]

If any of Catherine's improprieties were committed at Greenwich, we have no proof of the fact, happily for that locality. A number of persons were arrested for connection with her misdoings, among them the Duchess of Norfolk. Towards the end of the inquiry,

[1] Among those compromised was Lady Rochford, who was beheaded. She was Anne Boleyn's sister-in-law, and had borne witness against her, but died, we are told, very penitent.

Henry returned to Greenwich, and the members of the Privy Council resident in London were ordered to meet him there on the 23rd of December (1541) to receive his decision with regard to the ladies imprisoned in the Tower. It was represented to him that they were so sorrowful that some of them would probably not live unless they were allowed some liberty, or had permission to receive their friends. The king, however, though he signified his intention of liberating them, determined to punish them with a somewhat longer confinement. The goods of the Duchess of Norfolk were confiscated. The Earl of Southampton informed the king that 'she hath moche good apparel and stuffe, moche trashe, baguaige, and many od endes.' Wriothesly, however, says that they have now at Westminster five thousand marks in money, and one thousand pounds worth of plate from the confiscations, and that he should 'sleep the better' if it were safely at Greenwich.

A most remarkable battle, or rather flight, took place in Scotland at Solway Moss in the autumn of 1542. The English had entered the country, and James resolved to give them battle at once, in opposition to the opinion of his generals, but in accordance with that of Cardinal Beaton, who assured him that good Catholics could never be conquered by heretics. When the army was advancing, he dismissed Lord Maxwell, the general in command, and appointed an incompetent favourite, whereupon the soldiers began to desert, and on a small body of English cavalry appearing on a neighbouring hill, the whole army was seized with a panic. The English

troop, seeing this, charged down, and a general rout ensued. A great number were slain, and many Scotch noblemen were taken prisoners, among them the Earl of Cassilis.

The captives were sent to London, and Henry, desiring to obtain their goodwill, treated them in a friendly manner, and early in the next year he entertained them to the number of twenty-one at Greenwich, and gave them all liberty to return home, on condition that they should bring about a marriage between Prince Edward and Mary of Scotland. Cassilis was, we are told, particularly fortunate in his imprisonment, for he was committed to the keeping of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who used his opportunity and hospitality so well that the earl embraced the reformed religion. In those days the profession of faith was thought more important than the practice of virtue.

Owing to Cardinal Beaton again obtaining power in Scotland, the proposed contract of marriage could not be carried out; but the noblemen who had been released did not surrender themselves to Henry, as in honour bound, with the exception of the Earl of Cassilis. This handsome act on the part of the earl cemented his friendship with Henry, who dismissed him with presents.

In Scotland Cardinal Beaton and his party still continued supreme, and greatly persecuted the Protestants. Under these trying circumstances, Cassilis sent in the spring of 1545 a letter to Sadler containing nothing less than an offer to assassinate the cardinal. Sadler applied for instructions, and we are astonished to find

that the king's council was called at Greenwich on the 30th of May to consider this proposal. The answer returned was worthy of the lowest code of morality. It was that Henry did not wish to seem to know anything about the matter, but that he did not 'mislike the offer,' and that Sadler should write to the earl that he had received his proposal, which he did not think it proper to communicate to the king; but that if he were in the earl's place he would do the king this good service, believing it to be not only acceptable to him but beneficial to Scotland.[1]

About this time an offer came also from Sir James Kirkcaldy, Norman Leslie, and others to murder the cardinal.

It must be remembered that one cause of Cardinal Beaton's persecution of the Protestants was that they belonged to the English party. From the sequel we may suppose that the plot to murder the cardinal was not unknown. Among those reformers whom he committed to the flames was one Wishart, a field preacher, whom the regent desired to save. But Beaton was so bent upon the execution that he had it performed in front of his castle window, where he sat in state to witness it. The wretched Wishart, as he was led forth and looked up at the grand prelate, told the executioner that in a few days the cardinal would be as low as he now was high. And his words proved true, for a few days afterwards Beaton was murdered in his palace, and his body was thrown into the street out of the very window from

[1] Domestic State MSS.

which he had witnessed the dying agonies of Wishart.[1]

One of Henry's greatest achievements in arms was the taking of Boulogne in 1544. Great preparations were made for the siege, and in the crypt of the cathedral in that town are to be seen to this day the huge round stones which his artillery showered upon the walls. The town seems for a time to have been appropriated like Calais, but in 1546 a peace was concluded. The admiral of France accordingly came to England with other lords and two hundred gentlemen, well appointed, from Dieppe, and with twelve other galleys, well trimmed and decked, sailed to England, and never touched land till he reached Greenwich, where he was received (by earls appointed) on the 19th of August. A great salute of cannon was fired for him, festivities were celebrated, and he was given one thousand two hundred pounds worth of plate, while his companions received plate, horses, and greyhounds. Boulogne was still in English hands, but all this time the French were raising works against it in the neighbourhood.

A blood-spot stained the last page of Henry's history, in the death of the young Earl of Surrey, who was accused of treason. This nobleman was Anne Boleyn's first cousin, and was much at Greenwich. He was one of the most brilliant men of the age, distinguished alike in arms and literature. Many of his poems remain in which he sings the beauties of flowery spring, and the miseries of despised love. Pope pays him a high compliment:

[1] The person who brought the offer from Kirkcaldy to kill the cardinal was named Wishart, probably this very man.

'Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists and graceful in the dance.'

His father, the Duke of Norfolk, to whom we have previously referred, escaped execution owing to Henry's death, but died soon after his release from imprisonment.

CHAPTER XXI.

EDWARD VI.—EXECUTION OF SEYMOUR—AUDLEY'S PRESCRIPTIONS—ILLNESS OF THE KING—INTRIGUES—SIR HUGH WILLOUGHBY.

THE short reign of Edward VI. has left a deeper impression on the heart of England than the long and magnificent career of his father. A sweet and gentle prince appears, doomed to early death, evincing an unusual amount of intelligence and associated with the advance of the Reformation.

Edward reigned in rough times, when the people had become demoralised by confiscations and other changes. It is refreshing to turn the eye to brighter scenes, and to look at the young king riding out to a 'great triumph' at Greenwich on a fine May morning in 1551. He was then fourteen, and it would appear that this was mostly a kind of boys' tournament. On one side rode the king and his party, accompanied by their footmen and trumpeters, with hats, cloaks, banners, and spears all black and white. On the other side came the Earl of Hertford (the Protector) and a great company of lords, knights, and 'other young gentlemen,' all attired in yellow silk, with yellow liveries and horse-trappings. There

were gay and gallant doings at Greenwich that day fighting with broad swords and running at the ring.

Christmas was kept this year at Greenwich with open house and 'keeping the hall,' that is, a general admission within certain limits to all honest folk. According to old custom, a lord of misrule was appointed, and was now dignified by the title of Master of the King's Pastimes. He invented so many 'sights and interludes' for the amusement of the commonalty that his name, George Ferrers, has survived, and we are told that the king highly commended him.

But amid all the noise and laughter Edward's heart was heavy, and Northumberland's brow was dark. At a later date, when one day Edward was practising at a target, and the duke said, 'Well shot, my liege; you've hit the mark.' 'Yes,' replied the prince, coldly; 'but you shot nearer the mark when you shot off my good uncle Somerset's head.'

It is said that these entertainments were held to divert the king's mind from unpleasant thoughts. When the revels were over, Ferrers went up from Greenwich to London, and, landing at the Tower wharf, passed through the gloomy pile where Somerset was lying under sentence of death. In Tower Street he met a kindred spirit—the sheriffs' lord of misrule—and the two vain fellows proceeded amid joke and jollity to the Lord Mayor's house, where they met a great company of revellers, and sat down to a magnificent banquet.

The mild and peaceable Seymour was no match for the fierce, unscrupulous Dudley. Accused of a design to seize the king's person, and of plotting

against his rival's life, he was conveyed to the Tower in October, tried in December, and sent back to his prison a condemned man. Neither the king nor the people approved of the sentence, but Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, was all-powerful.

Somerset met his fate gradly and calmly. His step was firm, his eye bright, his brow unruffled. You might have thought he was taking a pleasant walk in the country to visit an old friend, not that he was advancing to meet a mob collected to see him die. His words on the scaffold were few, mostly in commendation of the king. As his last sentence died away, a loud noise was heard, a commotion followed and a panic; people ran in different directions, and not a few tumbled into the Tower ditch. Some thought it had thundered, others that a rescue was being attempted. Stow and Fox, the chroniclers of the time, were among the spectators, and the former states that the sound was merely owing to the rush of a body of men who were afraid they had come too late.

Somerset begged the crowd to be quiet, bared his neck, knelt down in the straw, and placed his head on the block; but the suspense continued, for he had to rise again, as the executioner required his coat to be taken off. Then he placed his head again, the axe fell, and the ghastly deed was done! Many ran forward and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood.

Let us now turn from January[1] and the Tower to May and Greenwich Park. There is an imposing scene,

[1] Somerset was executed on the 22nd of January, 1552, and the muster took place on the 16th of May following.

a muster of horsemen, on the wide greensward.[1] The young king and Lord Braye head under the royal standard the band of pensioners, one hundred and fifty strong, each man bringing three horses. The Duke of Northumberland, Master of the Household, led fifty men under the white lion and ragged staff. The Duke of Suffolk brought one hundred and ten under the unicorn and star. The gay banners of eleven other great noblemen fluttered in the breeze, displaying the goat, peacock, green dragon, maiden's body, Saracen's head, rose in sun, and other heraldic devices. There were altogether at the review more than a thousand troopers.[2]

Meanwhile, in these early days Edward was drinking in the streams of knowledge, and, when between eight and nine years of age, wrote several letters in Latin. Many long letters remain, written before he was fourteen. Perhaps the most interesting are those to his young friend Barnaby Fitzpatrick, as they bear a fresher impress of his mind than the more studied compositions indited to eminent persons. When Barnaby was at the French court, some question arose as to his attending mass, and Edward replies,

'If you be vehemently procured, you may go as waiting on the king, not so intending to the abuse, nor willingly seeing the ceremonies, as you look on the mass. But in the mean season read the Scripture or some good book, and give no reverence to the mass at all . . . For women, as farforth as you

[1] The levelled ground still noticeable in front of the Queen's House.

[2] Holinshed.

may, avoid their company. Yet if the French king command you, you may sometimes dance, so measure be your mean. Else apply yourself to riding, shooting, or tennis with such honest games—not forgetting sometimes, when you have leisure, your learning, chiefly reading the Scripture. This I write, not doubting but you would have done so, though I had not written but to spur you on.' (This letter is dated December 20, 1551.)

On January 25, 1552, he writes, 'Now shortly we will prove how ye have profited in the French tongue, for within a while we will write to you in French.'

Precocious children are too often found to be pale and fragile as the flowers of spring. In the January of 1553 Edward began to fade, and in May he was so sick that doubts were entertained as to his recovery. No sadder event in itself and its surroundings ever occurred at Greenwich than the death of the young king. The Protestants were alarmed at the prospect, for Mary associated them in her mind with her mother's divorce—unjustly, for Henry had no love for the Lutherans, nor had they any desire for the divorce, beyond a willingness to support their own party against the Romanists.

Northumberland, wishing to take advantage of the fears of the Reformers, married his fourth son to the grand-daughter[1] of Henry's sister Mary and the valiant Brandon. Mary's eldest daughter had married Grey, who was made Duke of Suffolk.

[1] The people generally would have preferred her marrying Edward Courtenay, son of the Marquis of Exeter, who had been fifteen years in the Tower.

The views of the French were in accordance with those of Northumberland. They feared that Mary might form an alliance with Spain by marrying Philip, and felt anxious about the state of Edward's health. Strange rumours were afloat, and the French ambassadors begged to be allowed to see the king, or at least to make the outside world think they had seen him. Accordingly they were invited to dine at Greenwich on the 4th of May; and, as they rose from the repast, Northampton brought a message that the king would receive them. They followed him into a private room, and, while the court believed they were beside the sick bed, they were merely in conversation with Northumberland!

Northumberland's plot to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne was concocted at Greenwich. Edward, who had been brought up with strong Protestant views, was not averse from his intentions. Cecil (afterwards Elizabeth's celebrated secretary) was sorely exercised in mind at this time. His clerk, Roger Alford, writes that his master first opened the subject to him privately as they walked one day in Greenwich park, and asked him what he heard about Lord Guilford Dudley's marrying Lady Jane, saying that the Marchioness of Northampton was the prime mover in the matter. A few days afterwards, Cecil told him about a device of the king's to settle the succession on Lady Jane, but said he had nothing to do with it. Afterwards, in the chamber at Greenwich, Cecil told him that there was a determination of the council—to which he was not called

—to make Lady Jane queen, but that he would never join in the project.

Cecil often then went to London at night, and took arms with him, contrary to his usual custom; and several times, at Greenwich, seemed to think he might be committed to prison. Alford thereupon went to London by Cecil's orders, and took the money and plate out of his house. All this probably happened at the end of April; and at the beginning of May, a convenient indisposition, brought on perhaps by these anxieties, obliged Cecil to retire from court. Audley imagined he was really ill, and, being fond of dabbling in medicine, sent him, on May 3rd, from Greenwich, two prescriptions, which he says had gained him considerable credit.

A Good Medicine for Weakness or Consumption.

Take a sow pig of nine days' old, and flea him and quarter him, and put him in a still, along with a handful of spearmint, a handful of red fennel, a handful of liverwort, half a handful of red nepe (turnip), a handful of celery, nine dates clean picked and pared, a handful of great raisins and pick out the stones, a quarter of an ounce of mace, and two sticks of good cinnamon. Bruise in a mortar, and distil it together with a fair fire, and put it in a glass and set it in the sun nine days, and drink nine spoonfuls of it at once when you list.

A Compost.

ITEM.—Take a porpin, otherwise called an English hedgehog, and quarter him in pieces, and put the

said beast in a still, with these ingredients: item, a quart of red wine, a pint of rose-water, a quart of sugar, cinnamon, and great raisins, one date, and twelve nepe.

Audley kept a manuscript book, in which he entered his various nostrums; no doubt some of them were very amusing.

But Northumberland had a more speedy remedy for Cecil's disease. He appointed another man to be secretary, and Cecil, fearing he should lose his office, was soon at Greenwich again. On the 11th of June, he sat with the council there, and signed, with the Duke (Lord Treasurer), the Earl of Bedford, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Pembroke, John Gate, William Petre, and others, a letter to Sir Edward Montague, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, requiring him to be at the court at Greenwich by one on the morrow, and to bring with him Sir John Baker, Justice Bromley, the Attorney and Solicitor General.

On arriving, and being brought into the presence of the king, they found assembled the Lord Treasurer (Northumberland), the Marquis of Northampton, Sir John Gate, and some others.

The king said, with his own mouth, that, now in sickness, he bethought him that the crown might go to Lady Mary, who might marry a foreigner and change the religion of the realm, and he therefore desired a book to be made of some articles he had prepared. The lawyers declared that the act of succession, an act of Parliament, could not thus be put aside; but, the king insisting, they took the articles,

and said they would consider about them. Next day they met, and determined that any such attempt to alter the succession in favour of Lady Jane would be treasonable, and they took no steps in the matter. The following day they went to court, and before all the council (the Duke of Northumberland not being in the council-chamber) reported that they had considered the articles, and that they intended to do nothing about making the book, as they and all the lords concerned would be guilty of treason. When the Duke of Northumberland heard this, he rushed into the council-chamber, trembling with rage and fury, called Sir Edward Montague a traitor, and said he would fight in his shirt with any man in that quarrel. Mr. Bromley was afraid the duke would strike one of them. They departed home in great fear.[1]

On the 14th of June, Sir Edward received another letter from Greenwich, signed much as before (but not by Cecil), commanding Sir Edward to be at court next day at one, with the same law officers. They accordingly came, and were conveyed into a room behind the dining-chamber, when all the lords stared at them as if they did not know them. At length they were again brought before the king and whole council. The king asked, with sharp words and angry countenance, why they had not made his book. Sir Edward replied, respectfully, that the book would be of no use against the act of succession—an act of Parliament. The king said he would have the book made, and ratified by Parlia-

[1] Fuller's Church History.

ment; and several lords standing behind Sir Edward said, if they refused to make it, they were traitors. Sir Edward was in as great fear as ever he was in his life, seeing the king so decided, the Duke of Northumberland having been so furious the day before and all the council being afraid of him.

Being an 'old weak man without comfort,' Sir Edward now began to think about saving his life. He accordingly promised to make the book, if he had the king's commission under the great seal and a full pardon, which was granted.[1] And so the makers of the book, 'with sorrowful hearts and weeping eyes, in great fear and dread,' devised the book according to the articles, and on the morrow after the last term ended he put his hand to the book, and so did many others, and he sealed it with the great seal.

Meanwhile, the mind of the country was sorely agitated. Preachers proclaimed in London that the king was dying, and that the Protestant religion was in danger; some believed that the king was already dead. Greenwich Palace was in the thoughts of all, and crowds went to look up anxiously at the windows of the royal bed-room. At last, to quiet the people, the king was shown at one of them on the 4th of July. He looked ghastly and motionless, and many went away with the impression that he was dead, and that they had seen a corpse.

All this time Northumberland was busy with mili-

[1] For this act Sir Edward was, in the reign of Mary, fined £1,000, imprisoned for six weeks, and deprived of his office of Justice of the Common Pleas. In a memorial drawn up by him he greatly laments these misfortunes, as he has seventeen children.

tary preparations. Troops were raised in every direction, and in front of Greenwich lay twenty ships, armed with guns from the forts of Essex, and ready to sail to intercept any Spanish descent from Flanders. Mary was invited to Greenwich to see her brother, but this device to entrap her failed. Some now spread the report that Edward was being poisoned, and it is true that he had been for some time in charge of a suspicious 'wise woman,' who professed that she had specifics for the cure of disease. It was given out that his malady was consumption, but his hair fell off, and his nails, and even, it is said, the joints of his toes.

On Thursday, two days after the visit of the French ambassadors, the unhappy king breathed his last.[1] A terrific storm raged at the time, as if to make the event more portentous. The death was kept as secret as possible, and it was hoped that it might be concealed for a fortnight, or at least until Mary was seized. The mayor and aldermen were summoned to Greenwich on the Saturday and sworn to secresy; the palace gates were shut closer than before and the guards doubled, but, notwithstanding all precautions, there were those in attendance who sent the new queen early intelligence.

Meanwhile a sad expedition had taken place which started with high hopes and festive ceremonies from Greenwich in 1553. There hangs in the Painted Cham-

[1] The Grey Friars' Chronicle records under date 1554, 'This year the king repaired his palace at Greenwich with much new buildings there.'

ber at Greenwich a remarkable full-length portrait of Sir Hugh Willoughby, in highly-puffed attire. He was the first victim to the craze about a northern passage to the Pacific. The great encourager of his voyage was Sebastian (Cabot) a man of 'Bristow' (Bristol), but the son of a Genoese. Willoughby started with two well-appointed ships, but this 'worthy and adventurous gentleman' was not destined to see his native land again. He sailed eastward as far as 'Muscovia,' *i.e.*, Novaia Zemlia, after which he was tossed and driven by a tempest in the polar regions, and put into Arzina in Lapland, where he and his crews were eventually found in their ships frozen to death in the ice.

CHAPTER XXII.

PROCLAMATION OF MARY—CHANGE IN RELIGION—BLAND—CONSPIRACY—GREENWICH PALACE.

THE troopers whom Northumberland sent to seize Mary found the bird flown. She had been in Hertfordshire, but had retired northwards, and three days after Edward's death wrote a letter inquiring why she had not been proclaimed queen. At the same time, she did not feel herself safe enough to speak haughtily, and promised a free pardon to all who immediately admitted her rights.

The Roman party were still strong in England, and noted as a happy omen the fact that the Protestant Edward had died on the 6th of July, the anniversary of the execution of the Catholic More. The Reformers were disunited; some were loth to do injustice to Mary, some were in favour of Elizabeth. Northumberland was too fond of force and bravado, and had made enemies, and there were many who remembered Somerset's death, and were unwilling to place Dudley's daughter-in-law on the throne. In London the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey was coldly received, and even by some derided. One of

the scoffers, a vintner's boy, was seized and condemned to stand in the pillory with his ears cut off, an exhibition which made the cause still more unpopular.

Meanwhile Mary and her friends announced that she would not interfere with the religion of the country, and the Duke of Northumberland, having advanced as far as Bury St. Edmunds,[1] found his army decreasing. He had no choice but to submit, and so fell back upon Cambridge, where he threw up his cap in the market-place with feigned jubilation, and cried out, 'God save Queen Mary!' Thus the poor 'Twelfth-day queen' came in nine days to an end of her reign.

While all these disturbances were passing over the country, Greenwich Palace lay in the depth of silence. Its portals were closed, and within it, in a dim taper-lit chamber, lay the wasted body of the dead king. Mary directed a post-mortem examination to be held, and the finding was that Edward had been poisoned. A controversy then arose as to whether he should be buried with Protestant or Catholic rites. Finally Cranmer was allowed to perform the ceremony, the last of his ministry; but Mary attended at the same time a mass for her brother's soul in her private chapel in the Tower.[2] It was characteristic of the times that, when on this occasion a married chaplain censed the queen, a Dr. Weston, afterwards deprived of the

[1] The birthplace of Gardiner.

[2] Edward's body lay six weeks at Greenwich. He was not buried at Westminster till the 18th of August.

Deancry of Windsor for debauchery, rushed forward in holy indignation, and, seizing the censer out of his hands, exclaimed, 'The queen will not be censed by such as thou.'

Mary, who was a devotee, and had been soured by her early life, now endeavoured to bring back the old form of religion. Her sanction of executions, and her intention of marrying Philip of Spain—the son of that emperor whom she had seen at Greenwich—made her odious to the Protestants. She was hooted in the streets, and on one occasion, when twenty-three persons were brought up from Oxford to be burnt for the good of their souls, they were loudly cheered by the populace, who grew so menacing that the government thought it better to leave the heretics to their punishment in the next world. The air was full of insurrection.

Edward's laws concerning religion were now repealed, and acts were passed to re-establish Romanism. Among the first exiles who were recalled from abroad were the Observants, who had been the first banished. Those of Greenwich were reinstated on the 7th of April, 1555, by the Bishop of Rochester. Henry had substituted Augustinians there, but the house seems to have become dilapidated, if not desolate. Mary now repaired it, restored its endowments, and refounded it. To see, after twenty-three years' exile, the 'family' returning, and the old faces—that is, a few of them—again passing in and out of the friary, must have appeared like a resurrection.

Elston, who had fought so stoutly for Catherine, now came back as warden, and ended his stormy life

in peace beside the palace. Peto was made a cardinal by the Pope, and was appointed one of the queen's confessors; but, being unable to agree with Cardinal Pole, he fell out of Mary's favour so much that in 1550 she made him walk up and down the streets of London in the habit of a poor friar, with a bare head instead of a cardinal's hat. Afterwards Elston complained to the Lord Treasurer that he and Peto had been stoned. It seems that Peto took up his abode privately at Greenwich; but, having one day ventured to London, the mob set upon him as he was getting into a boat to return, and would have stoned him to death had he not hastily escaped into a cock-boat and put off. But his short ribs were broken, of which he died.

Conspiracies were now rife. Mary's right of succession had been disputed by Northumberland, and now her marriage was forcibly opposed by Wyatt. Suffolk, Lady Jane's father, was joined in this plot, and, being detected, was followed by the Earl of Huntingdon. Having only fifty horsemen with him, he tried to conceal himself in a hollow tree in his park, but was betrayed by one of his keepers. He was brought to the Tower, and beheaded. This abortive rebellion led to the execution of the innocent Lady Jane Grey, who had been only a puppet in the hands of her father and the Duke of Northumberland.

Among the most consistent sufferers for religion in Mary's reign was John Bland. He was the parson of Adisham, and had been educated by Dr. Lupton, the provost of Eton. One of his deadly sins was that he was married, but he also offended by preaching

against transubstantiation, prayers in a foreign language and the sacrament in one kind. As he delivered his opinions on these subjects openly in the pulpit, so he stood by them in his examinations in court. His holy boldness was the misery of his friends and relations, who, after having twice obtained his release from prison, found him still as loud-voiced as ever. They offered to rescue him a third time, if he would desist from such preaching in future; but, as he refused to promise this, they left him to his fate. After sundry unpleasant and insulting visits had been paid to his church by officious Romanists, who demanded that he should destroy the 'rood,' and took away the table he had substituted for the altar, a priest was sent to say mass at Adisham. In 1554 we find Bland in prison at Canterbury, and undergoing examinations —he was brought up altogether six times. In February, 1555, he and other Protestants were removed to the 'bar,' or prison[1] at Greenwich, where they lay among the common felons, with irons on their arms, until on the 19th they were called out to be examined by Sir John Baker and four others. The proceedings commenced as follows:—

BAKER. Bland, wherefore were ye cast into prison?

BLAND. I cannot well tell. Your mastership cast me in.

BAKER. Will ye go to the church and obey and follow the queen's proceedings, and do as an honest man should?

[1] Perhaps where the Gloucester Arms hotel now stands. It has thick walls, and is said to have been a prison.

BLAND. I trust in God to do no otherwise than as an honest man should do.

BAKER. Will ye do as I said?

BLAND. Will it please your mastership to give me leave to ask you a question?

BAKER. Yea.

BLAND. Sir, may a man do a thing that his conscience is not satisfied in to be good?

BAKER. Away, away! (throwing down the book—a Latin Testament of Bland's.)

MASTER WEBB. I knew ye when ye were not of this opinion.

BLAND. If ye have known me of another opinion, it was for lack of knowledge.

BAKER. Yea, sayest thou so? By St. Mary, and thou hold thee there, I will give six faggots to burn thee withal or thou shouldst be unburned. Hence knave, hence!

They were all sent back to the bar, and thence to the castle at Canterbury. There Bland was examined by the spiritual court twice in March and once in June. He had been in prison a year and a half when he and his four companions were burned at Canterbury on the 12th of July at two stakes in one great fire.

When such persecutions were carried on, it is no surprising that there were commotions. We find in the next year, 1556, a movement in progress called the Dudley conspiracy, from Sir Henry Dudley, a cousin of the late duke. The design was to send Mary and her Spaniards over to Philip, to make Elizabeth queen, and to marry her to the Earl of

Devonshire, the son of the Marquis of Exeter. Some important personages, such as the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Williams of Thame, and Sir Anthony Kingston were willing to join in this design. The French favoured it, and Henry II. admitted the conspirators to an audience at night, and gave Dudley fifteen hundred crowns.

Among the conspirators were the Tremaynes (long connected with privateers at Scilly), Ashton, Throgmorton, and Bedyll. The predilections of the last-named may be gathered from the fact that he had been Cromwell's secretary, was one of the official witnesses at Cranmer's consecration, and was sent by Henry to Catherine to require her to desist from assuming the title of queen. He was now a clerk of the king's council, and his duties caused him to be frequently resident at Greenwich. One Thomas White gave information of the conspiracy, and the chief witness against Bedyll was one Hinnes. This man was apparently some kind of poor adventurer, possibly a sailor selling fish at the palace, the courtyard and precincts of which were usually filled with a crowd of serving-men and loiterers who had come on real or pretended business. It was in February, 1556, that Bedyll, to his misfortune, first observed Hinnes in Greenwich Palace, and, thinking from the bearing of the man that he might serve his purpose, accosted him and said,

'My man, should you like to come fishing with me? If so, I would be happy to take you.'

The fellow, not wishing to lose a good offer, said that he would talk the matter over with him, and

Bedyll, being perhaps unwilling that his Court friend should see him closely communing with such a rough companion, suggested that they should leave the palace and walk underneath the wall of the friary—that is, between the wall and the river.[1] It would appear from the conversation that Bedyll had told Hinnes that he was going to man a ship, and that there seemed to be some further intention underlying his proposals; so, as they walked by the wall, Hinnes said,

'Captain, by the way of talk, let me ask a question. I'll merely put a case. When you come to the seas and see such a number of Scots as are reported to be there, so that you can do nothing, shall we come home again like so many fools?'

BEDYLL. Well, all these reports about the Scots shall not make me afraid. I will go and see for myself about them, and, if I cannot fish there, I will go and try in some other place.

HINNES. As far as I am concerned, I should be loth to waste my time in fishing—I would rather go pirating.

BEDYLL. A man may get too much of that. I will have no men go with me who are given to such practices.

HINNES. But suppose your men over-persuade you, and say this voyage is expensive, and will be ruinous to you, and there is nothing to be got here, therefore

[1] We can see this wall in the Frontispiece. It runs flush with the palace façade, and stands in front of the friary, to the west of the palace.

ve will go abroad; then you, being but one man gainst many, cannot but consent.

BEDYLL. And therefore I will man my ships with entlemen and serving-men as well as mariners, so nat I may be able to have command over them.

HINNES. Well, I would gladly go with you, but nall not be ready so soon.

BEDYLL. I must touch at Beaumaris, and if you ome between this and mid-April I will receive you, or there I shall take others on board.[1]

The conspirators' intention was to take men over France, where they would collect them at a given oint, and then, having received assistance from the rench, land in force at Portsmouth. Meanwhile King-on was to head a western insurrection on the banks of e Severn. On the plot being disclosed, they were l arrested, and torture was used. Bedyll gave evi-ence, but Throgmorton was firm, and refused even the rack to inculpate his associates. When every-ing had been done to elicit information, the wretched en were finally hanged.

Philip was no great acquisition at Greenwich—deed, his haughty reserve and punctilio made him sliked by the English, who had been accustomed the blustering joviality of Henry. Mary was cetic and unlovely, and Philip, who was ten years unger than she, cared as little for her as Henry did her mother, Catherine. He was seldom in this untry. Anthony Kemp, writing to the Earl of evonshire from Greenwich on the 25th of February, 56, after regretting that he has been so constantly

[1] Mary, Domestic State MSS.

posting on State business between Greenwich and Brussels that he has had no time to write, says that the queen is sad because the king is away so long and that he will not return till the end of spring. White also, an informer against the Dudley conspirators, deposed: 'I called to remembrance that Christopher Ashton said and laughed that the news had come out of Flanders that the king would not come hither a great while, or, as they thought, any more. He said it was told him by some that resorted there that, as I remember, Anthony Kemp should bring this news, and that the queen was in a rage when she heard it, and caused the king's picture to be carried out of the privy chamber, was in a wonderful storm, and could not in any wise be comforted.'[1]

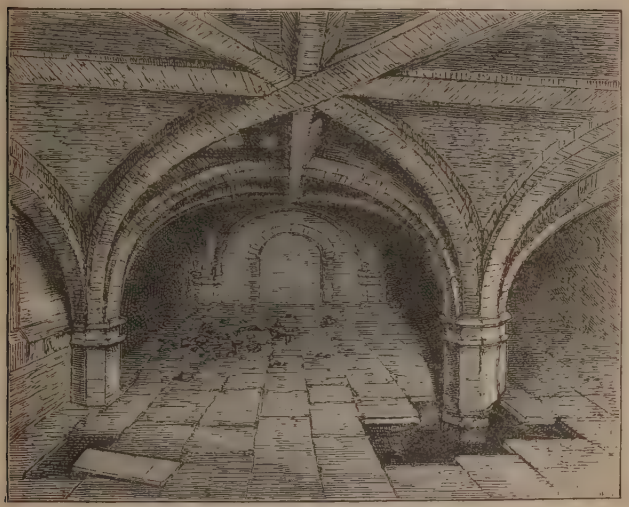
Two valuable pictures by Van den Wyngaerde remain in the Bodleian, showing the character of the palace buildings in Mary's time. We see a long but not lofty building, there being only one storey over the ground-floor,[2] with many square mullioned windows, and several little towers along the façade. In the centre of this front rises a conglomeration of towers, and a square one, jutting out, crosses the terrace walk and reaches the river. At the east end of the palace are the large arched windows of the Chapel Royal, built apparently by Henry VIII.; at the west there is supposed to have been a small chapel, served by the friars, perhaps the 'king's oratory,' where the queens were wont to attend midnight

[1] State Domestic MSS, Mary.

[2] The façade could not have been higher than the present 'Queen's House,' but was probably lower.

nass. Beyond this, and separated a few yards from he palace, were the chapel and habitation of the Observants, with a wall in front and a garden at the back.[1]

The palace grounds did not extend so far on the west as those of the hospital do at present, and persons still living can remember the 'Ship Tavern' standing in Friary Lane, close to the governor's



CRYPT UNDER GREENWICH PALACE

house, where now there is greensward. Greenwich appears in Wyngaerde's view to be a village containing less than one hundred houses; those along the strand are built on piles, and at low water look like many-legged animals.

The only part of the old palace now remaining is

[1] Philipot, writing in 1659, says, 'The friary adjoining the palace, is there yet to be seen.'

the crypt, which has a fine groined roof of brick-work supported on low octagonal pillars of stone. It is about twelve feet in height, and about seventy feet long by thirty wide, the space between the pillars being about fifteen feet. It runs beneath from the west door of the north-east block of the hospital, in which is the museum, to the centre of the court that block contains.

Its position shows that the palace did not reach so far to the north as the hospital buildings do, the river strand being no doubt wider than at present. If this crypt was that of the Chapel Royal, the palace stood more to the west than it is generally placed.[1]

[1] It is usually supposed that it commenced where this north-east block stands, and extended beyond the site of the Trafalgar Hotel. The tilting-ground occupied a large space, contained permanent barriers (see frontispiece), and spread from the site of the Trafalgar Hotel southwards between the hospital grounds and East Street up to the site of the present vicarage. The Duke Humphrey Coffee Palace is said to stand in the place of the 'gallery in the tilting-yard.' But the picture of Wyngaerde seems to put this gallery, or at least a lofty building with four large windows one above another and a tower above all, in a more westward position. I should be inclined to think that the palace extended across the green between the governor's house and the museum, and over the site of the latter. If we place it more to the east, the handsome crypt was not that of the Chapel Royal, but of some other part, and the position of the 'Queen's House' and of the space before it, artificially levelled for public entertainments and exhibitions, must have been unsymmetrical with regard to the palace.

Perhaps the 'gallery in the tilt yard' was not a permanent building. Some ancient house stood on the site of the Coffee Palace, which has a fine oak mantel-piece dated 1657.

I have placed a copy of Wyngaerde's sketch as the frontispiece

of this work, because it is the oldest *original* picture extant. The Society of Antiquaries have a print taken in 1767 from some old drawing, in which the windows have narrow lights and trefoil heads, as in the Bodleian architecture. It is probable that this was the style, and that the square windows were inserted by Henry VIII. or Mary, but we cannot be sure that the copyist did not to some extent indulge his fancy. He does not make the projecting tower reach to the water-side, and I have thought it better to follow Wyngaerde.

Mr. Knight Watson, the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, informs me that the minutes of the society, dated February, 1766, show that their print was taken from a picture belonging to Dr. Ducarel, 'because it was the most neatly finished' of the sketches presented to them, and that a sketch belonging to the president (Lyttleton, Bishop of Carlisle), which 'said on its back that it was drawn by Queen Elizabeth,' was supposed to have been the original whence the rest were taken. If this supposition and 'saying' were correct, the picture from which the society's print was taken was of later date than Wyngaerde's. Over the old palace buttery were two figures of Beer and Gin, now in the Tower.

Mr. Fergusson informs me that he has inspected the walls of the hospital, and that no part of the Tudor palace remains above ground.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ELIZABETH AT GREENWICH—LORD ROBERT DUDLEY—LADY MARY GREY—PROCLAMATION ABOUT DRESS—ATTACKS ON LEICESTER—DRAKE—THE NETHERLANDS.

ELIZABETH'S reflections on her family misfortunes were not pleasanter than those of Mary, and the dangers to which she had been exposed in her early life had deeply furrowed in her mind. She inherited something of the roughness of Henry, but also much of the sparkle of Anne. If her axe was sometimes keen, her wit was always bright, and she had much jocund repartee and affability.

The Observant friars of Greenwich seem to have been peculiarly obnoxious to her, perhaps for the way in which they had spoken of her mother. She expelled them in 1559, the year after she came to the throne, and used their house for the accommodation of some of her retinue.

This year there was in November a grand tilting match at Greenwich, which circumstances rendered somewhat remarkable in history. The French had at this time forces in Scotland, where a rebellion was going on, and they were also preparing a large

army in Normandy, which was regarded by Elizabeth with some suspicion. To quiet her apprehensions, Noailles, the French ambassador, requested an audience for the 3rd of November, and Elizabeth granted it for the 5th, being desirous, as he explains in his letter to the king, that he should see the tournament, which was to take place on that Sunday. Lord Robert Dudley and Lord Hunsdon were then to challenge all comers, and Elizabeth was in great excitement to witness, and let others see the exploits of her lover.

Accordingly she fixed that day for Noailles, and when he arrived he found the emperor's ambassador and a brilliant company of lords and ladies assembled in the gallery in the tilt-yard. The champions were to contend in four combats with their opponents, eighteen of whom presented themselves well armed and mounted, and some of them rode and jousted boldly—which caused Elizabeth greatly to applaud the courage and success of the two challengers.

The warlike spectacle seems to have inspired the young queen, and she spoke in the intervals with unusual warmth and decision to the French ambassador, asking why such preparations were being made on the coasts of France. Noailles tried many explanations, and said their preparations were not so great as she supposed, and were intended for Scotland.

'There is no need for such an army in that country,' she replied. 'At any rate, it is the custom for this kingdom to arm when their neighbours take arms, and we shall have all our coasts well-guarded.'

The first part of Elizabeth's reign was generally re-

markable for its moderation. She kept in office thirteen of Mary's Roman Catholic counsellors, and, although everyone felt that the tide had turned, the pope despatched a nuncio to the queen to invite her to send some English bishops to assist in the deliberations of the Council of Trent. The Spanish ambassador hereupon expressed his hope that this Abbot Martinengo might be allowed to come and present letters from the pope and other princes. A solemn assembly was convened at Greenwich to consider the question on the 1st of May, 1561. Fifteen counsellors were present, among them Sir Francis Bacon, and many speeches were made.

After stating the general objections to allowing the Pope to exercise any authority in England, the speakers went on to say that at the present time it would be particularly undesirable to have the Pope's nuncio here, for 'only the noise and sound of his coming hath wrought in sundry evil-disposed persons such a boldness and courage as both to break the laws and to diffuse false and slanderous reports that the queen is going to change her religion and the government of this realm; and also in some places they have conjured with the devil and cast figures to know the continuance of her majesty's life and reign, and have devised that the devil, in their conjurations, should make answer that she should not long continue. How may it now be, without danger, to have the said nuncio come hither, and it towards summer, in which time the devil hath most opportunity to make troubles and tumults? The Pope has

at this very instant a legate in Ireland, publickly joined with traitors and stirring up rebellion.'[1]

The queen finally refused permission, replying that she desired a general, not a papal, council, and did not recognize the Pope, except as Bishop of Rome.

England was thus free from Roman persecution, but no such happy change had taken place in France. There the faggots still blazed, and the Huguenots were so grievously oppressed that many fled over to this country, bringing with them useful arts and handicrafts. Sandwich, then the most flourishing port in England, was one of the places that benefited by their industry.

On July 6th, 1561, Elizabeth granted at Greenwich a patent to the mayor of Sandwich to allow twenty or twenty-five strangers to live in that town, to make 'says, bays, and other cloths not used to be made in this realm.' This grant was stated to be 'for the help and amending of Sandwich, and the relief of certain strangers now residing in the City of London. As these immigrants were to be recommended by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, there could be no doubt as to their religious tenets.[2]

Elizabeth determined to die a maiden queen, but at the same time her indulgence in various flirtations caused a considerable amount of disquietude and jealousy during her reign. Her favourite, the Earl of Leicester, became an early object of attack. And, in the year previous to the events we have just

[1] Domestic State MSS. Elizabeth.
[2] Domestic State MSS. Elizabeth.

narrated, we find Jones, the secretary of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, having an interview with her majesty at Greenwich, in which he spoke of the feeling in France on this delicate subject.

On Tuesday, November 26th, all the lords of the council were sumptuously feasted at the Scottish ambassador's lodgings at Greenwich. Jones, as soon as he arrived, joined them, and, when the festival was nearly over, Lord Leicester rose up and went to the court, and sent one of his gentlemen to ask Jones to go to him there. He complied, and Leicester asked him whether it was true, as he had heard, that the French queen had said that Queen Elizabeth was going to marry her horse-keeper (Leicester was Master of the Horse). Jones did not deny the fact, which he thought Leicester had heard from Elizabeth. Next day, Wednesday, the queen was all day hunting at Eltham, where she dined, and she did not come to Greenwich until six in the evening. But at that late hour Jones was summoned before her. He spoke first about what the ambassadors of Spain and Venice said. The queen answered:

'Sir Nicholas Throgmorton need not have sent you hither about that—it might have been sent in cipher.'

JONES. True, your majesty; but there was danger that it might come to the knowledge of other people.

ELIZABETH. No one but the secretary would have known it.

Jones then came to more personal matters, and

spoke of the gossip in France about the queen's proposed marriage.

'I have heard of this before,' replied Elizabeth. 'He need not have sent you.'

Then Jones proceeded further, and spoke of the evil history of the Dudley family. He became warm on this subject, and asserted that the Duke of Northumberland had a greater hatred for Elizabeth than he had for her sister Mary.

The queen laughed on hearing this, turned herself first to one side and then to the other, and put her hands up to her face. She said that, as to Amy Robsart's death, it had been enquired into in the country, and that the reports were found to be false; that Lord Leicester was at court at the time of her death, and none of his were at the attempt on his wife's honour. The matter neither touched his honesty nor her honour.[1]

Jones took his leave after this somewhat bold enterprise, and the queen, he says, 'promised silence and good faith.' He observed that she did not look very well, and that this idea of marrying Lord Leicester much perplexed her, and was not likely to be carried out.

But scandal of all kinds continued to be circulated against the favourite, and we find Robert Garrerd, when examined in 1563 about some malicious reports, deposing that 'Edmund Baxter said that Lord Robert Dudley kept her majesty, that she was

[1] It would seem that Scott's view in 'Kenilworth' was mainly correct—*i.e.*, that Amy Robsart was murdered, not by Leicester, but by some one to obtain his favour.

a naughty woman and could not rule her realm, and that justice was not administered; that the Lord Keeper was a wretch (though he, Baxter, would go on his knees and call him good, honourable lord), that he kept two gentlemen in the law and bought their land at his own price, and that he was a very traitor, but that, if Garrerd betrayed this, he would cut off his ears."[1]

The long summer evenings of 1559 were not allowed to pass away without due celebration at Greenwich. On the 2nd of July the City of London entertained Queen Elizabeth with a 'muster.' The day previous one thousand four hundred men marched out of London with chains of gold round their necks and armed with guns, morris pikes, halberts, and flags, the gunners being in coats of mail. They proceeded to the Duke of Suffolk's park in Southwark, where they 'mustered' before the Lord Mayor, and lay all night on the ground in St. George's Fields. Next morning, soon after daybreak, they marched to Greenwich Park, and then waited until eight o'clock in the morning, when they marched down into the lawn and drew up. At 'five at night' the queen came into the gallery over the park gate, accompanied with the ambassadors and ladies. A sham fight then took place with 'trumpets blowing, drums beating, and flutes playing.' When all was over, Mr. Chamberlain and some of the company of the City came before the queen, who thanked them heartily, and then 'the greatest shout was given as ever was heard, with

[1] Domestic State MSS.

hurling up of caps.' The queen, we are told, showed herself 'very merry.'

A few days later, on the 10th of July, the queen had in the park a sort of feast of tabernacles, the nearest approach then made to a flower-show. A large banquet-house was erected, decked with birch-branches[1] and all manner of flowers both of the field and garden, as roses, 'julyflowers,' lavender, marigolds, and all manner of strewing herbs and rushes. Flowers in pots were placed in the windows, and there were garlands and perfumes in abundance. A tournament took place in the evening, and at five o'clock the queen came and stood over the park gate to see it. Then she descended, mounted her horse, and rode to the banqueting-house with the ambassador. After supper and a mask a great banquet was given, followed by 'casting fire and shooting guns' till the unconscionably late hour (as it then appeared) of midnight.

Elizabeth was not devoid of that mistrust of relatives which in ancient times seems to have been felt by most sovereigns. Two sisters of Lady Jane Grey survived; they stood in the same cousinship to her as Mary Queen of Scots, and she was mightily jealous of them. One of them, Catherine, privately married Lord Hertford, and was therefore locked up in the Tower, where she died. Mary, the other one, was closely watched, for Elizabeth did not wish her to have a family who might be rivals to herself in the affections of the people.

[1] There are now only a few birch-trees in the park, and those young.

Lady Suffolk and her daughter were allowed to live at court, but, from fear of the queen's displeasure, the young lady had no offers of marriage. Not being satisfied with this celibacy, and not finding any men of her own rank coming to woo, she gradually fell to gossiping with the porter at the water-gate of Westminster Palace. She was the most diminutive woman at court, and a little awry in figure, and she looked up with admiration at this gigantic man, who had been appointed because his Herculean proportions would do honour to the post.[1] He had also the very appropriate name of Keys. No doubt he felt himself highly flattered by the condescension of this small member of the royal family, and, when matters had advanced to a certain stage, he saved his money to make her presents. His position probably brought him within reach of perquisites and 'tips,' for, although jewellery was then costly, he contrived to give her three rings, one containing four rubies and a diamond, and also 'a little hanging bottle of mother of pearl.'

At last these two very dissimilar persons came to an understanding, and arranged a marriage in defiance of Her Majesty. One evening in the autumn of 1565 found Lady Mary supping in her own room in Westminster Palace with Mrs. Arundel and two of Lady Stafford's daughters. About twenty minutes after the social meal, the impudent little fairy betook herself with one of Lady Howard's maids to the Queen's Privy Council Chamber, and, seating herself in that large and gloomy hall of deliberation,

[1] Domestic State MSS.

sent for a priest to marry her! The man, when he arrived, was well worthy of the comic occasion. He was old and fat, low of stature, and wore a remarkably short gown. The trio then proceeded to the water-gate, where the sergeant porter was waiting with his sister and a servant, and there and then in the little gate-room the two were made man and wife. After the ceremony, Lady Mary seems to have felt some scruples of conscience, for she did not remain with the porter, but returned to her own apartments.

Elizabeth was furious when she heard of this clandestine alliance. The council were assembled to consider whether it could not be annulled, and neither of the parties seemed anxious to maintain it. The porter was sent to the Fleet prison, and Lady Mary was placed in the keeping of a Mr. Hautrey, who was to restrain her liberty, not to allow her to converse with any stranger, nor to go out of the house, except so far as might be necessary for her health.

Lady Mary was not released for two years. During this time she seems in some way or other to have lost her furniture, and her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, writes from Greenwich a piteous appeal to Cecil on the subject. The letter we here give in full, is interesting as written by the daughter of Henry's sister and Brandon. The writing and spelling of it is as bad as that of Brandon himself, who was more skilful with the lance than the pen.

'GOOD MR. SECRETARY,—According to the Queen's commandment on Friday at night last Mr. Haultry

brought my Lady Mary to the Minories to me even as I was appointed to have gone to Greenwich, and so I was fain to stay there with her that night, and yesterday she came hither with me, for sooner if I would I could not bring her, which maketh me with the more speed to advertise you of her coming. The truth is, I am so unprovided of stuff here myself, as at the Minories I borrow of my Lady Eleanor, and here of Mistress Shefeld, for all the stuff that I had left me when I came from the other side of the sea, and all that I have since scraped for and gotten together, will not sufficiently furnish our houses in Lincolnshire, and because I lay not at London I left nothing here, minding now to buy some more, if our purses would serve us, which by reason of my troubles with my son's sickness and other chances of my maid's death, the one driving me from London, the other making me to have joy or care for nothing, hath made me the more unprovided, but the special cause, to say truly, is for lack of money. I will not halt with you wherefore I was fain to declare the same lack of stuff to Mr. Hautrey praying him that my lady's stuff might come before for the dressing up of her chamber, but would God you had seen what stuff it is! He before told me that she occupied his and none of her own, and now I see it. I believe him well, and am sorry that I am not so well stored for her as he was, but am compelled to borrow it of my friends in the town. She hath nothing but an old livery feather bed, all torn and full of patches, without either bolster or counterpoint, but two old pillows, the one longer than the other, an old

quilt of silk, so torn as the cotton of it comes out, such a little piteous canopy of red sarsanet, as were scant good enough to hang over some secret stool, and two little pieces of old hangings, both of them not seven yards broad. Wherefore I pray you heartily consider of this, and if you shall think it meet be a mean for her to the queen's majesty that she might have the furniture of one chamber for herself and her maid, and she and I would play the good housewives and make shift with her old bed for her man. Also I would, if I durst, beg further some old silver pots to fetch her drink in, and two little cups to drink in, one for beer, another for wine, a bason and an ewer. This, I fear, were too much, but all these things she lacks, and war mytt,[1] she had and hath nothing in the world, and truly if I were able to give it her, she should never trouble her majesty for it; but look what it shall please her majesty to appoint for her shall be always ready to be delivered again in as good case as by her wearing of it, it shall be left whensoever it shall please her majesty to call for it. I trust she will do well hereafter, for notwithstanding that I am sure she is very glad to be with me, yet I assure you she is otherwise not only in countenance but in very deed, so sad and ashamed of her fault (I think it is because she saw me not since before) so that I cannot yet since she came get her to eat, in all that she hath eaten now these two days not so much as a chicken's leg. She makes me even afraid of her, and therefore I write the gladlier for that I think a little comfort would do well, and so I end my long, begging letter;

[1] Worse with, *i.e.*, what is worse.

but if you can help us to these almes, we will never beg no more,[1] but work for our living like honest poor folk, so as I trust, by God's help, the queen shall have cause to like well of us, and you no cause to repent you of any good deed that you shall do for us. Praying God to be with you, I rest from the queen's house at Greenwich this 9th of August, and for me lying so well here, I pray you most friendly to give her majesty most humble thanks for me, and, as my bounden duty is so, I do daily pray God to look on her as her majesty has mercifully looked on me,

'Your assured friend to my power,

'K. SUFFOLK.'[2]

The ladies and nobles who were carrying on the important affairs at Court at this time were in appearance rare figures of fun. They not only cased their bodies in stiff whalebone, but entertained those Hottentot ideas of beauty which have reappeared at intervals down to the present day. The gentlemen, to make themselves irresistibly attractive, stuffed out their nether garments with horse-hair to such a frightful extent, that it became a standing joke that a man could carry in them all his bed and table furniture. Additional accommodation had to be provided in public places, as in our days of crinoline. Moreover, the extravagance in costume patronized by Henry and Elizabeth had infused an ambition

[1] The double negative was often in use in these times, and is one of many instances in which old forms of speech are continued by the poorer classes.

[2] Domestic MSS., Elizabeth, 43, 40.

for finery into all classes, which soon became intolerable. So we find Elizabeth—a grand work of art in her ruffles, bodice, and hoops—presiding at Greenwich in February, 1566, over a grave conclave on the subject of gentlemen's trunk hose.

First they determined to call public attention to the statutes passed in the time of Henry VIII. against excess of apparel, which ordained generally:

No one under the degree of a baron or knight of the garter shall wear any woollen cloth made out of this realm, except in bonnets only.

No one under the degree of a baron's son or knight, except he have a clear £200 a year, shall wear any velvet in his gown or coat, or any embroidery or pricking with gold, silver, or silk on his apparel or horse-trappings.

No serving-man, husbandman, or journeyman shall wear in his doublet anything but fustian, canvas, leather, or woollen cloth.

Next the queen's proclamation set forth the heavy penalties enacted under Mary against persons offending in this way. Her punishments were always exemplary, and anyone under the degree of the son and heir of a knight who presumed to have any silk in his hat or night-cap was to pay a fine of £20 a day and be imprisoned for three months, and anyone who kept such an evil-doer in his service was to be fined £100.

After rehearsing these statutes, the queen's commandment was that no one under the rank of a baron should have more than one yard and a quarter of cloth in the upper stocks of his hose, and the said

upper stocks shall not exceed in compass one yard and half a quarter. These garments are only to have two linings, and no one under a baron is to have in them any silk or satin, or to adorn them with any embroidery or fringe. To this was added a limitation on another absurd custom—no one was to wear a sword the blade of which was more than a yard and half a quarter long. Any infraction of these orders was to be punished by imprisonment.

Many licences were given about this time at Greenwich for selling iron ordnance. They referred to the county of Sussex, which a short time before had been an umbrageous forest, but was now becoming a desolation, smoky with furnaces and resonant with hammers. The axe was laid to the roots of the ancient oaks, and in that lawless age many enterprising men carried on their spoliations even without licences. Reports of these proceedings now reached the queen, who laid down regulations on the subject. At the present day the explorer finds in many parts of Sussex collections of slag, showing how extensive were the ancient iron-works. Ralph Hogge[1] was a celebrated founder of iron ordnance, and the most remarkable specimen which has survived of these productions of Sussex is to be found in the railings which surround St. Paul's.[2]

The mention of this cathedral reminds us that at

[1] The original residence of the Hogge family was so small that it became the lodge of Lord Liverpool's park near Uckfield in Sussex, where it can still be seen, and is called the Hog-house from a representation of that animal over the door.

[2] The last furnace was not put out until 1825.

the commencement of her reign Elizabeth wrote from Greenwich to Archbishop Parker, calling on him to make a collection among the clergy for rebuilding the edifice. The spire, which was two hundred and sixty feet high, and the roof, which was seven hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred and thirty broad, was burnt down in 1561 through the carelessness of a plumber, who left a pan of coals in the steeple when he went to his dinner.

The observance of an old religious ceremonial may here be worthy of a passing notice. Our sovereigns used to wash the feet of poor people on Maunday Thursday, and we have noticed a particular account of Henry VII. observing this custom. Lambarde describes Queen Elizabeth going through the pious farce at Greenwich in 1573.

Thirty-nine paupers, corresponding with the years of the queen's age, were assembled in the hall, and their feet having been first washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, and afterwards by the sub-almoner, were finally washed by the queen. The person washing made each time a cross on the foot above the toes and kissed it. Clothes, victuals, and money were then distributed, a part of the custom which still remains in Her Majesty's Maundy bounty.

When Elizabeth had reached the ripe age of forty-five years she seemed to be so much smitten with the French king's brother, the Duke of Anjou, a young man of twenty, that many people thought she seriously contemplated marrying him, and the Protestants became greatly alarmed. Leicester, from more

selfish motives, opposed the alliance, and in 1579 he and others spread the report that the duke was trying to gain influence over Elizabeth by unlawful arts. Simier, the French ambassador, continued to press her, and, having discovered Leicester's secret marriage with Essex's widow, told the queen of it, which so greatly excited her that she thought of sending him to the Tower, and ordered him to confine himself to the little castle (Castellulo)[1] on the hill of Greenwich. From this airy prison Leicester could look down upon the pleasant glades and gay festivities in the park without being able to enjoy them, and was so incensed that it is said he plotted to murder Simier. The queen certainly ordered proclamations to be made that no one should by word or deed injure the ambassador or his retinue. One day, when the queen, Lord Lincoln, and Hatton were taking their pleasure on the water, a youth in a wherry fired a pistol[2] so close to them that the bullet just passed over the arms of the oarsmen of the royal barge. The offender was immediately seized and carried to the rack, but in great terror he strongly asserted that he had no bad intentions, and that the pistol went off accidentally, and, as no proofs to the contrary were found, he was set free.

The duke first visited her secretly at Greenwich in 1581, and afterwards stayed for three months in England. Disapprobation was variously manifested, and a book was published by one John Stubbs, en-

[1] Lysons says that Elizabeth, Countess of Suffolk, died in this castle in 1633.

[2] 'Bombardulâ effulminata,' Camden.

itled, 'The Discovery of a Gaping Gulf, wherein England is like to be swallowed up by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns, by letting her see the sin and punishment thereof.' Stubbs and William Page, who disseminated this work, were condemned for sedition to lose their right hands, which were struck off at Westminster by driving a cleaver through the wrist with a mallet. It is said that Stubbs, when his right hand was gone, pulled off his hat with his left and cried, 'God save the queen!' But the misgivings created by the book continued to work, and in answer to it Elizabeth had a notice prepared at Greenwich to be sent round to the bishops to desire them to assure the people that the religion of the country should be maintained without alteration. It seems that this book, under pretence of disliking her majesty's predilections for the Duke of Anjou, tried to create some general distrust of her policy, and in this reply she says that the duke has shown himself a friend to the Protestant religion, 'even to the hazard of his estate and life, a thing notoriously known, though in the libel otherwise given.'[1]

[1] A somewhat remarkable order about abstinence during Lent was made at Greenwich in February, 1581. There had lately been a great loss of sheep, and therefore eating lamb was strictly prohibited as irreligious. 'A great part of the disorder groweth from certain butchers that kill and sell flesh. Some one may be licensed in the borough or shire towns, or other good corporate towns, to kill to the use of persons lawfully licensed to eat flesh on fish days.' They are not, under a penalty of £50, to kill beeves or sell to any but such as are lawfully licensed to eat meat, and shall bring warrants to that effect under the hands of two or

Leicester was again in high favour in 1585, and the queen proclaimed at Greenwich her indignation 'at certain shameful and devilish books and libels which have been scattered abroad against the Earl of Leicester—most malicious, false, and slanderous, and such as none but the devil himself would deem to be true—the work of a wicked and venomous malice imputing heinous and monstrous crimes to him, of whose good service, sincerity of religion, and all other faithful dealings towards her majesty she hath had long and true experience.' The principal offender was Parsons, the Jesuit, who wrote 'Leicester's Commonwealth.'

After an absence of nearly three years, Drake returned and anchored at Plymouth at the end of 1580, being the first Englishman who had circumnavigated the globe. He had sailed with five ships, the largest being his own, the *Pelican*[1] (one hundred tons), and there was a certain magnificence in his preparations and lawlessness in his actions which remind us of fabulous stories. Well supplied both 'for ornament and delight,' he carried with him accomplished musicians; his furniture was of the richest, and not only his table equipage, but his cooking utensils were of silver. During his voyage he took possession for Queen Elizabeth of a country which from its white cliffs he called Nova Albion, and he brought back great treasure. His arrival gave rise to a considerable difference of opinion, and while some of the no-

three justices. The justices are not to grant any warrants but to those they know to be ill.

[1] Sometimes called the *Golden Hind*.

bility, regarding his actions as piratical, refused to receive presents he offered them, the common people, dazzled by his success, applauded him loudly. Some treated his depredations with levity, but certainly his jokes were of a practical kind. We are told that, when he saw a man carrying a bag of money, he generally relieved him of his burden, especially if a heavy one, and on one occasion he took possession of a ship containing jewels, silver, and eighty pounds weight of gold, giving the master some linen in exchange! He, however, made a show of his religion by sparing churches.

When the question whether Drake was a pirate or a hero had been for some months debated, Elizabeth, who admired bold and adventurous men, determined to reward him; she would have the populace in her favour, and could conciliate the censorious by placing an embargo on the treasures in case any claims should be made.

Drake now sailed gallantly round into the Thames, passed in front of Greenwich Palace, fired a salute to the queen, and anchored at Deptford. On April 4th, Elizabeth visited the ship, dined on board with Drake, and there and then laid her sword across his shoulders and dignified him with knighthood.[1] A bridge of scaffolding was erected to reach the ship, as she could not lie alongside, and such was the crush over it that it gave way, and a hundred persons were immersed, but no one was drowned, the ship having been built, as Camden remarks, under a favourable sidereal conjunction. Perhaps some attributed to the

[1] The first instance of conferring naval honours on board ship, a course afterwards much adopted by George III.

same cause the adherence to the outside of the keel a number of 'little birds without life or feathers,' which sources of wonderment were probably barnacles.[1]

Elizabeth gave Drake as a crest a full-rigged three-masted ship, drawn round the globe by a rope, the end of which is held by a hand from a cloud. In the rigging a drake is somewhat indistinctly if not ignominiously portrayed. This device is said to have been bestowed on Drake because Sir Bernard Drake resented his adopting his arms, and had such a quarrel with him about it that he gave the immortal Francis a box on the ear. The queen was much displeased on hearing this, and is said to have directed that in the arms she gave the family the 'wivern gull' should be represented in the rigging of the ship hanging up by the heels.

There is a valuable portrait of Drake, with rather light hair and a pointed beard, in the council chamber in the governor's house, and there is one 'after Mytens' in the painted hall. In the Hospital Museum remains the *astrolabe*, a beautifully made instrument for observing the stars, presented to Drake by Elizabeth, interesting in this locality as an earnest of the encouragement to be given by future sovereigns to astronomical science at Greenwich. Here also is preserved the 'Chatham Chest,'[2] a strong iron and iron-

[1] There is an interesting collection of barnacles and other parasites in the Naval Museum at Greenwich.

[2] The chest was regarded as belonging to the Admiralty, and was given to Greenwich in 1845 as a curiosity. A woman once received an allowance for 'smart money.' It is recorded that in 1807 an old woman was found by the police and brought before the magistrate for sleeping in the street. She had been

bound black box, about three feet by two, which contained the money to be given to sailors injured in naval service. Elizabeth founded this charitable 'chest' at the suggestion of Drake and Hawkins, who persuaded their men to agree to contribute part of their wages to its support. The box and its supplies were afterwards transferred to Greenwich. Over the chest are preserved two of the old 'Hurt Books'—ledgers—containing accounts of the wounds of men claiming allowances and the money given them. Most of the records of the hospital, not being of much interest, have been burnt to save storage room.

Drake's ship was ordered to be laid up as a perpetual memorial, and drew many visitors, until, having become rotten and dilapidated, it was broken up in the middle of the next century. A relic of the old ship remains, for one John Davis piously preserved some of the timber and had it made into an arm-chair, which he presented to the University of Oxford. There it can now be seen in the Bodleian, and a

accustomed to repose in that public place, and on being officially awakened and asked why she was sleeping there, replied curtly, 'Where the devil else would you have me sleep?' She had been a boatswain's mate for twenty years, and had received money from the chest. Various estates were purchased for the Chatham Chest. A question arose in 1700 whether fines levied at naval courts-martial should go to Greenwich Hospital or to the chest, and the decision was in favour of the latter. In 1802 the chest was transferred to Greenwich; in 1814 it was consolidated with the Greenwich out-pensions, its value then being £1,355,000. These funds came from various sources, including prize money, and sixpence a month from men-of-war's men, apparently a voluntary contribution.

quaint old specimen it is, black as coal and adorned with faces of angels, round arches, and little pillars. It inspired Cowley's muse—

> 'Drake and his ship could not have wished from fate
> A happier station or more blest estate.
> For lo! a seat of endless rest is given,
> To her in Oxford and to him in heaven.'

The Netherlands had been for many years groaning beneath the Spanish yoke. It is said that the Duke of Alva, when governor there, put to death in six years some eighteen thousand persons. (There is a picture of this duke by Antonio More, a contemporary, in which he stands in a complete suit of steel, with a long hatchet face, dark and forbidding) This oppressor died in 1582, but others of the same type could be found, and on the 15th of June, 1585, the states general of the United Provinces sent an important embassy to London to desire Queen Elizabeth's assistance against the Spaniards. There were twelve principal persons representing the provinces, and the queen gave them audience at Greenwich. It must have been a strange scene to have beheld the be-hooped, be-dizened queen standing before the twelve grandees who remained on their knees until she commanded them to rise. One of them then made an oration in French. They felt indebted, they said, to her majesty for the interest she had expressed in them through her ambassador, Mr. Davison, and desired to place themselves under some one who would defend them against the oppression of the Spaniards and the detestable Inquisition. They have come to offer her the principality, sove-

reignty, and just government of the said countries.

Queen Elizabeth referred the ambassadors to her ministers, to conclude a treaty, and by it she agreed to furnish six thousand foot and one thousand horse. Three towns were to be placed in her hands to secure repayment of the expenses thus incurred. Foreign princes were surprised at the queen defying the most powerful sovereign in Europe by assisting his rebellious subjects. The Earl of Leicester was sent to be her lieutenant in the provinces.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS—RALEIGH IN DISGRACE—ELIZABETH'S CEREMONIALS AT GREENWICH—LAMBARDE.

EVERYTHING is interesting that is connected with the fate of the unhappy Queen of Scots, and Greenwich throws some strange lights upon Elizabeth's conduct and state of mind with regard to her.

On the 7th of December, 1572, Burleigh in a letter to Walsingham from Greenwich, says, 'He canne tell you how straightly the Queene of Scotts is kept, havinge now but ten persons of her owne of all sortes. She pretendeth greate feare of her own life, and craveth a ghostlie father, being catholique.'[1]

There can be no doubt that Elizabeth would not have been sorry that Mary was out of the way, and, that being so, her life depended upon the honesty and vigilance of her gaolers. But she was guarded honourably, and, although watched, was not in close confinement. If she had remained quiet, she probably might have lived to see the death of Elizabeth;

[1] Harl., 260, 98. This was two months after the Massacre of St. Bartholemew, and the Bishop of London wrote at this time to urge upon Burleigh that the Queen of Scots should be beheaded.

but she was naturally desirous of regaining her former position, and kept up secret and dangerous communications with those who were hostile to the queen. In 1584 Secretary Beale was sent to her from the court at Greenwich to make a somewhat ominous communication. His instructions set forth that Mary had made great protestations of sincerity, 'and would be altogether at our devotion and depend only on our friendship,' with regard to a treaty now pending, and that she offers that her ministers in France, Glasgow, and Rome should forbear 'from practices disquieting to our state, and should have nothing to do with our rebels,' also that she would press her son to be favourable to Angus and other noblemen. If Mary agreed to the carrying out of these offers, the treaty would proceed, but if she refused, 'you shall then, as of yourself, lay before her the inconvenience and danger that may grow both to her son and herself. You shall let her understand that she will give us cause ever hereafter to forbear to enter into any further treaty with her touching her liberty, as also to take some such course for our safety, as both she and her son shall have no cause to like of, not being ignorant of the practices that are entertained both with her son and the House of Guise tending to the trouble and disquiet of our state.'

Mary does not seem to have realised her position or to have profited by the warning. Next year (1585) a conspiracy was set on foot by Parry to kill Elizabeth and reinstate the old religion. Another conspiracy of a similar character was being carried out by Babington, to which Mary seems to have

been privy—such, at any rate, was the view of her judges, who met at Fotheringay, when sentence of death was passed upon her.

The sentence was approved and confirmed by Parliament, but no further steps were taken, and it seemed that Mary had rightly thought that Elizabeth would shrink from the odium of issuing the death-warrant of her royal prisoner. The document appears to have been prepared by Davison, who had lately been made a Secretary of State. It was sufficiently condemned by its verbosity and the profuse justifications it alleged. It set forth that 'all the State in the last Parliament assembled approved the sentence as just, and honourable, and solicited and pressed us to proceed to the publishing of it, adding that the forbearing thereof would be daily a certain and undoubted danger not only to our own life, but to themselves, their posterity, and the public estate of this realm, as well as for the cause of the Gospel and true religion of Christ as for the peace of the whole realm. Hitherto we have forborne to give direction for the further satisfaction of the aforesaid most earnest report made by the Estate of Parliament, whereby we do daily understand by all sorts of our loving subjects both of the nobility and council, and also of the wisest, greatest, and best devoted of all our subjects of inferior degrees how greatly and deeply from the bottom of their hearts they are grieved daily and afflicted hourly in the fear of our life, and thereby consequently by a dreadful doubt and expectation of the ruin of this present godly and happy estate of this

realm, if we shall forbear the further final execution as it is deserved, and neglect their general and continual request, prayers, counsel, and advice.'

This ingenious and fatal document,[1] or a sketch of it, was kept in Davison's box of state papers at Greenwich.

Some colour was given to the above statements of public anxiety before the commission was appointed to try Mary, by a number of lords, some of them Privy Councillors, going through the farce of falling down on their knees before Elizabeth to beseech her to punish her rival.

The 1st of February, 1587, was a lovely morning; everything seemed bright and happy, and at ten o'clock Davison was walking beneath the old oaks of Greenwich Park, reflecting perhaps with pleasure on his recent promotion. Little did he dream what misfortunes were awaiting him. At this very moment Lord Howard of Effingham,[2] who, from his long familiarity with the queen, assumed certain privileges, was making a formal request that she would proceed with the sentence against the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth's principal advisers all desired this action, because, in their anxiety to gain favour with her, they had committed themselves so far that their position would be perilous if she should die and Mary come to the throne.

Burleigh, Walsingham, and others now let rumours

[1] Harl. MSS., 290.

[2] There is a fine full-length at Greenwich of this conqueror of the Armada. Zucchero here represents him as a venerable man in gorgeous robes of white silk and red velvet.

reach her that there were several conspiracies on foot to assassinate her, that Mary had escaped, and that an invasion by the French was imminent. All this caused her to lend a more ready ear to Lord Howard's representations. She acquiesced, and Davison was called from the park to bring the fatal warrant. It would seem that he also took the same view as the queen's other counsellors, and perhaps he received some advice from Lord Howard, for he shuffled the paper up among some other documents, and presented himself before the queen in an easy, careless manner with the bundle in his hand.

Elizabeth was discomposed, and, on his being introduced, remarked what a fine morning it was, and spoke for a time on trivial matters. At length he said that he had brought a few patents for signature; he believed Lord Howard had spoken to her about one of them. He then placed them before her, and as she signed them in her quaint, square hand, she threw them one after another on the floor. There must have been an appearance of indecision about her—from fear, no doubt—for when she had finished she asked him his opinion of what she had done. He said he considered that the Queen of Scots had made it necessary.

What followed is not very clear. Elizabeth afterwards said that she ordered him to keep the warrant private, but he timidly asserted that she merely intimated that he should reserve it, but did not command, whence we might suppose that she gave no intimation. It is most probable that her language was somewhat contradictory.

Davison may have had some of the eagerness of his party, and have been ready to take a welcome permission almost before it was given. But Elizabeth went so far as to observe that the hall of the castle would be better than the green for the execution, and ordered that the warrant should be stamped with the Great Seal. It was evident throughout that she wished to throw the responsibility upon others.

'Go, tell all this,' she said, 'to Walsingham, who is now sick, though I fear,' she added, ironically, 'he will die for sorrow when he hears it.'

But, before Davison left the room, her courage, and also her prudence, failed her.

'Why,' she asked, 'has not Paulet or Drury taken this matter off my hands? Let Walsingham try what can be done with them about it.'

To this dark suggestion Davison replied that such representations would be useless, and, leaving the queen's presence, he immediately took the warrant to be sealed. This certainly looked as if he was anxious to complete the business. Next morning the queen sent again for him, and, on hearing from him that the warrant was sealed, said, sharply, 'It was too hasty;' complained that such a matter should be cast upon her, and walked up and down the room impatiently.

'Another course might have been taken,' she said, with a frown.

'The most just course, your majesty,' replied Davison, 'is the best and safest.'

The queen then left the room.

It is evident that the question at issue was not

whether the execution should take place, but who should bear the odium of it. The queen wished that Mary had been killed privately—many defeated monarchs had died mysteriously—but Paulet and Drury were too honest to listen to such proposals. At this time, however, Walsingham and Davison did write, 'to feel their pulse.' They said that the queen noted in them 'a lack of care and zeal for her service, in that they had not found some way to shorten the Queen of Scots' life, knowing her majesty's indisposition to shed blood.'

About this time Elizabeth wrote the following suspiciously effusive epistle to Paulet:—

'Amias, my most faythfull and carefull servant. God reward thee treblefold in y^e^ double for the troblesome charge so well discharged. If you knew (my Amias) how kindely besides most dutyfully my gratefull hart accepts and prizes yo^r^ spotles endevours and faultless actions, yo^r^ wise orders and safe regard performed in so crafty and dangerous a charge, it would ease your travell and reioyce your hart. In wh^e^ I charge you carry this most just thought; y^t^ I cannot ballance in any weight of my iudgment the value y^t^ I prize you at, and suppose no treasure to countervayle such a fayth, and shall condemn me in y^t^ fault, y^t^ I never yet committed if I reward not such deserts; yea, let mee want when I most neede, if I acknowledge not such a merite *non omnibus datum*. Let yo^r^ wicked murtheress know how with hart-sorrow her wilde deserts compells these orders, and bid her from mee ask God forgivenesse for her treacher-

ous dealings towards y^e^ saver of her life many a yeare, to the intollerable peril of her own. And yet, not contented with so many forgivenesses, must fall againe so horribly far passing any woman's thought, much less a princes. Instead of excusings, whereof not one can serve it being so playnly confest by y^e^ actors of my guiltles death let repentance take the better place, and let not y^e^ fyend possess her; so y^t^ y^e^ better part of her be not lost, for with hands lifted up to him y^t^ may both save and asoyle.

'I pray with my most loving adieu and prayers for thy long life.

'Your assured Soveraigne, as thereto
by good deserts endured,
'ELIZABETH REGINA.'[1]

Sir Amias Paulet had been selected for the care of the royal prisoner, partly because he was a rigid Puritan and inclined to detest Mary and her co-religionists;[2] but he was a man of integrity, and

[1] Harl. MSS., 260. The word 'asoyle' is uncertain.

[2] Morgan writes of Paulet, to Mary Queen of Scots, in April, 1585. He was her secretary, and was sent into France to receive her dowry.

'I understand that Sir Amyas Paulet is appoynted to wayte uppon your Majesty. He is a Gentleman of an honorable Familye, a Puritane in Relligion, and very ambitious, of which Humor you may take holde. He is courteous, and, I hope, will know his Dutye towards your Majesty; but he will be verye curious and watchfule abowte your Majesty . . . The wife is a playne Gentlewoman, and was the Dowghter of a Catholike Gentleman and was a Catholike during her Father's life.'—*Burleigh Papers.*

resented Walsingham's evil suggestions. He replied, after lamenting the painful position in which he was placed,

'God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity as to shed blood without law or warrant.'

Davison found himself in a dilemma. He might be accused, if anything went wrong, either for his withholding the warrant or having it executed. So without delay he informed Lord Burleigh and the council, who met and deliberated in Greenwich Palace.

The queen had signed the warrant, but as a woman she was naturally reluctant to give the final order. Should they take the great responsibility on themselves. Perhaps their own interest weighed with them as much as the queen's feelings; for how perilous would be their position should Mary come to the throne! Accordingly Secretary Beale, a strong Reformer, who would not fail in this duty, was despatched to Fotheringay with two executioners.

The following document is extant, from the Lords of the Council to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Marshal of England, dated from Greenwich Palace:

'After our right hearty Commendations to your good Lordship, this bearer, Mr. Robert Beale, who your Lordship knoweth to be honest, wise, and trusty, cometh to your Lordship with a Commission under her Majestie's hand and seale, having been directed to shew the same to our very good Lord the Earl of Kent, because his abode is in his way, and for

that he is second in the Commission and your Lordship the principale; and further, it is convenient that Sir Amyas Pawlett be acquainted therewith, the bearer is directed to come by him, and after to confer with your Lordship how Mr. Pawlett may have knowledge of your minde, to repaire unto your Lordship, if his health can serve him. And so also the Earl of Kent may be ready to attend upon your Lordshippe at such time as by you may be thought convenient. And, so praying your Lordshippe to credit the bearer in such things as he is willed to signifie to your Lordshippe on our behalfe, we bidde your Lordship right hartely farewell.

'From Greenwiche in haste, the 3rd of February, 1586. Your Lordshippes assured lovinge friends,

WM. BURLEGH.	H. DERBY.
R. LEYCESTER.	C. HOWARD.
HUNSDON.	COBHAM.
F. KNOLLYS.	CH. HATTON.
FR. WALSINGHAM.	WM. DAVISON.

Meanwhile Elizabeth was restless and perturbed. All her finery and jewels would not protect her heart from anxiety. Some dark spirit seemed to haunt her. Neither the view of the placid river, nor the smiles of obsequious courtiers could give her peace. As she lay at night in her gorgeous bed, and the light of the logs died out on the hearth, as the figures on the tapestry became pale and weird, something seemed to rise before her. It was a headsman in a black mask, and beside him stood a figure in black drapery. Who was it? She knew too well. Why are those

eyes fixed on her—it was not *she* that ordered it. Next morning Elizabeth rose and sent again for Davison. She seemed to waver in her determination.

'Does your majesty wish to recall the warrant?' he inquired.

'No,' she replied, doubtfully. 'But some other way might have been found,' she added. 'What did Paulet say?'

'Here is his letter, your majesty; he refused to do anything contrary to honour and justice.'

Elizabeth lost her temper.

'He is a precise fellow! He has promised much and performed little,' she exclaimed, 'and so have those other perjured men who pretended so much anxiety about their queen's safety. But there are some who would do it for my sake—there is one Wingfield.'

'Your majesty could not approve such an unjust act,' answered Davison; 'nor one fraught with so much danger to the perpetrators. For, if you supported them, you would draw upon yourself danger and dishonour; if you disowned them you would utterly undo men of great desert.'

Beale was now on his road to fulfil his fatal commission; but no orders were sent to stop him, although several days elapsed before the execution.

When Elizabeth returned one day to Greenwich, she found great rejoicings going forward, and bonfires lit in the park. Inquiring the cause, she heard that Mary had been executed. The Protestants were delighted; but such demonstrations were odious to Elizabeth, and, though she had signed the warrant,

she now, when all was over, made a grand show of indignation. Did her conscience smite her for putting to death a queen and a cousin; or did she dread the resentment of foreign Roman Catholic powers, or the dagger of some religious fanatic? She mourned and wept. Her council were driven from her presence, and ordered to be examined in the Star chamber. Lord Lumley, who was a courtier, but really a Roman Catholic, was especially incensed at their conduct. 'Never,' he exclaimed, 'was there such a contempt against a prince heard or read of, that privy counsellors in the queen's palace, and when they had free access to her, should do such a thing without her advice or knowledge! If my own son were to attempt such a thing, I should be the first to condemn him.'

Davison was placed upon his trial. He found himself in a great straight. If he confessed that he had acted against orders, he was guilty of a crime approaching to murder; if he maintained his authorisation, he was charging the queen with falsehood and duplicity. So he took refuge in saying that she did and she did not—she did not forbid him to put the warrant into execution, but intimated that it should be reserved. Finally, with tears in his eyes, he said he would no longer contend with the queen, and was fined £10,000, and thrown into prison, where he long remained, a compulsory witness to Elizabeth's innocence.

The affair seems to have been compromising to all concerned in it. Elizabeth poured out the vials of her wrath especially on Lord Burleigh, who wrote her several penitent letters on this occasion.

A curiously minute account was sent to the Court of the circumstances attending the death of the Queen of Scots. It even tells us that 'her lippes stirred up and down a quarter of an hour after her head was cut off, and that one of the executioners, pulling off her garters, espied her little dogg, which was crept under her clothes, and could not be gotten from her by force, yet afterward would not depart from the dead corpse, but came and lay between her head and shoulders, which being imbrued with her bloode was caryed away and washed.'

No doubt many brilliant conflicts of court rivalry occurred at Greenwich when great and gifted men were contending for the smiles of the Virgin Queen. A great magician, by the spell of his genius, has thrown, from our distant century, a light over the scene. Again Elizabeth takes her pleasure on the tide in gilded barge,[1] state banquets are held, and courtiers stroll in groups in the 'splendid gardens.' A figure becomes gradually prominent, that of a handsome, gaily-attired youth, who has here brought himself into favour by casting his cloak before the queen's dainty feet. He also left a record, cut with a diamond ring, on one of the palace windows, of his ambition and diffidence—

'Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,'

which, being shown to Elizabeth, she encouraged him by adding,

'If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.'

[1] Hentzner saw the queen's barge in 1598 somewhere near Greenwich, and says—'It has two splendid cabins beautifully ornamented with glass windows, painting and gilding.'

Elizabeth's advice probably strengthened Raleigh's ambition, and from the palace of Greenwich she watched his ships sailing forth to make the celebrated discoveries in the new world.

Essex was in many respects different. He was negligent in his person, brusque in his manners, and cursed with a hot temper. Brave as a lion, he was always ready to measure swords with any man, and was wounded in a duel with Sir Charles Blunt. Wotton writes from Greenwich to Walsingham in December, 1588—'There hath been a challenge sent by my Lord of Essex to Sir Walter Raleigh, which is sought by the council to be repressed, and to be buried in silence, that it may not be known to her majesty, lest it might very much hurt the earl.'

At a later period Essex showed his temper even in the royal presence. He wished Sir George Carew to be sent to Ireland, the queen refused, and he rudely turned away from her on his heel—an impertinence which she resented in true Elizabethan form by dealing him a sound box on the ear, and telling him to 'go be hanged.' Instead of laughing, he took the reproof seriously, and even laid his hand on his sword, saying that he 'would not put up with such an indignity.' The queen's malediction, viewed in the light of later events, seems to have been truly ominous.

Philip II. of Spain, assisted by the pope, became a dangerous enemy to Elizabeth. He fitted out the great Armada with the view of taking possession of the country, and the council met at Greenwich to issue orders for resisting the invasion. But the

Spanish ships, colossal in size and heavily armed were ill-constructed and ill-manned, and no more match for the swift craft of Drake, Hawkins, and Forbisher than were the towering structures of Cleopatra for the Liburnian galleys of Augustus. It was owing to the large number of the men disabled at this time that the Chatham chest was founded.

Spanish galleons seem to have been constantly captured by English cruisers. In July, 1592, there was a grand display at Greenwich, a public sale of a variety of rich booty. Several Spanish vessels had been taken, and especially a large carrack, the *Madre de Dios*, which was brought into Dartmouth by Raleigh's ship, the *Roebuck*.[1] She was seven decks high, one hundred and sixty-five feet long, and laden with goods valued at £150,000.[2] What luxuries and valuables were here found—spices, drugs, perfumes, silks, calicoes, sarcenets, dyes, pearls, ambergris, ivory, ebony bedsteads, and Chinese porcelain. Commissioners were sent to take charge of the treasures, but reports came that robberies were being committed. The cargo was thought of so much importance that Robert Cecil, the son of the secretary, was sent down to inspect and catalogue the stores, especially the precious things. Ships were to be freighted to convey the more bulky goods by water, but the lighter and more costly valuables were to be sent by land.

[1] In 1595 the Spaniards, in revenge for such seizures, made a descent on the coast and burnt Penzance and other villages.

[2] Raleigh computed the value to be half a million.

As there was some contagion in London, 'the whole lading which shall come by sea and land shall come to the Thames afore the houses of Greenwich,' and no purchasers were to be allowed to come from London on pain of imprisonment. Truly there must have been a brave fair at Greenwich.

Robert Cecil gives a detailed account of his journey on this business to Dartmouth. Having heard much of the depredations, he stopped all persons he met within seven miles of Exeter, and, if he found any baggage with them and any smell in cloak, bag, or trunk (for such had been the quantity of ambergris and musk that the spoil could be smelled), he had them arrested and brought back to Exeter. He forbade any to leave the town that night who might carry news of his arrival to Dartmouth or Plymouth, and put two inn-keepers in prison—an example which a week before 'might have saved Her Majesty £20,000.' In a Londoner's shop in Exeter he found a bag of seed pearls, pieces of damask, cypresses,[1] and calicoes, a very great pot of musk, tassels of pearls, and other things.

He then prepared to start for Dartmouth. He fears the birds be flown for jewels, pearls, and amber, but hopes to save Her Majesty what will be worth his journey. There never was such spoil. Two thousand people came to buy, but the sending of Cecil made many stagger. He found an armlet of gold and a fork and spoon of crystal set with rubies, which he has reserved for the queen. He had a race to arrive at Dartmouth before intelligence reached of his mission, but was outridden.

[1] Crape, or very fine lawn.

Soon after Cecil went on board the carrack, 'Her Majesty's prisoner,' Sir Walter Raleigh, came to him, in charge of his keeper, with his 'poor servants,' one hundred and forty goodly men. The mariners, on seeing Raleigh, crowded round him with shouts of joy. Cecil says, 'His heart is broken, he is extremely pensive. I cannot help laughing to hear him rage at the spoiling; he says, "I am still the Queen of England's poor captive." He is greedy to do anything to recover the conceit of his brutish offence.'[1]

Cecil did not enjoy his stay at Dartmouth. He never met fouler weather, more desperate ways, nor more desperate people. As for rats, they have them both black and white, the drink tastes like smoke, he has little provision, and prays that he may return without what he politely calls 'quick cattle.'

The richly-laden Spanish ship above mentioned was probably that in which, among other valuables, the captors found twenty-two thousand indulgences for the Spaniards in South America.

[1] An intrigue with the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, one of the maids of honour, whom he afterwards married; both were ordered to be imprisoned in the Tower. Raleigh at this time wrote a letter to Cecil, which he might show deploring his misery in being driven from the presence of Elizabeth. 'I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus.' Raleigh pretended such eagerness one day to go out of the Tower to see Elizabeth pass that he had a scuffle with his jailor, Sir G. Carew, and tore off his new periwig.

Queen Elizabeth disestablished, as we have said, the Observant Friary at Greenwich. Towards the end of her life, owing partly to the conspiracies formed against her, she became very severe towards the Roman Catholics. In 1582 a fine was imposed of two hundred marks and imprisonment for a year upon any person who said mass in England, while any person present was to pay one hundred marks and suffer a year's imprisonment. More harsh laws were afterwards passed, and search was made for delinquents. Some of the leading nobility, however, still kept priests, as we find inquiries on the subject going on at Greenwich in 1594. One Benjamin Beard stated that Hill a seaman 'is a common conveyer of priests to England.' He could not see Roper, a priest, though he walked about the town and park all day, but he will try again, as he is obliged to stay at Greenwich, because Mrs. Tregion (another informer) and others will be at court to-day.

It seems that, notwithstanding the prohibition, mass was said daily in the court at Greenwich. 'A priest of the name of Butler was with Thomas Leeds, who is with the Lord Chamberlain and with Harrington, who is with Lady Southampton.' Tregion's wife said that a priest, one Stemp or Stamp, was in Lord 'Lum's' house. The Lumleys were in favour with Elizabeth, which may account for their disregarding the restrictions of the law. Rowland White writes in 1600: 'The queen dined yesterday at my Lady Lumley's in Greenwich, and uses to walk much in the park, and great walks out of the park and about the park.'

Among the Harleian MSS., we find a licence signed at Greenwich on May 27th, 1595, which appears strange to us at the present day. It was to allow two gentlemen, Francis Davison and Edward Smythe, to travel for three years, 'to pass out of this our realm into the parts beyond the seas,' provided they did not 'haunte or resort unto the territories or dominions of any foreine prince or potentate not being with us in league or amitie, nor yet willingly companie with any parson or parsons evell affected to our State or with any other that is departed out of this our realme without our licence.'

These permissions were not always easily obtainable. It is said that Burleigh, when anyone came to ask for leave to travel, would ask him whether he was well acquainted with his own country, and, if the answer was unsatisfactory, would reply that he did not think that a man who made so little use of his opportunities at home was likely to be benefited by journeying abroad.

The following interesting account of a visit to Greenwich is given by Paul Hentzner, a German, who, being a learned man and a jurist, came to England in August, 1598, as tutor to a young Silician nobleman. They seemed to have travelled on horseback.

He observes that the queen resides much at Greenwich, especially in the summer, owing to the 'delightfulness of the situation,' and proceeds:—

'We were admitted into the presence chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay, through which the queen passes on her way to chapel. At the door

stood a gentleman, dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce persons of distinction. It was Sunday, when there is the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall was the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great many counsellors, officers of the Crown, and gentlemen, who waited the queen's coming out, which she did from her apartment when it was time to go to prayers.

'First went gentlemen, barons, earls, and knights of the garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse between two men, one of whom carried the royal sceptre, and the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard; next came the queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, very majestic, her face, oblong, fair, but wrinkled, her eyes small, yet black and pleasant, her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to from too great use of sugar). She had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false red hair, and upon her head she had a small crown. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry, and she had a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels.

'As she went along in all this state and magni-

ficence she spoke very graciously first to one then to another in English, French, and Italian. Besides being well skilled in these and in Greek and Latin, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her it is kneeling. Now and then she raises some with her hand. W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels. Whereever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees. The ladies of the Court followed next to her, very handsome, and mostly dressed in white. She was guarded each side by the gentleman pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel next the hall she received petitions most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth.' She answered, 'I thank you, my good people!'

He gives a curious account of the ceremony observed in laying the royal table. The yeomen of the guard brought in several courses of twenty-four dishes, and placed them on the table, while the lady taster gave to each of them a mouthful to eat of the dish he had brought for fear of poison. Trumpets and kettle-drums were playing all this while, and then a number of unmarried ladies appeared, lifted the meat from the table and took it to the queen's inner chamber. The queen dined and supped alone, with very few attendants.

In Henry VIII.'s time, payments were frequently made to the choir boys at Greenwich for singing anthems at these times and other festivals, and we may be sure that this good custom was kept up by Elizabeth. She inherited her father's and mother's

love of music, and could play well on the virginals, and on a kind of fiddle called the poliphant. She retained this pleasure to the last, and when dying ordered musicians to be brought into her chamber, and expired listening to their melody. Perhaps she thought like Vauquelin, that the soul would thus 'slide away more easily.'

Two interesting memorials of Greenwich have been left by Lambarde, who was a prominent inhabitant of Greenwich in this reign. One is a work entitled 'A Perambulation of Kent,' the first local history published in England; the other Queen Elizabeth's College, founded in 1576. Lambarde was born in 1536, and entered the profession of the law, in which he was so successful that he became a bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He was in high favour with Lord Burleigh, and Elizabeth, who at an interview he had with her in 1600, appointed him keeper of the records in the Tower. His residence, which has entirely disappeared, was situated in what is now called West Combe Park. In addition to this 'Perambulation' he wrote several learned works, translated the Saxon laws, and made collections for a general history of English antiquities. In 1576 he founded 'Elizabeth's Hospital' at Greenwich, said to have been the first established by a Protestant. The pensioners were not limited to Greenwich. Several preferences were to be given, such as that of the married to the unmarried, and all were to be examined in the creed, Lord's Prayer, and ten commandments. Lambarde ordered the then existing form of morning and evening prayer to be used, and, if it ever became unlawful, the endowment was to be void.

Lambarde's foundation still remains under the supervision of the Drapers' Company. But the old buildings were all swept away in 1819, and new ones erected. There are forty houses, sixteen of which are given to inhabitants of Greenwich, and each house receiving £2 ·5s. a month, with some allowances. There are little plots of garden ground about the size of a large room attached to each residence, and these have a gay appearance in the spring and summer, being generally filled with primroses, narcissus, arabis, wall-flowers and roses. The Master of the Rolls is the president.[1]

Lambarde's father, an alderman, purchased West Combe, where his son afterwards resided, on the east side of Greenwich Park. The house was rebuilt by Galfridus Walpole in the last century.

There hung in the church of St. Alphege, which preceded the present one, a picture of Queen Elizabeth's monument, with a Latin distich to the effect that in her reign Greenwich, formerly a village, was raised to be a town. It increased so considerably at this time that the Greenwich bakers applied in 1586 for a warrant to obtain corn in various markets in Kent, owing to the concourse of visitors to the Court.

[1] Mr. Hudson, the present warden, is a particularly intelligent old man. He was a glazier by trade, and his chief duty now is to read divine service every week-day in the chapel. As he was born three days after Nelson's death, he was christened Horatio, and he gave me much interesting information about Greenwich.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON: PRINTED BY DUNCAN MACDONALD, BLENHEIM HOUSE.

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